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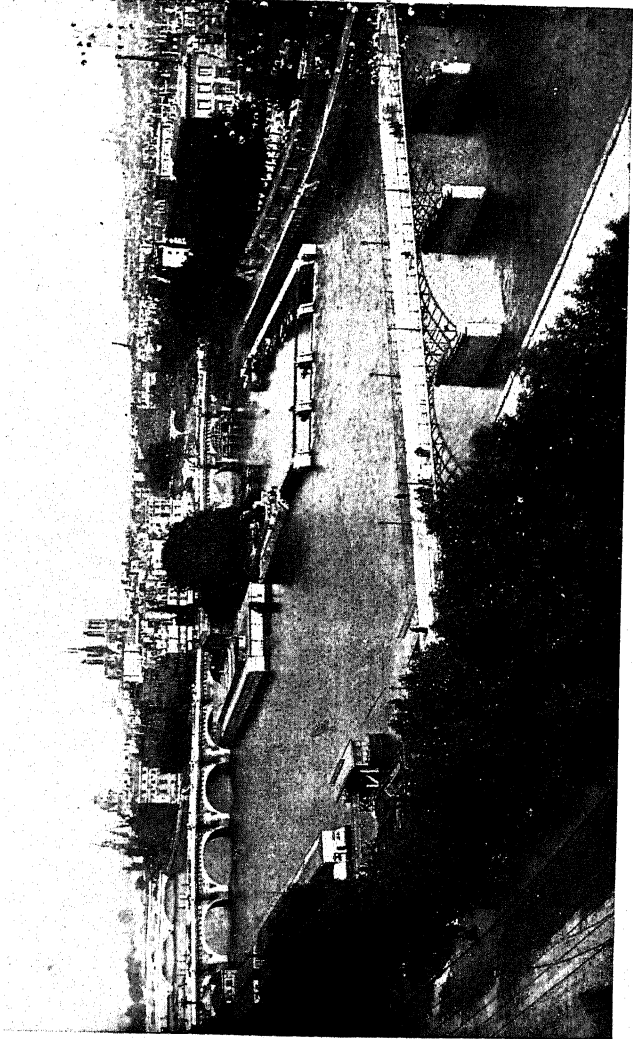


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Descriptive Geography  
from Original Sources

EUROPE



PARIS

DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY  
OF  
EUROPE  
FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES

SELECTED BY

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1919

*Uniform with the present Volume*

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA  
AFRICA  
ASIA  
NORTH AMERICA  
AUSTRALIA AND OCEANIA  
BRITISH EMPIRE  
BRITISH ISLES

*By the same Authors*

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AN INTRODUCTION TO HUMAN GEOGRAPHY  
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## PREFACE

THE modern teaching of geography, like that of history, lays increasing stress on the value of original authorities. One of the first steps in this direction was the bibliography appended to Sir Archibald Geikie's *Teaching of Geography*, followed in 1897 by Dr. H. R. Mill's *Hints to Teachers and Students on the Choice of Geographical Books*, compiled at the request of the Geographical Association. The present series goes a step farther, and attempts to depict the world in the language of men who have seen it. To present a picture of Europe within the limits of a single small volume has been a task of great difficulty, and has exacted ruthless compression. Descriptions of towns other than capitals have been omitted unless they presented features of geographical as distinguished from historical importance. Much use has been made of books of travel published before the Continent had become the beaten track of tourists. Earlier travellers not only saw more because they travelled more slowly, but what they saw they saw with unjaded eyes, and their narratives frequently have a vividness absent from those of later and more sophisticated sight-seers. Due care has of course been taken to check their descriptions by recent authorities or personal experience. The copyright of Mr. Ruskin's works has not yet expired, and unfortunately the editors were unable to obtain permission to make use of them. It has been thought well to omit a bibliography. Many of the most readable books of

recent books of travel contain little that is useful from the teacher's point of view. In place of the bibliography a number of brief supplementary extracts in the notes will, it is hoped, be useful as a guide to further reading.

The editors desire to express their thanks to all those learned societies, authors, and publishers who have kindly given permission to make use of copyright works.

OXFORD, 1906.



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## INTRODUCTION

### EUROPE

EUROPE is the north-western part of the Old World. It is not a unity either physically or historically. Physically it is the western continuation of Asia. There is no natural boundary between the two continents to which the single name of Eurasia has been given. The Ural mountains and river, the Caspian and the Caucasus are the most commonly selected of the conventional dividing lines. The Black Sea, Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora, Dardanelles, and the Ægean are more definite delimiting spaces, while the Mediterranean lies between Europe and Africa. From the historical point of view, these waters have been highways for the peoples on their banks, and Russia, Turkey, Italy, France, and Spain possess territories on opposite sides of these seas to-day. Iceland, in the north-west, is considered part of Europe, and so may the arctic islands of Spitsbergen and Franz Joseph Land.

The area of Europe thus defined is about 3,850,000 square miles, of which some 3,500,000 square miles represent the mainland. The extreme points of the mainland are: Nordkyn in the north of Scandinavia ( $71^{\circ}$  N.), Cape Tarifa in the south of Spain ( $36^{\circ}$  N.), Cape Roca, west of Portugal ( $9\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  W.), and the Urals at  $60^{\circ}$  E. The distance from Nordkyn to Cape Matapan in the south of Greece is 2400 miles, from Cape Roca to the mouth of the Ural river about 3500 miles. The coast-line of Europe is very long compared with its area, owing to the great seas which run far into the land. It may be estimated, when minor indentations are excluded, as has been done in the cases of the other continents (see other volumes of *Descriptive Geography*), at about 23,000 miles. If small bays were taken into account this would be more than doubled.

*The Sea Margins of Europe.*—Three basins border the north and west of Europe, and increase in area and depth from north-east to south-west: (1) The Barents Sea, bounded by Spitsbergen, Franz Joseph Land, and Novaya Zemlya; (2) the Norwegian Sea, between Greenland and Scandinavia, severed from (3) the North Atlantic, in the narrower sense, by the submarine ridge that runs from the continental shelf round the British Isles by the Faeroes, and Iceland to Greenland. Iceland is a land of active volcanoes and great glaciers (pp. 1-4). The Norwegian Sea sends out a shallow gulf to the south, the North Sea, from which, through the Skager Rak and Kattegat between Jutland and Scandinavia, the equally shallow Baltic, shut in by Scandinavia, is reached.

The Mediterranean, joined to the Atlantic by the Strait of Gibraltar, 9 miles wide at the narrowest and 1000 feet deep, is a deep sea, of two basins—the western contains the Balearic Islands, Corsica, and Sardinia. Two straits join it to the eastern basin—that of Sicily or Tunis, between Sicily and Africa, and that of Messina, between Sicily and the Italian Peninsula. The Adriatic and the Ægean branch off to the north of the eastern basin, and the Ægean is the avenue to the Black Sea entered through the narrow portals of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus on either side of the Sea of Marmora. Crete is the only large European island in the eastern basin.

*Configuration.*—The east of Europe is very uniform, and rises in few places over 1000 feet above the sea except in the Urals. The shallow North and Baltic Seas are the submerged parts of a plain which lies between the north-western highlands of Scandinavia and Britain and the Central Highlands. The south is a less uniform area, with lofty mountains, high plateaus, and deep depressions.

The plain predominates in Europe, and the proportion of the continent under 660 feet above the sea is 57 per cent, while the average elevation is about 1000 feet.

*Eastern Europe* is an undulating land, the northern half of which has been glaciated. The fringing Baltic Heights (p. 36), the Valdai Hills, and Finland contain innumerable lakes, of which Saima in Finland, and Lakes Ladoga and Onega, lying between the Gulf of Finland and the White Sea (pp. 30, 34), are the largest. Beyond this belt the lakes have been filled up

and form vast marshes, of which the Rokitno swamp, drained by the Pripyet to the Dnieper (Dnyep'r), is the most important. The Western and Northern Dvina's, the Pechora between the Timon and Ural mountains, and the upper courses of the Volga, and the Don, also flow across this glaciated land, which is densely forested except in the extreme north. In the south the Dniester (Dnyestr) and Dnieper flow to the Black Sea, the Don, with its tributary the Donets, to the Sea of Aral, and the Volga to the Caspian.

The Lower Volga (p. 43) is remarkable for its high and steep right bank, and its low and flat left or eastern bank. The Volga receives two important tributaries—the Oka from the south-west (p. 41), the Kama from the Urals (p. 45) and the north-east. The Crimea forms a peninsula which ends in the Yaila mountains (p. 56) in the south, which are separated from the Caucasus by the Straits of Yenikali, which form the link between the Black and Azov Seas.

*The Scandinavian Highlands* (pp. 4-12) consist of a lofty Highland, rising to 8400 feet in Galdhöppigen, with an undulating land to the east. Great snow-fields (pp. 12, 13) and glaciers are still found, and evidences of their former greater extension are seen everywhere. The west coast is formed of long deep fiords (p. 12) and fringed with islands, of which the Lofoden group is the most important (p. 15), and the eastern margin of the plateau has similar glaciated valleys in which are long narrow lakes. The eastern lower land (see p. 19 for comparison with plateau) is covered with morainic heights and lakes dammed by the accumulations of morainic matter. Of these lakes, Vetern, Venern, and Mälar are the largest. Low islands fringe the Baltic coast and Scandinavia.

In the *British Isles* the Highland area persists in the west of Great Britain, and forms the margins of Ireland. The west coasts have many fjords and islands. Valley lakes are found in the northern or Scottish Highlands. The south-east of Great Britain is a region of low scarped ridges like the adjacent parts of the mainland. The natural regions of the British Isles are (1) the Highlands, (2) the Lowlands, (3) the Southern Uplands of Scotland, (4) the Cumbrian, (5) the Cambrian, (6) the Pennine mountains of England, (7) the Devonian peninsula, (8) the scarped ridges of limestone and chalk of the east and south of

England. All except (6) and (8) have their continuation in Ireland: (1) in the north-west; (3) in the Mourne Mountains; (5) in the Wicklow mountains; and (7) in the mountains of Cork and Kerry.

The northern and eastern part of the *Central Lowlands* (p. 59), from the Rhine to the Vistula, is covered with glacial deposits. These form the well-marked Baltic Heights, which have many pine-skirted lakes (see pp. 34, 59). To the south is the German Plain. Across both the Rhine, Weser, Elbe, Oder, and Vistula and their tributaries flow. The western lowland, that of France, consists of scarped ridges comparable with those of Britain, and is drained by the Seine, Loire (p. 223), and Garonne (p. 231). The hills of Brittany are part of the Armorican Highlands, of which Devonian, South Wales, and S.W. Ireland form the rest still unsubmerged (p. 216).

The *Central Highlands* have been formed by the insinking of basins or rifts which separate one mass from another. The Central Plateau of France is an old granitic mountain land worn down, with a limestone margin (p. 228), and broken by the rifts in which the Loire and its tributary the Allier flow, above which are a number of picturesque volcanic cones (p. 229). The Saône-Rhône rift comes to the east (p. 248). The middle Rhine plain (p. 72) is a rift valley which severs the Vosges and Hart from the Black Forest or Schwarzwald (p. 87), and Odenwald (p. 71); west of the Vosges are the scarped ridges of the Seine basin; last of the Black Forest are those of the German Jura (p. 81). To the north the Rhine (p. 68), Moselle, and Meuse have worn out deep valleys across the Rhine Schist Highlands—Ardennes, Eifel, Hunsrück, Taunus, Westerwald. The volcanic Vogelsberg and Rhön close the north of the Rhine rift valley. To the east rises the Thuringian Forest (p. 73), with a hilly land to the north, beyond which are the Harz Mountains (p. 74).

Bohemia is a diamond-shaped plateau, and is drained by the Elbe and its tributaries Morava and Eger. The Elbe leaves at the northern angle through picturesque Saxon Switzerland (p. 77). On each side the diamond is closed by mountains, the Ore Mountains (*Erzgebirge*) to north-west, the Sudetes Mountains (including the Giant Mountains or *Riesengebirge*) to north-east, the Heights of Moravia to south-east, and the

Bohemian Forest to south-west. The Thuringian Forest, Erzgebirge, Bohemian Forest, and Franconia Jura (p. 81) converge at the Fichtelgebirge or Pine Mountains (p. 79), whence the Saale flows north, the Eger east, the Naab south, and the Maine east.

The western part of the southern area is the *Iberian Peninsula* (pp. 259-293), which consists of a plateau, the Meseta, divided by Sierra de Guadarrama into the arid plateaus of Old and New Castile (p. 265), across which the Douro and the Tagus and Guadiana flow. The eastern escarpment, the Iberian Mountains, sinks to the Plains of Aragon, drained by the Ebro, beyond which tower the Pyrenees (pp. 238-241), a continuation of the Cantabrian Mountains of the extreme north of the peninsula (p. 262). The southern escarpment, known as the Sierra Morena (pp. 271-274), sinks to Andalusia, the plain of the Guadalquivir, bounded on the south by the Sierra Nevada (p. 275). This is the western end of the young folded mountain system, which can be traced eastwards through the Atlas, Apennines, Alps, Karpathians, Balkans, Yaila, and Caucasus, and by the Albanian and Grecian mountains to Asia Minor (see introduction to volume on *Asia*).

The *Italian or Apennine Peninsula* consists of the Apennines or Appennines (pp. 174, 184), with a volcanic foreland to the west, across which the Arno and Tiber flow. Vesuvius on the mainland (p. 200), Etna in Sicily (p. 207), and Stromboli on the Lipari Islands, are active volcanoes. The alluvial plain of Northern Italy (p. 180) is constantly growing farther into the shallow northern Adriatic, as the Po, Adige, and other rivers bring down more material from the mountains.

The *Alps* curve in a great semicircle in the west, and strike almost due east in the east, widening out like a partially-opened fan. On the southern margin, long morainic dammed valley lakes, Lago Maggiore, Como (p. 101), Garda, overflow to the Po. On the northern foreland the lakes are partly due to morainic accumulations, but run parallel to the mountain axis in the foreland between the Alps and the Jura, e.g. Geneva, (p. 91), Thun, Brienz, and Neuchâtel. The Lake of the Four Forest Cantons (Lake of Luzern) is a combination of such a lake with a transverse one and so is cross-shaped (p. 88). The eastern lakes, Zürich, Constance (Boden See), and the lakes of Bavaria

and of the Salzkammergut in Austria, lie at right angles to the mountain axis. The snow-fields (*névé* or *firn*) and glaciers are as characteristic of the higher valleys as lakes are of some of the lower ones. Of these the Aletsch is the largest.

The Alps may be divided into Western and Eastern Alps by a line drawn between Lago Maggiore and Lake Constance. The St. Gotthard (p. 97) may be taken as the most important centre of the western portion, and from it the rivers Rhone, Reuss, Rhine, and Ticino flow, west, north, east, and south. The Upper Rhone valley is a marked feature, separating the Bernese from the Pennine Alps, and it flows northward into the lake of Geneva, and thus permits a passage from the north into the heart of the mountains, from which roads over the Simplon and Great St. Bernard Passes lead to Italy. The Isère and Durance, tributaries of the Lower Rhone, lead to the Little St. Bernard, at the south of the Mont Blanc mass (p. 94), and Mount Cenis, and to the Genève passes respectively.

In the Eastern Alps mountains of dolomitic limestone (p. 130) form the northern and southern ranges. The Inn flows through Engadine from south-west to north-east, turns into a longitudinal valley, and finally leaves the mountains by a transverse course to join the Danube. The High Tauern separates the longitudinal valleys of the Salzach and Drave, and farther east four parallel valleys can be traced—Enns, Mur, Drave, and Save. From the Mur the Semmering Pass permits the railway to be carried to Vienna (p. 133). All these streams are tributaries of the *Danube*, which rises in Black Forest and flows on the northern margin of the Alpine Foreland, at the foot of the German Jura and the Bohemian Forest (p. 85), and passes between the Alps and Karpathians by the Karpathian Gate to the Hungarian Plain, which it crosses from north to south (pp. 87-89). Here it receives the Tisza (Theiss) and its tributaries from the *Karpathians*, which curve in a semicircle round the plain, with two bosses—the Tatra in the north-west, and the Bihar Mountains in the south-west. The river enters the Klisura (p. 120) in the Banat Mountains (p. 119) and leaves it at the Iron Gates for the Wallachian Plain (p. 123), between the Transylvanian Alps and the Balkans.

The *Balkan Peninsula*, like the Iberian one, has young folded mountains on two margins—the Balkans in the north, the Dinaric,

Albanian, and Grecian Mountains in the west. The western mountains are largely composed of porous limestone, and the Karst (p. 136) in the north contains many caves, disappearing rivers, and marvellous springs. Compare it with the Causses (p. 234). Between the western mountains and the Balkans lie the Serbian Highlands (p. 142) drained by the Morava, the Macedonian Highlands (p. 152) drained by the Vardar, and the Thracian Highlands drained by the Struma. A line of rift valleys with lakes lies between the Macedonian Highlands and the Albanian Alps. The upper valley of the Maritsa separates the Thracian Highlands from the Balkans. The southern part of the peninsula is greatly broken up. The Gulf of Corinth almost cuts off from the mainland the Peloponnese or Morea, which ends in a series of parallel peninsulas and gulfs. The island of Eubœa (Negropont) is completely severed from the mainland. The Ægean Sea is dotted with islands, stepping-stones from Greece to Asia Minor, and in the west the Ionian Islands, including Corfu (p. 164), fringe the coast. Crete, south of the Cyclades, is the most important island.

*Climatic and Vegetation Regions.*—Europe may be divided into three great divisions from a climatic point of view—the east, the north-west, and the south. Similar vegetation on the whole characterises similar parts of the east and north-west, but the south has a different flora.

It is simplest to begin with the *east*, where there are no lofty areas to add to the complexity of the characteristics. In Russia three zones may be distinguished. In all the winters are cold, and the climatic differences are due to the varying number and heat of the warmer months. In the extreme north the warmest month is not over 50° F. in mean temperature. The soil is frozen, except close to the surface, all the year round, and no cereals can grow. This is the tundra (see p. 33, and more particularly the volume on *Asia*). To the south is a belt where the warmest month is not or little over 60°. The soil is of glacial origin, and supports dense forests of pine and other trees. This is the *forest belt* (see p. 43, and *Asia*, p. 4). South of this the summers are very warm, the soil is the wind-blown loess, mixed with humus to form the fertile black-earth or chernoziom (see p. 31). This is the *steppe* region (see p. 48, and *Asia*, p. 7), which is being broken by the plough in the less dry districts.

Towards the south-east the steppe becomes drier and poorer, and is dotted with saline marshes.

The *North-West* is mildest and wettest in the west, and the extremes of temperature increase while the rainfall decreases towards the east. It differs from the east in that most rain falls during the winter storms. Potatoes are largely cultivated in the wetter west and poorer central parts. Fruit-growing is profitable in regions with little rain in autumn, and the vine is cultivated on the sunny slopes as far north as the Moselle and Champagne.

In the North-West the steppe zone does not appear. Tundra covers the far north and the mountain tops of Scandinavia, and loftiest parts of Britain. Most of it lies in the forest belt (pp. 17, 88), with coniferous woods in the north, passing through mixed woods to the purely deciduous woods of the south—of beech, oak, elm, ash, maple, etc. The country, however, is much diversified owing to its mountainous character, and one passes from the deciduous forest through mixed woods to coniferous and birch woods, and through a scanty grass and heath zone to the tundra-like upper elevations with mosses and lichens. In the North-West much of the forested area has been cleared of trees and is cultivated. Oats and barley and root crops are the common cereals in the north, wheat and barley in the south, while rye and flax are grown on the poorer lands of the centre.

The *South* has a remarkable climate, for it is almost without rain in summer, when the temperature is highest, and receives most in autumn and spring. The plants are specialised to resist this drought. Wheat and maize are grown, and on irrigated alluvial lands rice may be grown. Grass is not common at low levels, and lucerne is cultivated in the irrigated areas. The cork and acorns of certain oaks, the leaf of the mulberry, and esparto grass in the driest areas, are of considerable economic importance, but fruits are the specialty of the south or Mediterranean region—such as grapes, figs, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, peaches, and olives.

*Animals.*—Europe belongs to the Palearctic realm, but the wild mammals are not of many species, the most important being fur-bearing animals. The domestic animals need not be enumerated. There is relative abundance of cattle where moist conditions and soft grasses prevail (*e.g.* western rainy regions,



well-watered mountain meadows), of sheep where the grasses are drier (*e.g.* limestone hills, steppes, etc.) and less plentiful, of goats in the more arid and almost grassless lands of the south. In the south the donkey and mule are more abundant than the horse. Reindeer and dogs are used for draught purposes in the Far North, and the camel just appears in the south-east.

*Races.*—Four types of men can be distinguished in Europe. Three belong to what we may call the Western races, in distinction to the Mongolian or Eastern races. (1) The long, narrow-headed Mediterranean race, with dark eyes and hair, the primitive peoples of Europe, the preponderating stock in the Mediterranean region. (2) The long, narrow-headed Northern race, with blue eyes and fair hair, found round the Baltic and North Seas and Upper Volga. (3) The round-headed, dark Central, Alpine or Mountain race, extending from Auvergne through the Central Highlands and the Alps, and Karpathians, into Central Russia. (4) The round-headed, straight-haired, oblique-eyed Mongolian races, which we may divide into the northern group of Samoyads and Lapps, and the southern group consisting of several tribes of nomads in the south-east.

*Languages.*—Linguistically Europe may be grouped into—(a) the Græco-Latin peoples of the Mediterranean Basin, who have extended their influence over France, parts of Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and the Lower Danube; (b) the Teutonic peoples of the north-west and centre; (c) the Keltic peoples of the extreme west; (d) the Basques; (e) Slavs of the east, from Prussia, Bohemia, Croatia eastwards; (f) the peoples with Mongolic languages, including the Finns, the Huns, the Turks among the three Western races, in addition to the Mongolian or Eastern races.

It is of great importance to distinguish between racial and linguistic subdivision. In France all three European races are found, in Germany both the northern and central races occur, and members of all the races mentioned live within the limits of the Russian Empire.

*Religions.*—Roughly, the Latin and Keltic peoples are members of the Roman Church, the Teutonic peoples belong to different Protestant churches, and the Greeks and Slavs are of the Eastern or Greek Church. There are many exceptions to this general statement. The Scottish and Welsh Kelts, and

many Swiss French are Protestants; many Germans, the Poles, and some other Slavs are Roman Catholics. The Turks are Mohanmedans, the northern Mongols have very primitive types of religion. In the Balkan Peninsula religious differences are of fundamental importance, and count for more than either racial or linguistic ones.

Political Division.	Area. Square Miles.	Population (in thousands).	Density per square mile.
Russia . . . . .	1,867,000	131,800	71
<i>Finland</i> . . . . .	126,000	3,200	21
<i>Poland</i> . . . . .	44,000	12,200	280
<i>Ciscaucasia</i> . . . . .	8,000	5,700	66
Total Russia in Europe . . . . .	2,045,000	152,900	75
<i>Austria</i> . . . . .	116,000	28,600	247
<i>Hungary</i> . . . . .	125,000	20,900	166
<i>Bosnia-Herzegovina</i> . . . . .	20,000	1,900	81
Austria-Hungary . . . . .	261,000	51,400	193
Germany . . . . .	209,000	65,000	310
France . . . . .	207,000	39,600	189
Spain . . . . .	195,000	20,700	105
Sweden . . . . .	173,000	5,700	33
Norway . . . . .	124,000	24,000	19
Italy . . . . .	111,000	36,000	326
<i>Denmark and Faroe Isles</i> . . . . .	15,600	2,900	180
<i>Iceland</i> . . . . .	40,000	85	2
Danish Dominions in Europe . . . . .	55,600	2,985	49
* Rumania . . . . .	50,700	7,000?	
* Bulgaria . . . . .	47,700	5,500?	
* Greece with Crete . . . . .	42,000	4,800?	
Portugal . . . . .	35,000	6,000	152
Serbia . . . . .	34,000	4,600	135
Switzerland . . . . .	16,000	3,880	234
Netherlands . . . . .	12,500	6,600	523
* Albania . . . . .	11,000?	800?	
Belgium . . . . .	11,000	1,600	632
Turkey . . . . .	10,800	1,900	187
Montenegro . . . . .	5,600	437	78
British (outside British Isles) . . . . .	3,700	499	134
Luxemburg . . . . .	1,000	260	2600
Andorra . . . . .	191	5	26
Liechtenstein . . . . .	65	11	169
San Marino . . . . .	38	11	288
Monaco . . . . .	8	23	287

\* No reliable figures.

# A DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE

## NORWAY, SWEDEN, DENMARK, ICELAND

### Ascent of Mount Hekla

AN early hour found us in our saddles. The morning was magnificently bright, the mountain being visible, clear to the curling wreath of smoke on the summit. Little patches of smoke, here and there, made a break in the broad black streams of lava which covered every part of the mountain. The summit was distant about 7 miles, of which we could ride nearly 4. Away we galloped through fine green meadows till we came to a mountain gorge, down which in numerous cascades poured a small river. Passing through this gorge we came into a circular meadow entirely shut in by mountains, and this was the last bit of productive land on our way towards the summit of Hekla. High precipitous hills of red lava overhung our path on the right, but the ascent for some distance was gradual. For near a mile we galloped over a gently sloping plain of fine volcanic sand. High up the mountain could be seen sheep, but scarce a blade of grass could be seen where they stood. Our route was intercepted by a broad and high stream of lava. We took a zigzag course to relieve the animals, and after half an hour's climbing

found ourselves on a level table-land, nearly half a mile across. We were now 1000 feet above the lower region, where we left the farmhouse. Leaving our horses we commenced the ascent. Our way led up a valley, having on our left a stream of lava, and on our right and before us a hill of volcanic sand, into which our feet sank deeply at every step. Half an hour brought us to the steep front of the mountain, and now the ascent commenced in good earnest. At first I could go on ten or fifteen minutes without resting; but after an hour or so I had to stop every five or six yards. The surface was volcanic sand, beaten hard by the wind apparently, and a good road to travel on. We were now getting between 2000 and 3000 feet high, nearly half-way up, but vegetation had not entirely ceased. At the height of about 4000 feet we first struck the snow. The ascent grew more precipitous, and the climbing was exceedingly toilsome. The earth and lava appeared to be of a red colour. Sulphurous fumes saluted our nostrils. Suddenly before us yawned a deep crater. What a horrible chasm, dark curling smoke, yellow sulphur and red cinders appearing on every side! Above were three others, all similar in appearance. Our progress was now one of great danger. At our left was the north side of the mountain, a perpendicular wall dropping off more than 1000 feet below us. The craters were on our right, and between these and the precipice on our left we threaded a narrow ridge. One moment we were in danger of falling over the perpendicular side of the mountain, the next of being swallowed up in the burning crater. Half an hour more brought us to the summit. The top of the mountain was not a peak, but broad and nearly flat, with here and there a little irregularity. It was about a quarter of a mile across from east to west, and about fifty rods the other way. A more magnificent prospect was never seen. Iceland was spread below and around me like a map. We were more than 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and higher than the tops of nearly every mountain in Iceland. To the west and north-

west were vast green tracts of meadow-land, chequered with hills and surrounded by mountains. White shining rivers intersected the valleys and plains. Far in the north and to the north-east were the snowy mountains, not in peaks, but in immense plains of brilliant white. In a valley, some 20 miles to the north-west, was a beautiful cluster of lakes, the water often of a deep green colour. Some hills and old lava districts were covered with heath, now in full bloom, clothing the land in a robe of purple. The surface of Hekla itself, and the ground on every side some distance from the base, was one black mass of lava. To the south, far out to sea, were the Westmann Islands, rising abruptly out of the water to a height of more than 2000 feet, and showing their basaltic cliffs in clearly defined outline.

P. MILES.—*Rambles in Iceland*. Longmans.

For the descent into the principal crater, on the summit, see *ibid.* p. 104.

### An Eruption of the Great Geysir

We returned to the edge of the Great Geysir. All parties are obliged to wait upon the caprice of this natural wonder, the monster fountain seldom caring to play now. No stones or earth can be thrown in under a penalty of £100, and travellers have been known to live here a whole week without seeing it put forth its power.

About 2 or 3 A.M. I was awakened by what was unmistakably a gentle shaking of the earth. Outside was heard a loud clapping of hands, summoning every one to behold this gigantic, unexplained, weird miracle of nature by the light of the rising sun. Imagine a column of sparkling water playing up to the height of 80 or 100 feet! Clouds of thick, pure white and heavy steam hung round it, while the spray above shone like diamonds before the sun. We slept no more that morning; the deepest feelings of wonder at so much majesty and such display of power kept us wide awake henceforward. In the course of

that same day we saw the sparkling monster four times more—less and less high each succeeding time. Among the wonders of this place I must not neglect to mention a perfect bath, which after every eruption is filled with tepid water in a flowing stream, and contains ledges which resemble seats. The boiling water which escapes from the Great Geysir's basin flows over a cold slab of rock in this direction and falls at last over the edge, where in the course of time it has scooped out this hollow. The sides and seats are tinged by the mineral quality of the water with a kind of rosy hue, and in some places by a reddish-yellow.

Lord GARVAGH.—*The Pilgrim of Scandinavia*. Sampson Low.

By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low.

### **Some Features of Norwegian Structure and Scenery**

It is quite superficially that the Scandinavian peninsula is separated from the continent by the shallow basin of the Baltic. In reality it is the same uniformly built, even plateau of gneiss and granite that is continued from Finland, just dips beneath the level of the Gulf of Bothnia, and then rises again slowly towards the west to an altitude of about 1500 feet. Approaching the Atlantic, however, the rocky ground suddenly changes, and the landscape acquires another character. Above the low Baltic plateau, a new plateau rises with a clearly defined step, almost in a line from Lindesnes (the Naze) to the North Cape, about 100 miles within the western coast. This higher plateau arches slightly to a height of about 3000 feet from the eastern edge towards the crest of the peninsula, whence again the western side dips down with a slight curve into the Atlantic. The boundary between these two great structural features is perhaps most clearly marked in Swedish Norrland, where the highland rises like a distinct wall against the granite plateau of the woodland below.

Farther south, in Norway, the defining line is less strongly marked. The contrast is brought prominently forward by the cessation of the great northern Asiatic-European belt of conifers at the wall.<sup>1</sup>

The chief topographical distinction is thus between the woodland and the highland. Only a small portion of the former falls within the borders of Norway. The highland we may reckon as beginning in the extreme south-west, with a width of 60 miles, a plateau height that rapidly reaches 3000 feet, with peaks of from 4000 to 4500 feet, which rapidly decrease in height only when nearing the coast. The highland or the wide waste—*Vidden*, as it is usually called—continues towards the N.N.E., with increasing height and width, up to 150 miles, as the coast-line deviates more to the west, to the culminating point of the Scandinavian peninsula, in the Jotunheimen, where the plateau height may be placed at 5000 feet, and a number of peaks rise above 6500 feet. Galdhøppigen, 8400 feet, is the highest. Farther north Snehaetta and other peaks attain to a height of more than 6500 feet. In the latter half of its northern ascent the highland is of a more uniform width of about 100 miles between the North Sea and the Swedish woodland, until it runs out to the Arctic Ocean in the islands about Hammerfest, with heights such as 3530 feet on Seiland. In the Nordland country only the western slope belongs to Norway.

If we stand on a somewhat isolated height in the south-eastern woodland the two structural features are very prominent. We look out over a succession of forest-clad hillsides, ridge after ridge of tolerably uniform height, an undulating sea of dark forest, with here and there light spots of cultivated ground in the troughs. Far out towards the west and north may be seen in the distance a fringe of higher mountains, bare blue mountains with

<sup>1</sup> This wall or escarpment is called the glint by Suess, and can be traced round the margin of the granitic-gneissic platform. Compare the similar line round the similar platform in North America of which Hudson Bay is the centre.

white patches of snow in the hollows. These summits mark the edge of the highland. If we come up to this edge, on to a height in the highland, its character as a plateau is distinctly apparent. We look out over wide gray-brown heaths with ling and willow, bog and lake, and out towards the horizon rises mountain behind mountain at uniform heights. The whole constitutes an immense mountain plateau, where the more deeply-cut valleys are lost to the eye, and where only in a few places single peaks, or groups of peaks, rise above the general level. If we cross over to the western side we can see how the plateau arches evenly, first slowly, then more rapidly, towards the sea far away on the horizon. Actual connected mountain chains rising above lowlands at both sides do not exist.

The coast country of Norway is first of all remarkable as the land of the *fjords*. There is not, as in most countries, a more or less continuous coast-line. It is broken up incessantly by deep incisions of the sea into the rocky cliffs, fjord after fjord, a continuous series of peculiarly-formed narrow basins. In sailing into a west-country fjord, and seeing how it winds along with no great breadth between the rocky cliffs that rise higher and higher the farther we penetrate, we could believe that it was a real fissure in the Earth's crust. We receive the impression that the steep sides of the fjord—and the eye exaggerates the height and precipitousness—must go down to immense depths. Soundings, however, show that they soon turn off to a tolerably flat bottom. Such a close series of characteristic and uniformly-shaped fjord-basins is not found except in countries that have once been covered by inland ice. There is no other natural force known that is able to hollow out such peculiar, trough-like basins. Ice-cut land has always a decided, easily recognisable character, and a Norwegian fjord may therefore easily be mistaken for a Greenland or a Scotch landscape, or for a bit of one of the Swiss or North Italian lakes.

In all formerly ice-covered countries, and only in these



countries, there is another characteristic surface form, the belt of islands and skerries, called in Norway *skjærgården*.<sup>1</sup> On approaching the west coast from the sea, the land first appears as an even, low strip, which rises as it is approached, and then shows that it arches up to higher summits inland. Only on steering in among the rocks do we see that generally several channels open up. We twist about through a crowd of rocks and little islands; and inside large islands we find tortuous sounds, whence again deep fjords cut their way up through mountains that rise higher as the distance from the coast increases. Near the margin of the inland ice, towards the dissolving ocean, the glacier streams had freer course, and could follow the lines of least resistance. Glacier erosion is always distinguished from ordinary surface erosion by its continual change of level, and wherever a sloping ice-worn land-surface is cut by a sea-surface we shall have, along the coast-line, a countless number of little islands and rocks, such as on both sides of the Kristiania fjord. But it is really only along the west coast, where the great inland ice went out direct to sea, that we find the *skjærgård* fully developed with large islands and sounds. Along the coast of Norway there have been counted about 150,000 islands, large and small, but along the Norwegian channel, to the south of the series of fjords, there are no islands above 20 square miles. From the Bukn fjord one can sail up the coast as far as Lyngstuen in almost landlocked water. The low plateau of east Finmarken, on the other hand, goes out towards the Arctic Ocean with an escarpment produced by the breakers.

Prof. HANSEN. — *Norway*. Official publication for the Paris Exhibition, 1900.

For the relation between glacial action and the other characteristic features of Norwegian landscape, its hanging valleys, waterfalls, and lakes, see *ibid.* pp. 21-34.

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<sup>1</sup> Skerry walls.

### Crossing the Hardanger Fjeld

Across the Hardanger it was nearly 80 miles to the nearest habitation. Upon leaving the farmstead, instead of following the main valley, our guide struck up one which led nearly due north. The ascent was steep, through birch woods. We soon reached a more open plain or tract of moorland. Still ascending rapidly, the birch disappeared, and was succeeded by dwarf sallow and bog myrtle, the only shrubs, or rather shrubby plants, that we henceforth saw. After about an hour's progress we crossed for a considerable distance a plateau of bare rocks intersected by sharp ledges and entirely denuded of soil. All vegetation disappeared except that of lichens and mosses. These sometimes covered the entire surface for a considerable space with a carpet softer than the richest production of the loom, and of the most brilliant and diversified colours. Herds of reindeer roam in a wild state over the snowy regions of the fjeld, but we were not fortunate enough to have any of them cross our path. We also saw numerous tracks of the lemming. In about four hours from commencing the ascent we reached the region of perpetual snow. It capped the summits, spread in broad fields along the sides of the ridges, and filled the deep ravines and gullies. We had now gained the highest elevation of our route, about 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Soon after passing these high ridges, descending for a while, we struck the shores of a lake, and the stern features of the scenery were relieved by the appearance of grassy slopes shelving to its banks. But the face of the fjeld speedily resumed its dreary character. We had before us a wide expanse of complete desert, bounded by lumpy hills partly covered with snow. The surface was undulating, and a chain of small mountain lakes occupied the lower levels. Pursuing a more northerly course, at last we struck a considerable sheet of water, of which we traced the southern shore for several miles. It is hardly

possible that even arctic scenery can present anything more utterly desolate. There were no signs of life—nothing was seen but the eternal snows, the dark waters of the melancholy lake, and the gray ridges of bare rock that shelved to its shores. The colour of the landscape was cold and leaden, and its sombre features were unrelieved by any variety of outline. Once we caught a distant view, through an opening in the hills, of a mountain chain far away to the eastward. It glowed for a moment in the rays of the evening sun, but they shed no cheering beam on the dreary scenes around.

Next day our track still lay along the desolate shores of the lake. We traced its course over rocks and morasses and snowy hollows, then turned southwards, and, crossing a ridge, had the satisfaction of striking a rivulet which was running to the west. We had reached the point at which the waters which feed the rivers and lakes that discharge themselves into the Skagerrak diverge from those flowing into the fjords which communicate with the Northern Ocean. But a long and weary day's march was yet before us. The river, indeed, found its way into the Hardanger fjord, but the gorges were impracticable. On leaving the saeter we ascended the right bank of the stream, and for some hours crossed a succession of stony ridges of considerable elevation through a country as bare of vegetation as the face of the fjeld itself. It was 3 P.M. when we again descended into a charming valley, a grassy basin of 40 or 50 acres in extent. A saeter stood on the bank of a rushing torrent, and crossing it by a tottering footbridge, we stretched ourselves in the sun, while a huge bowl of milk was brought to us. Then we mounted the steep ascent on the other side of the valley, and wound over seemingly interminable ridges of barren hills. At length, in about two hours, we were cheered by the sight of birch woods, growing at about 3500 feet above the sea. They clothed the sides of deep ravines, into which we plunged. The windings of the valleys presented ever-varying features of torrents rushing wildly down, deep birch woods and cliffs

towering to a great height. Over them were faintly seen, miles beyond, wreaths of spray, where the waters of the fjeld precipitated themselves to join the impetuous river below. The walls of rock, receding for a space, enclosed a level area of a few roods of pasture and green corn, in which stood the buildings of a small farm, the first signs of culture and habitation we had seen on this side of the fjeld. Then it closed in again, and the road was carried along the right bank of the river, ascending and descending the several ridges which spurred out from the base of the cliffs. As we successively mounted the summits of these the blue waters of the fjord were seen through the long vista of projecting cliffs which, towering to a prodigious height, shut in the narrow valley. The shades of evening were closing in on the narrow glen when, descending the last declivity, we emerged on a somewhat open and level plain, walled in on three of its sides by precipitous cliffs, midway in which appeared a hamlet. Thus ended our passage of the Hardanger fjeld.

G. FORRESTER.—*Rambles in Norway*. Longmans (1855 ed.).

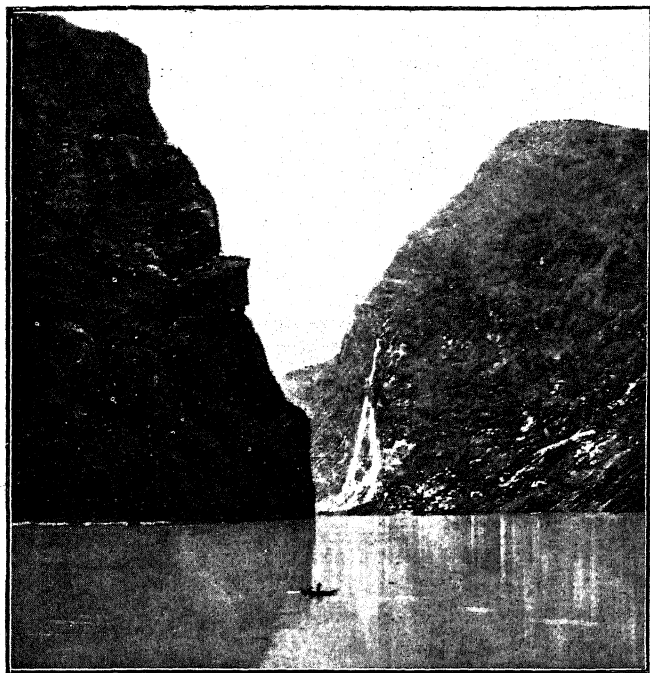
For the scenery of the plateau compare Mr. Arnold's description of the summit of the Fille fjeld: "Nothing was visible but leagues of brown heather, broken by gray crags, and covered with the pale, yellowish-white reindeer moss, or an occasional stagnant pool. In the far distant background cold blue hills showed indistinctly through white clouds and whiter sheets of snow."—E. L. L. ARNOLD, *A Summer Holiday in Scandinavia*. Sampson Low. Another good description is given by Mr. W. M. WILLIAMS, *Through Norway with a Knapsack* (1876 ed., Stanford), pp. 49-56, in his account of the Dovre fjeld. For the scenery of the Dovre fjeld, see *ibid.* ch. xix. The *saeters* referred to in the text correspond to the Swiss *chalets*, and are wooden houses built on a mountain pasturage, to which the cows and goats are driven for a few weeks in summer. Their milk is made into cheese by the *saeter* girls. An excellent account of *saeter* life is given by Mr. FORRESTER, *Rambles in Norway* (1855 ed.), pp. 212, 213.

## The Fjord Scenery of Norway

Much of Norway's grandest scenery lies in the west coast region. In it are to be found many of the most

emancipating fjords, the Geiranger, the Nord, the Sogne, and the Hardanger, and it possesses some of the highest mountains, largest glaciers, and loveliest lakes and valleys in the whole country.

The Geiranger fjord, in the opinion of Norwegians,



GEIRANGER FJORD

contends for the palm of beauty and impressiveness with both the Naerö and Jorund fjords. It is about 12 miles long, and is in many parts a narrow stretch of water, with cliffs towering up almost perpendicularly from 1800 to 2000 feet. On either side are waterfalls, which in several parts descend for 2000 to 3000 feet. High up on

the sky-line here and there are seen little patches of arable land and little farms. The goats and cows are carefully tethered, lest they should fall off to their swift destruction, and the children when out of doors are also made fast to stakes until they learn that it is dangerous to go too near the edge of such precipices as those on which they are perched.

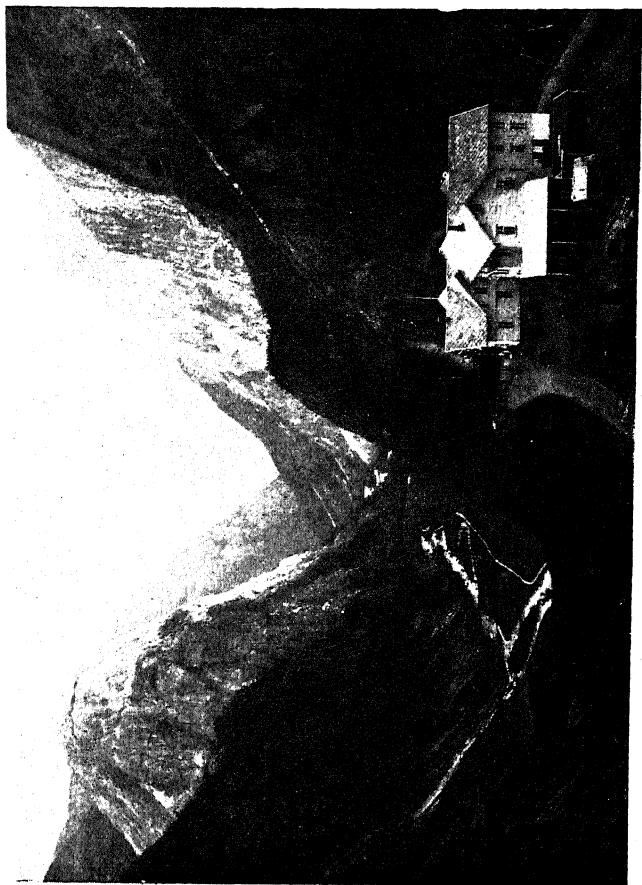
The Sogne is the longest fjord in Norway, running inland a distance of 106 miles and averaging 4 miles in width. The scenery along its whole length, and in its numerous arms, is grand and impressive beyond any power of language adequately to describe. It is more rugged and sombre than the Hardanger; the fjords are often narrow, the cliffs more precipitous. At one moment the boat is beneath a huge cliff that seems on the point of blocking for ever the narrow channel; at another she is sailing over a clear space out of which open up a number of rocky fjords. At one moment the view is limited to a few hundred yards of water, bounded on every hand by stupendous precipices; at another the eye ranges up a beautiful valley, or through some depression in the fjord wall catches in the distant sunlight peeps of glacier or of lovely mountain outlines, sharply defined against the clear blue sky. The colours are most exquisite, the wonderful greens of the water, the black, and purple, and brown of the rocks and cliffs and mountains, the greenish-blue of the remote glacier, and the serene blue of the cloudless sky; these, with their infinite blendings and combination of tone, defy description.

Like the Sogne fjord, the Hardanger is shut in by mountains 4500 to 5000 feet high, and towering over all, visible from a thousand points of view, the vast ice masses and snow fields of the fjeld. The slopes, however, are more wooded, the soil more fertile, the general aspect more genial.

R. LOVETT.—*Norwegian Pictures*. Religious Tract Society.

By permission of Religious Tract Society.

The Sogne is generally explored either from Gudvangen, on one of



NABRÖDAL

the innermost branches known as the Naerö fjord, or from Laerdal-sören. Gudvangen, which has been compared to Flüelen, on the lake of Lucerne, also stands at the mouth of the famous Naerödal, variously described as the Yosemite or the Lauterbrunnen of Norway. In the Hardanger district one of the chief centres is Odda, on the Sör fjord, in the neighbourhood of the Skjaeggedals Fos, perhaps the finest waterfall in Europe, and the Buabrac glacier. All of these scenes are described, so far as verbal description is possible, in every volume of Norwegian travel, but much more graphic are the illustrations in such a volume as the *Norwegian Pictures*, published by the Religious Tract Society, where all the finest scenes of western Norway are depicted. Besides the Skjaeggedals Fos, the Hardanger fjeld gives rise to the Vöring Fos and the Rjukan Fos, which dispute with the Skjaeggedals Fos the claim to be the finest falls in Norway. A glance at the illustrations will show the distinctive beauties of each.

## Bergen

Bergen is situated at the foot of an amphitheatre of hills not so high as those I had seen elsewhere, but still bold and abrupt. Foreshortened as it was to our view we could not at first see that it is built on a long peninsula, extending far out into the fjord, and bordered on either side by a fine harbour. The water to our left is the Vaage, and it is crowded with steamers and ships, while the larger Pudde fjord to the right is comparatively clear. Now we enter the Vaage and see what Bergen is really like. The sight is not disappointing. Wharves and quays and warehouses are not very presentable objects as a rule, but those of Bergen would delight the eye of any artist. The buildings on both shores are old and quaint; on one side there are ancient towers and turrets, and long rows of tall storehouses, while on the other long narrow lanes, in which the buildings are supported by colonnades of wooden pillars, lead down to the water side. Overhead on every hand tower steep hills clothed with foliage and sprinkled with villas and cottages on the terraces cut across them, and up among the heights appear pleasant outlooks, giving promise of many a noble prospect.

E. J. GOODMAN.—*The Best Tour in Norway*. Sampson Low.

By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low.



## The Lofoden Islands and the Maelström

Leaving the mainland and its fjords we cross to the Lofoden Islands. They are if possible still wilder and grander than the mainland, sharp granite pyramids springing from the sea to the height of 2000 or 3000 feet, and breaking at their summits into a countless multitude of jagged points. The snow lies thickly in the hollows of these teeth and spines, but there are a few small rich green pasture patches even here, and sheep and goats are to be seen occasionally, but the chief harvest of this region is codfish, and this harvest was now in the course of reaping. We could smell the land as we approached it, where acres and acres of rock were covered with the split fish lying out to dry in the sun. The stockfish so much demanded for fast days in inland Catholic countries is the result. When the drying is completed the fish are stacked into heaps which may easily be mistaken at a distance for hayricks. Near to these stacks and drying acres, generally close upon the shore, are huge boilers, where the cod livers are stewing most odoriferously. We stopped at many of these reeking stations, and steamed between bare granite mountains, starting so abruptly from the sea, that in some parts we passed through walled-up channels not wider than the windings of the Thames about Richmond, and winding as much or more than that river, but with sharp angular bends. On approaching these the vessel appears to be running hopelessly aground, and not until the bowsprit seems almost crashing upon tall rocks ahead, does the helmsman pull furiously at the wheel, when the ship swings round into the suddenly discovered opening. We were not always progressing to the northwards, but sailing through channels, up and down fjords, and branches of fjords; stopping at coast and island stations to pick up and set down passengers and goods, and landlocked apparently at every turn by fresh islands and promontories and shores of fjords, so that the whole journey is like

sailing through a tortuous chain of ten thousand glorious lakes. These "lakes" of the Lofodens resemble the lake of Lucerne in its wildest parts, but they are still grander; for though the mountains are not so high they are much more rugged, harsh, and savage, and the great snow patches filling the hollows at the foot of each of the spiky pyramids add vastly to the sublimity. The wailing and screaming of the startled sea-fowl among the bare granite crags were in fine harmony with the wild desolation of the whole scene.

In the early part of the day we pass close to the channel against which the terrible word Maelström is marked on our maps. I looked for it on my Norwegian map, but it is not marked there. It appears that the Maelström which we read about is an unmitigated myth. There are many *mæl ströms*, or bad currents, hereabouts. Several of the channels between the islands are, in certain concurrent states of wind and tide, rather dangerous for small craft; and even larger vessels, if not skilfully handled, may be drifted against the rocks. The channel where we mark the Maelström is one of these, but by no means the worst of them, and in ordinary states of wind and tide it may be navigated safely in a cock-boat.

W. MATTHIEU WILLIAMS.—*Through Norway with a Knapsack*.  
Smith, Elder, and Co. (later edition, Stanford).

A full and very interesting account of the Lofoden fishing season is given by BARNARD, *Life, Scenery, and Sport in Norway*, Cox, pp. 72-83. The fishing population assembles by the end of January and leaves early in April. "I pity the traveller," he writes, "who should happen to visit the islands at this season. The stench from the entrails of the fish which lie in parts in such thick masses that it requires wading boots to pass through them, and which the heat of the sun has rendered a putrid mass of corruption, can be better imagined than described. The air is actually darkened with the flocks of sea-birds which flock to the rich banquet. In the month of June the last scene is played out. On the 14th of that month the fish are taken down from their pegs, and from all parts boats and smacks may be seen coming to fetch their respective lots; for during all this interval of two months the drying fish have been left to take care of themselves, and it is a rare occurrence that any are found missing."

### The Midnight Sun

I think the midnight sun is to be seen in fuller perfection from the deck of a steamer than from land. One evening, after leaving Hammerfest, we were all on deck to witness its setting and rising, if thus it can be termed. It was about 11 P.M. The sky was of a brilliant gold colour, and the sea lay all round us like a burnished mirror. In the zenith it assumed a delicate rose-coloured tint, merging into an apple green. The effect of the sunlight on the headlands was wonderfully beautiful, for as the sun sank lower and lower their tints kept changing, till at last they seemed to be bathed in a vermilion hue. It was now midnight. In a few minutes we noticed the sun gradually rising higher and higher, and now the colours we had noticed before its setting were of a totally different hue. It was the most lovely and varied scene I have ever witnessed. Day had succeeded night almost imperceptibly.

Rev. M. R. BARNARD.—*Life, Scenery, and Sport in Norway.*  
Horace Cox.

### In the Forest Country

Crossing the cultivated grounds we immediately entered the forest. The surface was nearly level for the whole space we traversed that evening and the early stage of the morrow, a distance of 18 or 20 miles. It lay along the left bank of the Nid. There was no undergrowth except where we occasionally crossed watercourses, which discharged themselves into the river. The banks of these were profusely hung with alder and birch. The boles of the tall pines were clear of boughs to the height of 50 or 60 feet. Upwards their tapering stems and spreading branches were of a fine resinous hue, to which the rays of the setting sun gave additional lustre. The trees appeared as regularly set out as if they had been artificially planted and thinned. The wide extent of the same unbroken

level, canopied above by that dark mass of spreading foliage ; these countless columns which, far as the eye could reach in every direction, mile after mile, stood tall, erect, defined, supporting that living roof ; those long-drawn vistas, through the receding arches of which one sought in vain to penetrate the depths of that vast solitude ; the silence, unbroken save by the roar of the river, gave a new and solemn phase to our thoughts.

Before we take leave of the valley of the Nid I must give a brief sketch of its most striking scene. On the skirts of the forest we again struck the river. About a mile above, the whole body of the river is projected over a ledge of rocks, 40 or 50 yards in width, which dams up the breadth of the channel. There are three successive falls, of which the principal and most precipitous may not exceed 50 or 60 feet in height. But the most singular feature of the scene was the immense quantity of timber which, having floated from the upper country, was here carried down the current. The enormous logs, first whirled, fearfully booming, against the rocks that narrowed the channel, were then hauled over and plunged in the boiling foam below. At the foot of each fall a perfect barrier of pines was formed. Some, eddying in the whirlpool, seemed destined never to get free ; numbers were broken up. The whole shore below the falls was strewn with the giant bulk of the spoils of the forest thus arrested in their progress to the sea.

Felled and sledged to the nearest stream during the winter, no sooner is its frozen channel set free by the returning spring and swelled by the influx from the dissolving snow, than the timber begins its long journey. Borne down by the foaming torrents which lash the base of its native hills far in the interior, hurried over rapids, taking its onward course along the shores of winding lakes, or slowly dropping down on the quiet current of broad rivers, the accumulated mass is brought up at last by a strong boom placed across the stream, where it discharges into navigable waters. It is then sorted, appropriated by

the merchants to whom it is consigned, and shipped for foreign ports. I observed that during the passage down the lakes the logs are collected into immense rafts, but so unwieldy are the masses that but little can be done in the way of navigation beyond fending them off the shores and rocks, and keeping them in the current.

T. FORRESTER.—*Rambles in Norway*. Longmans.

Some interesting additional details are given in the *Official Handbook for the Paris Exhibition*, pp. 341, 342. The conditions of the lumberman's life resemble generally those of the Canadian lumbermen (*Descriptive Geography of North America*, pp. 50-55. "The felling of timber takes place in autumn and winter. The forests as a rule lie far away from the inhabited districts, and the timber cutters and drivers have to live in huts built for the occasion, the interstices being filled, and the roof covered with pine needles, moss, etc. Week after week may be spent by them in the forests in the hardest frosts, the work being interrupted only once in a while by a Sunday visit to the inhabited district on *ski* (Norwegian snow-shoes). They do their own plain cooking in the log hut." The mode of conveyance is sufficiently described in the text.

## Contrast between Norwegian and Swedish Scenery

There is a striking contrast between the scenery of Sweden and Norway. The latter is formed by rocks rising in naked majesty, or mountains flanked by forests and crowned with eternal snow, while blue fjords ramify among these giant features of creation, sometimes contracted to 1000 yards, then expanding themselves over the surface of a league in breadth. That of Sweden consists of land, here gently waving, and there broken into quick and hurried undulations. Forests of fir form the unvaried dress of nature, and the humbler fresh-water lake is an unwelcome substitute for the majestic arm of the ocean.

It was a novelty to drive over ground gently undulating through cultivated fields. The corn is acquiring a golden tint, and the land, just shorn of grass, is on the point of being ploughed for a richer crop. Throughout this northern land vegetation is singularly rapid. As the sun scarcely slips under the horizon during summer, the

heat of his rays is not lost at night before their influence is again perceptible. Thus by accumulation the temperature of the valleys increases daily, and corn is matured and stacked two months after the seed has been sown.

C. B. ELLIOTT.—*Letters from the North of Europe*. Colburn and Bentley.

The typical Swedish landscape is described by Mr. Laing as consisting of "a long, jagged sky-line of fir tops, a little lake enveloped in woods, and at one end a little level green spot of cultivation, studded with gray masses of rocks and gray houses of about the same shape and size."—S. LAING, *A Tour in Sweden in 1838*. Longmans.

### The Göta Canal

Early on July 2, I embarked on board a small steamer which enters the Göta river and passes through the great chain of lakes and canals which connect the port of Göteborg with the capital of Sweden and the great lakes of the interior with both the capital and the port. The commencement of our voyage was by the open sea, but as we advanced towards the great gut, or canal, hills of no great altitude appeared, varied in form and colour, sometimes bare and sometimes covered with stunted firs. On approaching the narrower waters of the Göta river, where inland navigation properly commences, scattered hamlets or isolated farmhouses were seen amongst fresher green trees and better-defined forests. By four in the afternoon we had reached the chain of locks by which vessels pass the falls of Trollhättan, and leaving our vessel to make the best of her way through, we landed to visit the great natural wonder.

When we were upon the rocks after passing the bridge, we were in the very midst of the turmoil of the cataract, or properly of the series of cataracts and rapids. The grand passage of the water is bounded on either side by precipitous rocks, with dusky firs growing at intervals upon their ledges. Through this wild channel poured down those foaming waters, now falling over precipices, now rushing by serpentine sluices around islands or masses of

granite rock, now dividing and now uniting, now running through narrow channels, and now through broad, now tumbling amidst torn and rent rocks, and at intervals but dimly seen through the ascending mist of spray, until the whole body of the water was seen falling into a gulf of whirlpools, 100 or 200 yards below the rock upon which we were seated.

After re-embarking and issuing again into the natural stream, we found a country on either hand of superior fertility to any we had yet seen. We stopped for a short time at Venersborg to take in fuel. The staple of the commerce of the place is timber. We now issued from the Göta into the great lake of Vener. Its banks are generally low and covered with firs. Near the centre a peninsula stretches out from the north side, approaching a prominent cape from the south, and between these headlands many islands almost complete the division of the lake into two parts. We were out of sight of the lower portion of the shore during morning, though mountains, far inland, appeared at a distance in the direction of east. Then after threading further clusters of wooded isles, we arrived at the entrance of the second part of the great Göta Canal. We brought up in this canal for a short time at night, and next morning entered Lake Viken. The scenery was here upon a narrow scale, exhibiting usually dark wooded islands and serpentine fjords. The islands were generally covered with the ordinary fir woods of the country, and in some parts appeared extremely fertile. When we came on deck on the third day we were in the midst of Lake Vetter. After the passage of this lake we entered the East Göta Canal. We found the country upon the banks of this canal more fertile and varied in aspect than any we had hitherto seen, as well as more thickly inhabited and better cultivated. Some lakes, of which the surfaces appeared considerably below the bed of the canal, were seen stretching over the plain on our left hand. Hitherto we had been rising higher and higher by means of the locks as we proceeded, but we now com-

menced the descent towards the eastern coast of Sweden by some locks which left us in a small lake called the Bor. From this we again entered the first of a series of locks by which we descended to Lake Rox. The scenery was an improvement upon that of the Viken, with more appearance of cultivation. The next descent by no less than ten locks brought us to the small Lake Glan, whence we soon issued into the Baltic Sea. When I came upon deck upon the fourth day we were heading the sea against a strong and cold north wind. It would have been necessary, however, to taste the water in order to be convinced we were again upon the sea, so exactly does the scenery upon this portion of the eastern coast of Sweden resemble that upon some of the lakes. We were now steering almost all points of the compass in turn among the wooded islands. Soon after mid-day we reached Södertelge, at which a canal enters, which leads to Lake Mälär, which washes the capital of Sweden upon the west. We entered the lake early in the afternoon. The scenery is of the same character as that of the rest of the lakes through which we passed, but exhibits greater variety, on account of the more frequent appearance of cultivation along the shores, which were frequently seen to great advantage between the thickly wooded islands.

S. S. HILL.—*Travels on the Shores of the Baltic.* Hall.

## Upsala

We are off to Upsala. The paddles strike the waters of the Mälär, and we shoot away from the picturesque city of Stockholm. The whole voyage, direct to Upsala, is a kaleidoscope on a large scale. There is nothing of the magical in the scenery, but landscape gives place to landscape. The Mälär lake curves, is compressed, and widens again. It is as if one passed from lake to lake through narrow canals and broad rivers. Sometimes it appears as if the lake ended in small rivulets between dark pines and



rocks, when suddenly another large lake, surrounded by corn-fields and meadows, opens to view—the light green linden-trees shine forth before the dark gray rocks. Again a new lake opens before us, with islets, trees, and red-painted houses.

Now we are in the Farina rivulet. The rivulet forms a bay, and the high plain extends itself. We see old Upsala's hills, we see Upsala's city with its church, which, like Notre Dame, raises its stony arms towards heaven. The university rises to the view, and there aloft, on the greensward-clothed bank, stands the old red-painted huge palace with its towers.

HANS ANDERSEN.—*Pictures of Sweden.* Bentley.

The hills of old Upsala are immense artificial mounds, identified by legend as the graves of Odin, Thor, and Freyr. Upsala was one of the great strongholds of Paganism.

### Some Swedish Mines

The most celebrated mine in Sweden is that of Danne-mora. The mine itself is very striking, a large open quarry some 500 feet deep, its bottom more or less covered with the snow and ice which has fallen and frozen during the winter. This gulf is descended by a series of ladders suspended to the sides. From the bottom a lower shaft descends for about 100 feet, among dripping rocks, from which a number of passages branch in various directions. The ore is dislodged by blasting. The machinery is moved partly by steam, but chiefly by water power, aqueducts being carried from the lake close by.

Iron works are numerous in all parts of the mining districts, especially along the railways, lakes, and rivers. Charcoal, burnt on the spot, is invariably used for fuel in the blasting districts. The copper mines of Falun are extremely ancient, having been worked as least as early as the thirteenth century. An old tradition goes as far as to say that copper from this mine was sent for the vessels of Solomon's temple. The deepest shafts are 1200 feet deep.

The most striking features about them are the water wheels, some 40 feet in diameter, which are driven by aqueducts running from the Run lake. The water falls with enormous violence over the edge of a cutting. Near Falun the country is the most dreary and desolate wilderness, all signs of vegetation having been completely destroyed by the poisonous copper smoke.

Rev. F. H. Woods.—*Sweden and Norway*. Sampson Low.

By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low.

### Gotland and Visby

I embarked to-day in a small steam vessel bound to the island of Gotland. Our course has been up the Mälär lake, and thence by canal to Södertelge. I observed tobacco growing in some quantity about this place; every cottage had a plot, well hoed and weeded. We stopped this evening at sunset in one of the most picturesque of Swedish landscapes. It is a great advantage in Baltic scenery that you have no ebb-tide; the water also is so shut in and sheltered in these narrow long inlets and heights that its surface is calm and unruffled. We are beautifully concealed in a little cove, overshadowed by a group of fine old oaks, and the round masses of the foliage of these magnificent trees are a relief to the eye after the jagged fir-top outline of the northern forests. We are in a bight, like a small pool, rather than an inlet of the sea, surrounded by white rocks and green trees, and moored to a bank on which children are gathering strawberries to sell to us. We proceeded at daylight next morning down the sound, and followed the line of coast on passing its mouth, leaving the chain of isles and rocks, the skärgeard, outside of us, and sometimes winding among them by channels scarcely wider than the vessel. Towards evening we passed a tract of coast open to the sea, and arrived at Vestervik. Next morning we left the coast, steered an east course, were out of sight of the land for an hour, and

were landed at Visby, the metropolis of the island of Gotland, in the evening. The island is a great table of limestone, about 77 miles in length by 35 in breadth, and between 80 and 150 feet above the level of the sea. On this table there is nothing deserving the name of hill or valley; there are elevations, but the highest is scarcely 200 feet above the level of the sea, and depressions a very little lower than the medium level of the land. In these depressions, which are very numerous, are swamps and little lakes, called here, as in Lapland, *trask*s. The upper bed of limestone is split and cracked vertically, so that the surface waters in many places disappear in holes, and issue out again at a considerable distance. The climate is remarkably mild. The people do not reckon on having more than eight days of sledge-driving in winter, and here in latitude  $57\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  N., the grape, the white mulberry, and the walnut ripen in favourable situations.

The ancient city of Visby is the most extraordinary place in the north of Europe. It is a city of the Middle Ages, existing unbroken and unchanged in a great measure to the present day. From the sea the appearance of this mother of the Hanseatic towns is very striking, from the numerous remains of churches and ancient structures. I counted thirty-five towers, spires, or prominent ruins. On landing, the aspect is equally novel. Ancient streets, well paved, cross each other in all directions. The houses on each side of these ancient streets are in general poor cabins, with gardens, potato-ground and corn crops, all huddled together among ruins of churches of extraordinary beauty and workmanship, and, as ruins, in very picturesque preservation. The whole city is surrounded by its ancient wall, with towers, square, octagonal, and round, as they stood in the thirteenth century, and with very little demolition. To-day you scarcely see a human being in streets once crowded with the wealthiest merchants of all countries. In the earlier part of the Middle Ages, and before the Hansa towns were heard of, Visby had long been the great emporium of commerce in the north of

Europe. The market, in which the productions even of the East, brought by caravans to Novgorod<sup>1</sup> and across the Baltic, met the furs and metals of the north, and the buyers of the south of Europe. Its mercantile laws were transferred to France by Saint Louis, whose code of the isle of Oléron was copied from the constitutions of Visby, and these contained the principles of maritime, mercantile, and international law as now adopted in all civilised countries.

S. LAING.—*A Tour in Sweden in 1833*. Longmans.

A fuller description of the antiquities of Visby will be found, *ibid.* pp. 308-313.

## Bird's-eye View of the Three Northern Capitals

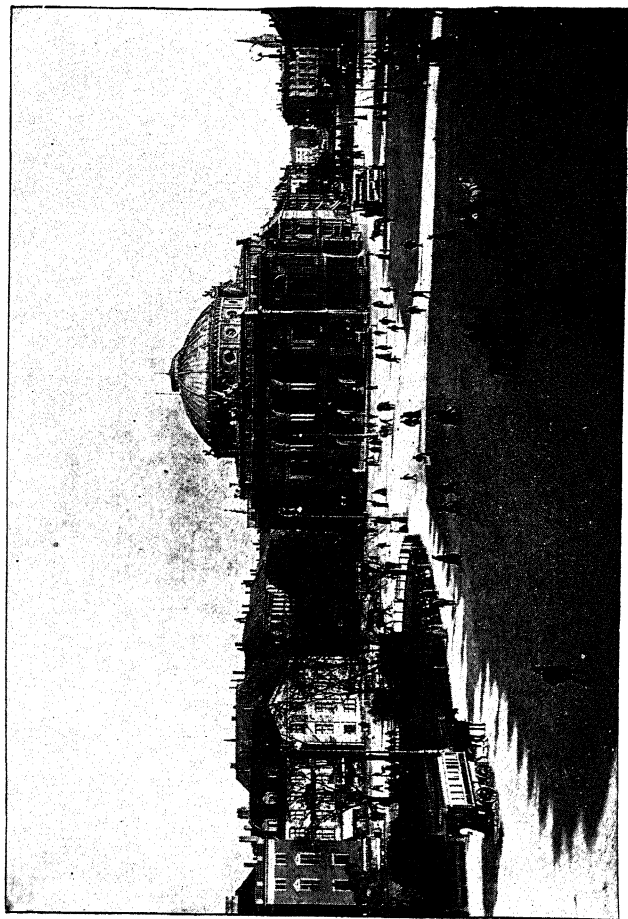
### (a) Copenhagen<sup>2</sup>

By about 2 P.M., just seventeen hours after leaving Kiel, a vision of steeples and palaces seemed rising from the sea on a rich background of green. Nothing could be more striking than the scene. On every side, vessels of all nations were crowding to the one great goal, where Copenhagen sits throned as a queen, commanding the portals of the North Sea and of the Baltic. A beautiful picture was formed as we steered for the sound with thirty vessels in our wake, towards the northern Venice, which lay on the waters in a long horizontal line, like the mirage of a city, made of cloud-palaces, towers, and temples of azure mist.

Portions of Copenhagen are very quaint and old, but the new quarter is handsome and stately. There are many fine palaces, built in the Italian style of stuccoed brick, and rows of private residences. Stone is rarely used. Formerly, wood was the only material employed, and it is still extensively used for country villas, wood houses being considered the warmest. A graceful villa of wood, painted red, green, blue, pink, or yellow, for they employ

<sup>1</sup> Great Novgorod, not Nizhni Novgorod.

<sup>2</sup> *Danish*, København = Chipping Haven = Merchant's Haven.



COPENHAGEN

all colours, with its verandahs and slender pillars and variously wrought balconies, has a very pretty effect among the dark foliage of the pines and birches.

(b) **Kristiania**

After Elsinore we begin to experience the full horror of the wind-swept waves of the North Sea. At length on entering the great fjord of Kristiania we are in smooth water. This magnificent mountain rift is nearly 100 miles long. It is an ocean avenue fringed with pines and walled with mountains. At every moment new vistas are unfolded—mountain piled on mountain and cleft by falling streams, or circling round a glittering lake set in the dark green forest fringes. No city in the world could surpass Kristiania for grandness of position.

As in Copenhagen all the new portion is of stuccoed brick, the northern granite being too hard to work, but the country villas are still of wood, painted in the gayest colours.

(c) **Stockholm**

Now we are in sight of royal Stockholm, with its islands and lakes and pine woods. The city of seven hills and seven islands is set between the great Mälar lake and the Baltic, each island a centre of vivid natural life, and each hill crowned with a church or a palace.

Lady WILDE.—*Drift Wood of Scandinavia*. Bentley.

Lady Wilde describes the more familiar aspects of these cities in a picturesque manner, see *ibid.* ch. i.-iv. A very graphic description of Stockholm is given by BAYARD TAYLOR, *Northern Travel*, pp. 170-172; and of Kristiania, *ibid.* pp. 209-210.

The Danish Tourist Society publish a well written and illustrated description of Copenhagen.

## RUSSIA

### Russia in Europe

IF nature ever made the boundaries of a nation it determined those of Russia—the Arctic Ocean on the north, the Ural Mountains on the east, the Black and Caspian Seas on the south, and the Baltic Sea on the north-west, with Siberia and Trans-Caspia as the natural extension of her empire.

I left London on a trip to Russia, passing through Antwerp, Berlin, and Königsberg to St. Petersburg; thence to Moscow and Nizhni Novgorod. From Moscow I went south-east through Russia, over the Caucasus to Tiflis in Asia; thence to Batum and Sebastopol, on the Black Sea, and from the Crimea north to Moscow. In all this journey of 3500 miles we crossed no range of mountains, we saw no hills more than 500 or 600 feet in height until we reached the Caucasus. It was one broad level plain from Antwerp to Königsberg, 150 miles in width, bounded on the north by the Baltic, on the south by the Erzgebirge, and the foot-hills of the Karpathian mountains. Entering Russia, the plain widens, extending north-east 1800 miles along the coast of the Arctic Ocean to the Ural Mountains, south to the Black Sea and the foot-hills of the Caucasus, and south-east 3000 miles to the mountains of Afghanistan.

The greatest extent of upland in Russia is near Great Novgorod, south-west of St. Petersburg, where the Valdai hills rise from 800 to 1000 feet. In the plateau of the

Valdai the principal rivers of Russia rise. The Volga and its branches flow east and south to the Caspian Sea; the Dnieper and Don to the Black Sea; others north-west to the Baltic. Russia is so level that its rivers are slow and sluggish, with little water except during the melting of snows. They are connected with each other and with the Gulf of Finland and the Arctic Ocean by canals, so that intercommunication between different parts of the country is easy in the summer.

In the great plain there are five distinct zones—the frozen, the forest, the black, the agricultural, and the barren steppes. The black zone, near the centre, is the most fertile and thickly inhabited. To the north the country grows gradually less fertile, passing through the forest zone to the arctic zone, entirely destitute of vegetation. To the south of the black zone the country likewise grows less and less fertile, passing through the agricultural zone to the dry and sandy steppes, entirely destitute of vegetation. From 200 to 300 miles in width the black zone extends from Austria, a little north by east, across Russia, over the Ural Mountains, far into Siberia. It has a rich, black soil of great depth, unsurpassed in fertility.

In the northern part of the black zone are occasional groves of oak and birch; travelling north these are succeeded by forests of hardwood, with occasional evergreens. Gradually the hardwood disappears; then we enter the forest zone, pines, and evergreens. About one-third of Russia is forest. In this region are immense districts where the only roads are rivers. Then comes a land of rocks, lakes, and swamps, with isolated and snowy masses rising above the forests and peat-beds. This is the arctic zone; there is Finland, a region of lakes, over 1100 in one province. The great forests of pine become small evergreens, reaching a height of 25 feet in one hundred years, gaining their maturity in three hundred years. Gradually they become yet smaller, and are of slower growth. The giant of these forests is the willow, which sometimes



reaches a height of 6 meters. A little farther north the rainfall exceeds the evaporation and river flow, and forms a woodless plain of small lakes and morasses, called *tundra*, on which neither man nor beast could set foot if the ground were not frozen to the depth of very many feet; in summer melting a little more than one foot. This is the land of the Samoyads, where agriculture is impossible, and the natives live by hunting and fishing. Still farther north, yet in Russia, is Novaya Zemlya, 75° N. lat., where no animal life exists; but even here, in this kind of ice and snow, several hundred species of lichen have been found.

Returning to the black zone near the latitude of Moscow, and travelling south, first the hardwood gives place to rich prairie land; then we reach the agricultural steppe, a treeless land, susceptible of cultivation, though lacking in the rich deep loam of the black zone. Farther south lie the vast barren steppes, in the west a sandy desert, in the east a vast saline plain, formerly the bed of a great lake, of which the Caspian and Aral Seas formed a small part.

The very diversity of the country and the occupations of the people of Russia tend to unity, for the north needs the grain of the south, and the south requires the wood of the north. Middle Russia, that great centre of manufactures, without the north and south, would lack markets for its manufactures.

G. G. HUBBARD.—*National Geographic Magazine*, January 1896.

By permission of the National Geographic Society (Washington).

## Across the Ural Mountains

The Urals are first seen about half-way between Perm and Yekaterinburg, and at Biersk the outlying ridges may be said to begin. The forest growth in this district is much more open than we had found it in Vyatka, and on approaching the mountains the pine gives way to birch.

In the neighbourhood of the villages the forest is cleared for grass and meadow land, leaving patches of wood here and there, almost like an English park.

There is so much sameness about Russian towns that it is often difficult to offer any particular description of each. The height of the churches, their number, their domes, the fantastic though perpetually-repeated forms of their spires, combine to make a pleasing outline when viewed from a distance. Yekaterinburg, however, stands on undulating ground, it is scattered about and interspersed with trees, and a lake (surrounded by trees, gardens, and fine houses, and studded with picturesque islets) penetrates nearly to the centre of the town. The number of manufactories, with black furnace smoke, and steam or water power, give a striking appearance to a place so distant.

Leaving Yekaterinburg we were now travelling southwards. The eastern side of the mountains is very pretty—a simple kind of agriculture, and the peasants busy about the harvest, made a pleasant change after the Birmingham of the Urals. Near the road is a series of long winding lakes, with villages on their shores, fringed round and backed by birch woods, behind them is the main chain, with its slopes covered with pine forest, and some of its higher crests standing out in bare, serrated quartz-rock against the sky. The horses went well, and we rolled rapidly over the smooth springy turf. But it was not merely the fine day, or the good horses, or the springy turf, or the lakes, or the forests, or the mountains, but the fact that we were in Asia. From the great undulating plains and the salt steppes on the military frontier the sun came up and looked upon us in Asia. It was a “black day” when we turned westwards again and found ourselves once more in Europe. The last stage to Zlatoúst, which we made by moonlight, is long, steep, and bad. The red glare of the furnaces of Zlatoúst formed a striking contrast to the moonlight by which we had been travelling, as well as to the rich glow which

had shed itself about sunset over the plains of Asia. It seemed as if we had literally fallen upon an iron age, and that the golden and silver ages of evening and midnight were for ever gone.

The neighbourhood of Zlatoust was the most picturesque part of the Urals in the journey. A little southward of it are some of the highest peaks. Mount Irimel, which is actually visible, rises to the height of 5075 feet, Mount Yaman, farther south, to 5400 feet. The range here consists of three parallel chains.

W. SPOTTISWOODE.—*A Tarantas Journey through Eastern Russia*. Longmans.

Mr. de Windt, the well-known traveller in Russia, describes Yekaterinburg as "a very picturesque imitation of Homburg, with the Taunus mountains left out." It is the "capital of a district noted throughout the world for its mineral wealth. The Urals teem with iron, gold, silver, and platinum. The first named is the most extensively worked. An idea of the cheapness of the metal is gained from the fact that the very beggars in the streets are armed with iron walking-sticks. Many precious stones are also found in the vicinity—the emerald, amethyst, and topaz among them. The traveller is beset on arrival by a crowd of lapidaries, who pester him all day, and are nearly as persistent as the sapphire merchants of Colombo."—H. DE WINDT, *Siberia as it is*. Chapman and Hall.

## On the White Sea

The country round the White Sea is entirely included in the government of Archangel.<sup>1</sup> The province is the most extensive of the territorial divisions of European Russia, and one of the most thinly peopled. A few Lapps and Finns—fishermen, hunters, and reindeer-breeders—inhabit the peninsula of Russian Lapland on the north-west. Small hordes of nomadic Samoyads, following the same avocations, are thinly scattered over the north-eastern district, the basin of the river Pechora, one of the coldest and dreariest regions on the face of the globe. But the inhabitants are mainly Russians, engaged in the preparation of train-oil, pitch, and tar, cutting deals,

<sup>1</sup> *Russian*, Arkhangelsk.

the manufacture of cables, shipbuilding, and the general trade in tallow, skins, and furs. A considerable quantity of linen is woven by the female peasantry. Archangel, the capital, occupies a low flat on the north bank of the Dvina, 40 miles from its mouth, and about 400 miles north-east of St. Petersburg. Situated close to the line which marks the northern limit of cereal and garden cultivation, its supplies of grain, vegetables, and cattle are brought from a distance. The port is the oldest in the Russian empire, and was for a considerable period the only channel of communication with the maritime nations.

REV. T. MILNER.—*The Baltic*. Chapman and Hall.

### The Baltic Shores of Russia

The territory of the Tsar bordering on the Baltic and its inlets stretches from the Prussian frontier near Memel to the far extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, a line of coast extending to upwards of 1500 miles. The coast is indented by a great arm of the Baltic, the Gulf of Livonia or Riga, the third in point of extent which it forms. Neither the shores nor the inland districts have any natural features of interest besides memorials of the northern drift upon the surface, masses derived from the primitive rocks of Scandinavia, common to nearly all the borderlands of the Baltic. Dark pine woods, sandy heaths, swamps, and small lakes occupy a large proportion of the area. The remainder, under cultivation, produces large crops of rye, barley, flax, hemp, and linseed for export; while the woods supply the out-ports with masts, deals, pitch, and tar for the foreign markets. Not less than 300 small lakes, with 118 rivers and streams, are enumerated in Kurland, while nearly two-fifths of the surface are covered with the natural forest. Sandy commons are numerous, heath-clad, or swampy, in which granite blocks are often imbedded.

REV. T. MILNER.—*The Baltic*. Longmans.

## General View of Petrograd

Having passed Kronstadt, we are now fairly in at the front door of Russia. That door closed and doubly locked behind us, we float away on a lake-like expanse, the shallower waters of the Gulf of Finland, into which, 16 miles higher up, the beautiful Neva debouches. We were about 22 miles from the capital, and surrounded on all sides by a spacious perspective of waters, into which Kronstadt, now already far behind us, seemed gradually to sink, the land boundary right and left being still too distant to define. Having passed the bar formed by the junction of the Neva with the gulf, the yellow bed of which, with certain winds, is occasionally left bare, the hitherto wide expanse of water becomes narrower, the land gradually closes in, far away, over the bend of the river gleam tall gilt spires, whose taper points are lost to sight amid the rich azure of heaven; while domes and clustering cupolas, covered with gold, or silver, or blue or green, spangled with stars, scintillated from afar, the stupendous burnished domes of the colossal cathedral of St. Isaac shining out with a refulgence so dazzling as to be visible at a distance of 40 versts.<sup>1</sup> The indented shores, with here and there a patch of shingle and sand, now give place to massive granite bulwarks, which dictate bounds to the noble Neva. Broad quays, graceful churches, public buildings like palaces, and the princely dwellings of the nobility, form the bold perspective on either hand, while a fine cast-iron bridge, resting on many piers of Finnish granite, spans the broad blue stream. Far away through the perspective of its arches, the roving eye pursues the same line of architecture, catching glimpses of the Fortress, the Exchange, and the Imperial Winter Palace.

ANON.—*Six Years' Travel in Russia.* Hurst and Blackett.

A detailed description of Petrograd is given in *St. Petersburg*, by G. Dobson. A. and C. Black.

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<sup>1</sup> A verst approximately equals five-eighths of a mile.

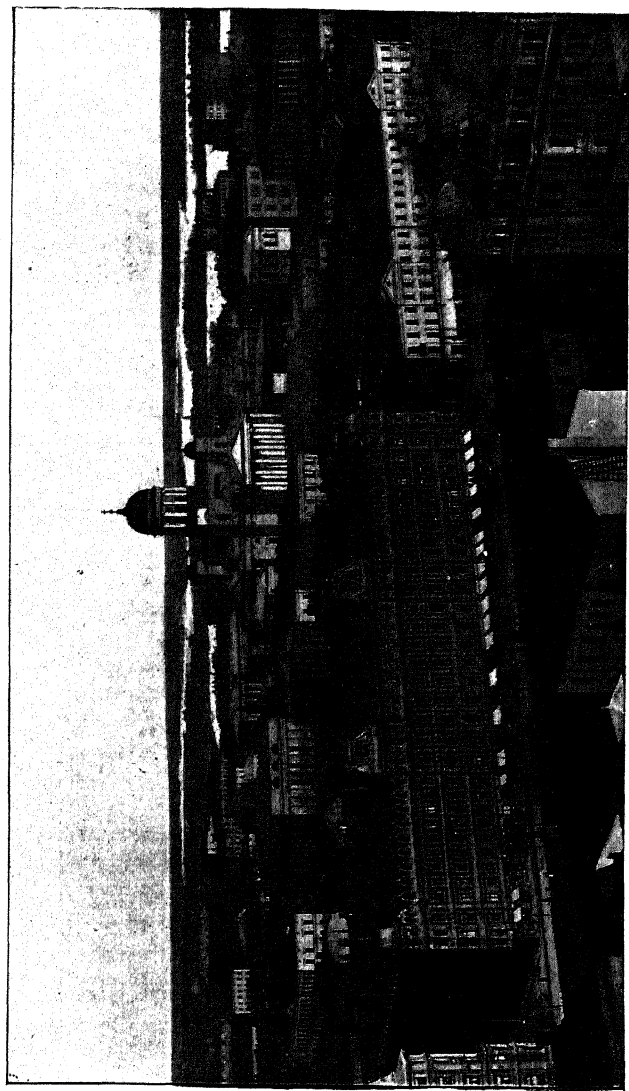
### Villages in Central Russia

Great Russian villages vary little from each other, except in size. Occasionally there are rows of trees relieving the monotony of the straight, regularly-built streets, and close by, surrounded by pleasant grounds, there may be a landowner's long one-storied wooden house, with the men's apartments at one end, the women's at the other, and the public rooms in the centre. But most villages are treeless, and, apart from the church, a merchant's stores, the *zemstvo*, or Local Government Board school, and sometimes a hospital, consist exclusively of the wooden *izbas*<sup>1</sup> of the peasants. They are surrounded by a wattled fence, which lies far enough off to leave a pasture-ground for the cattle. Where the road meets this fence there is a rough wooden gate, with a small hut to shelter the old man who looks after its fastening. . . .

In general the Great Russian villages are not picturesque. But when they are tree-shaded, and one looks at them in soft evening light from over a wide river or pond, they are steeped in a quiet melancholy beauty of their own. Under the high white church, glowing like silver, cluster the huts, with their roofs of thatch or green iron. Cattle, sheep, and geese string out over the meadows, of their own accord returning home from pasture. Choir songs, sung by young peasants, float over the water. Then later the stillness is broken only by the sharp rattle of the small wooden clacker with which an old man goes round during the night alarming ne'er-do-wells by his presence.

The huts are generally built end-on to the street, and the projecting beams and overhanging gables are often carved with intricate ornamentation. Through the roof, usually in the middle of the side, projects a brick chimney. In winter the huts are banked with earth and straw half-way up the small windows. The house stands at one of the corners of a rectangle occupied by the homestead,

<sup>1</sup> Huts.



HELSINGFORS, THE CAPITAL OF FINLAND.

Somewhere on the street line is a double gate of wood, a large one for carts and a small one for people. The rest of this line is a high wooden fence. Round the other lines range the outhouses, byres, and sheds, and in the middle is the open *dvor* or court. In it stands a long pole, with a little box at the top for starlings. From this court, and not from the street, the house is generally entered. You go up one or two steps to a porch or small veranda, where in summer many of the richer peasants spend their time drinking tea. Then you enter a small vestibule called the *sieni*, which is the theme of a famous song. A door from this, again, leads into the dwelling-room, frequently the only room of the *izba*, though above there may be a garret for storing grain and various odds and ends. Generally this room is about fifteen feet by thirteen. In the corner is a great stove of clay or white-washed brick, which is about five feet in length and four in breadth, and thus occupies a large proportion of the space. Its door is about a foot above the wooden floor, and in winter, when the wood inside has been reduced to red embers, it is shut tight, and the chimney closed so that nothing of the heat may be lost. In winter, too, the snuggest sleeping-place is on its flat top. From it to the corner diagonally opposite the door stretches a broad bench, which in cold weather is also used as sleeping quarters. In summer most of the peasants sleep in the outhouses. There are windows on two sides of the room, looking towards the street and into the court. The furniture consists of at least a wooden table and chairs, and a cupboard or two. In the most prominent corner, on a small triangular shelf nearer the ceiling than the floor, are set one or more *ikons*, pictorial half-lengths of Christ, the Mother, and the Saints. The little lamp in front of them is lit on festival days.



## Moscow

The original founders of Moscow<sup>1</sup> settled without doubt on the Kremlin<sup>2</sup> hill, which naturally became the centre of the city at a later period. Nearest that fortified hill lay



THE SPASKY GATE OF THE KREMLIN, WITH THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL THE BLESSED ON THE RIGHT

the Kitaigorod (Chinese city), the oldest part of Moscow. Around both the Kremlin and the Kitaigorod lies the Beloigorod (white city), which is encircled by boulevards. Round Beloigorod runs in a like circular form Zemlyanoi-gorod (earthen city), again surrounded by boulevards.

<sup>1</sup> Russian, Moskva.

<sup>2</sup> Russian, Kreml.

These rings, forming the body of the city so called, are intersected by streets radiating from the open places round the Kremlin as a common centre. The streets undulate continually, and thus offer from time to time points of view, whence the eye is able to range over the vast ocean of housetops, trees, and gilded and coloured domes.

The Kremlin is best viewed from the south side and from the bridge over the Moskva. From the river that bathes its base, the hill of the Kremlin rises, picturesquely adorned with turf and shrubs. The buildings appear set in a rich frame of water, verdant foliage, and snowy wall, the majestic column of Ivan Veliki rearing itself high above all. The colours are everywhere most lively—red, white, green, gold, and silver. Amid the confusion of the numerous small antique edifices, the Bolshoi Dvoretz, the large palace built by Nicholas I., has an imposing aspect. The churches and palaces stand on the summit of the Kremlin like its crown, themselves again crowned with a multitude of cupolas, of which every church has at least five, and one has sixteen, glittering in gold and silver. The appearance of the whole is so picturesque that a painter has only to make a faithful copy to produce a most attractive picture; but I never saw one that did not fall far short of the original, certainly one of the most striking city views in Europe.

J. G. KOHL.—*Russia*. Chapman and Hall.

For a detailed description of Moscow see *Moscow*, by H. M. Grove. A. and C. Black. The author writes: "Although Moscow is such an ancient city, there are now very few remains of its old buildings. Beyond the Kremlin walls and buildings, and a certain number of churches, there is virtually nothing in the whole city that is 200 years old. . . . To compare it (the Kremlin) with England, it represents Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower of London, and the contents of the Tower of London, rolled into one."

### Nizhni Novgorod<sup>1</sup>

The name of Nizhni Novgorod is known to every one, but few, I imagine, have an adequate conception of its beauty. It consists, in fact, of two towns. The old city is built about a fortress, marking what was once the debatable ground of Slav and Tatar, the rocky hill which it crowns as part of the precipitous termination of a range of cliffs; a deep ravine intersects the city itself, running up to the embankment of the Kremlin; and a wild region of table-lands and mountain courses lies behind. Underneath the plateau of the Kremlin may be seen the broad waters of the Oka, and where they join the Volga, a long bridge unites the old city to the plain that lies in the angle of the two rivers. On this plain the fair is held for which 200,000 merchants have gathered together. All here is symmetrical and angular; but the Governor's house in the upper part of the great bazaar, and the mosques and churches and the Chinese quarter, take away the appearance of uniformity. The view from the bridge is, perhaps, unequalled of its kind. The quiet waters are covered with a fleet of river boats, steamers, and barges, and swarming with a picturesque life of 40,000 inhabitants; whilst the contrast of the stationary caravan on the plain and the Russian Acropolis hanging over it scarcely needs to be touched into a higher beauty by the setting sun. It is almost as if Prag and ancient Venice had been moulded into a new city by some magical creation.

ANON.—*Russia*. Graham.

A longer, but in many respects excellent description of the situation of the town is given by W. SPOTTISWOODE, *A Tarantas Journey*, pp. 5-9.

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<sup>1</sup> Properly Nizhnyi, but often written Nijni. *Zh* and not *j* represents the true sound. Nizhnyi = Lower, Novgorod = Newcastle. Great Novgorod, equally famous for its fair in the Middle Ages, lies south of Petersburg.

### The Fair of Nizhni Novgorod

The fair is held on a low sandy spit of land, formed by the junction of the Oka and the Volga, and which is subject to constant inundation in winter. The substantial part of it, inhabited by the wealthy merchants, is arranged in parallel streets, each terminated at one end in a pagoda, indicating the Chinese quarter; while at the other it is connected with a square, where the Governor's house and public offices are situated. This respectable nucleus is encompassed by a deep border of temporary wooden huts, inhabited by an indescribable swarm of Tatars, Kirghiz, and Kalmuks, besides the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who frequent the fair with provisions, fruit, and all sorts of farm and country produce. A long bridge of boats across the Oka connects this long peninsula with the hill on which is situated the town of Nizhni, commanding an extensive view of the whole scene. Both rivers are covered with every conceivable description of boat and barge. Some from the distant Caspian, laden with iron-ware, Persian shawls, Georgian carpets, and Bokhara skins, or dried fruits; these, of square, unwieldy construction, are elaborately painted and ornamented; others, rude and strongly built, have come down the Kama with Siberian iron or tea, while the more civilised appearance of a few denotes their Western origin, and these have threaded their way from the Baltic laden with the manufactured goods of Europe.

Our abode was situated in a suburb on the opposite side of the river, so that it was necessary to cross the bridge of boats every time we wished to visit the fair. Here the confusion was greatest. Turning up one of the streets, other scenes and pleasanter forms met the eye. The gay dress of the Georgian forms a pleasing contrast to the everlasting sheepskin. As we enter the shop of the Tiflis merchant, beautifully embroidered slippers, rich table-covers, and the finest silks are spread out temptingly before

us. In the next shop are handsome furs, skins piled in every available corner, and the owner stands at the door, his flowing robe and dignified demeanour betokening his Eastern origin. But it would be hopeless to attempt a description of the costumes of the different merchants, or to enumerate the variety of articles exposed for sale. The greatest quantity of raw produce comes from the East, either down the Kama, or up the Volga. Besides tea from China, the barges down the former river bring quantities of Siberian iron, furs, and skins, together with curious-looking wooden boxes, covered with lacquered tin, which seemed to be in great request. Maddier, hides, dried fruits, Caucasian wines, and fish are among a few of the articles which come from the countries bordering on the Caspian. It was an endless source of interest to us to explore the Eastern quarter; while no doubt our Western manufactures prove still more attractive to the ragged-looking Kirghiz, or half-tamed Tatars.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT. — *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea.*  
Blackwood.

## Down the Volga from Nizhni Novgorod to Saratov

Of all the navigable rivers of Europe there is probably none so uncertain and difficult of navigation as the Volga. Seldom very deep, the channel is in many places devious, and as the bed is composed of loose sand, is ever changing. These shallows are called *pericartes*, and they occur very frequently.

After rounding the peninsula on which Nizhni Novgorod stands, we came upon a lovely nook, where a monastery, almost hidden in a thickly wooded glen, appeared an enviable retreat from the cares of the world. A straggling village, picturesquely built of rough logs, nestling along the base of the cliffs, here about 200 feet high, completed a more charming prospect than I had supposed the Volga capable of affording. The right bank of the river varies in height from 100 to 300 feet, and in

some places it seems almost to overhang the river, while steep ravines intersect it in every direction; but more frequently it swells gently back, clothed to the summit with fine trees, while up some picturesque glen the wooden houses cluster, and the green cupolas of the village church peep forth, contrasting agreeably with the opposite shore, which stretches away tame, flat, and uninteresting. The river itself varies from 1 to 2 miles in breadth, and occasionally the stream is very rapid.

As we approached Kazan the banks gradually lost their thickly wooded character, and assumed the appearance of well-cultivated gently swelling knolls, the villages succeeding more frequently. Kazan, which, as we approached, seemed built upon the water's edge, is really at a distance of 7 versts from the river, and the whole intervening country is flooded for a great part of the year. Situated on a gentle eminence, in the midst of an extensive plain, its many-coloured roofs rising one above another to the walls of the Kremlin, which crowns the hill to the extreme left, tall spires and domes appearing in every direction and betokening the magnitude of the city, while adding to its beauty, Kazan presented a more imposing aspect than any town I had seen in Russia, and seemed to vie with Moscow as to exhibiting, in the most favourable manner, the characteristic buildings of the country. From the terrace in front of the Governor's house we revelled in a most glorious prospect. Stretching away to the north the eye ranged over a vast expanse of country, thinly dotted with villages and church spires, whilst our position commanded a panoramic view of the town. To the south the Volga, with its steep banks, bounded the prospect, while the Tatar villages in the foreground, with their mosques and minarets, seemed to invite a visit.

We had lingered too long over Kazan and arrived at the pier just in time to see the three funnels of the steamer disappearing. Seating ourselves in a little skiff we went in chase, trusting to some *pericarte* to befriend us. Not until we had perseveringly followed for five hours did

we overtake her. On our way we admired the fiery autumnal tints on the wooded hillsides. In some places the banks were steep and scarped, a few dwarf oaks or wild rose bushes being all that could find holding ground, and large blocks of sandstone were strewn along the river's edge at the foot of the cliffs which were often wild and romantic. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the Volga itself as it stretched away like some inland sea. Numbers of little boats, each containing one man, were engaged in sterlet-fishing. This delicate fish, peculiar to the rivers of the south of Russia, is much prized, and deservedly so. We had now reached the Kama, the largest tributary of the Volga, into which it falls about 50 versts below Kazan. Formerly nothing more civilised than huge pine rafts floated on its broad bosom; now active little steamers ply diligently between Perm, Nizhni, and Astrakhan, loaded with Siberian produce.

The next town of importance at which we touched was Simbirsk (on an eminence about 560 feet above the river). From the terrace a magnificent view is obtained over the basin of the river, which here spreads itself in narrow channels over the lowland, beyond which the high hills of the Jigoulee bound the prospect to the south, while in every other direction the steppes seem illimitable.

The Jigoulee is the opening, for it can hardly be called a gorge, by which the Volga forces its way through a range of considerable altitude. The river, which here takes a bend to the eastward, encloses a mountainous peninsula, forming an isthmus only 12 versts across. The stream, though nearly 2 miles broad, is here rapid and deep, and, for the first time, the left bank wholly changes its character. Rising to a height of 700 or 800 feet, its beetling crags overhang the river, and give an unusual boldness to the scene. The opposite hills, of equal if not greater height, swell gently back from the water's edge, or recede and form amphitheatres, in which villages are picturesquely situated. Emerging from the Jigoulee,<sup>1</sup> we

<sup>1</sup> This defile is sometimes called the Samara gate.

shortly after reached Samara, the busiest port on the Volga. Backed by an immense corn-growing country, it supplies a great part of the interior of Russia with wheat. Only 300 versts from the Asiatic frontier, a large trade is carried on with the inhabitants of the distant steppes. Samara forms a sort of port for Orenburg, on the frontier, and thus helps to connect the distant regions beyond with the Cis-Volgan countries.<sup>1</sup>

About half-way between Syzran and Khvalynsk we entered the government of Saratov. Here the hills had subsided to their old elevation, seldom rising above 300 feet, and they had now receded some distance from the river. An immense raft of pines from Perm and the Ural Mountains, on which were two or three cottages, was an interesting object. Wood in these regions is so cheap that it pays to float timber from the head waters of the Kama to the Caspian. Volsk, our next wood station, was charming. Snugly situated between three hills, one of which attains the height of nearly 400 feet, its green-domed churches and substantial houses gave it a thriving appearance; while the valleys running inland were well cultivated and picturesque, the houses and fields in some places running in terraces along the hillsides. Its principal trade is in tallow. We passed an immense herd of sheep which seemed, from their conformation, to have been created expressly for the purpose of being melted into tallow. Large herds of sheep, of this particular breed, are driven up annually from the steppes of the Caspian to the towns on the Volga.

I thought Saratov, as we approached it, and saw its numerous domes and spires reflected in the grassy surface of the water, certainly entitled to be called the Queen of the Volga. The high range of hills which form its background, the rugged cliffs on the right, and the river, nearly 3 miles broad, which washes its walls, seem to have induced the inhabitants to adorn their city with more

<sup>1</sup> The trains for Siberia cross the Volga at Samara. When a new line is ready from Moscow to Ufa, they will do so near Kazan.



bright-coloured roofs and tapering steeples than is usual even in Russia, as if to do duty to the scenery in which it is situated. Saratov vies with Nizhni in beauty.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.—*The Russian Shores of the Black Sea.* Black-wood.

Of Samara, another traveller writes: "Unlike most of the Volga towns Samara stands on the left bank of the river; but although it loses in picturesqueness by not being built on the other and higher bank, it gains in the view of the hills opposite, and of the gorge through which the river issues above. Its position is on a remarkable bend at the most eastern point of the Volga, and it has been well described as the port of the Orenburg country. Like all the villages, and many of the towns in the neighbourhood, it has a suburb of windmills, indicating that we have entered on one of the great corn districts of the Empire. Besides the mills there are a great number of granaries, huge wooden buildings arranged in rows and streets, and forming almost a corn quarter. The left bank is overflowed to a considerable distance in spring. Lateral valleys then filled with navigable streams, but now dry, led to the river; and at this season, far away from all water, amongst farms and fields, may be seen huge helpless-looking barges lying high and dry."—W. SPOTTISWOODE.

Windmills also form a conspicuous feature in the view of Saratov, crowning the broken and undulating hills on which the town is situated.

## Astrakhan

Astrakhan stands on the left bank of the main stream of the Volga, upon one of the multitudinous islands formed by the by-streams and embranchments constituting the immense delta of that river. Through the last 350 versts of its course the Volga is divided into a network of channels, extending over a breadth of 30 versts, the most westerly being the main river, or Volga, while the most easterly is known by the name of Akhtuba. This relative position is maintained by the two streams until they fall into the sea. After flowing in parallel lines for nearly 300 versts, they diverge so as to mark out the delta. On both sides of the river immense steppes extend, stretching on the south to the foot of the Caucasus, and on the east far beyond the Ural river into Central Asia. These steppes are in many parts sandy wastes, in others salt plains,

studded occasionally with lakes, about which no vegetation is seen. A white sheet of brine takes the place of verdure, and the mirage alone overshadows them with trees.

We were now in full view of Astrakhan. The ground rises gently from the river, across which it is seen, showing off the principal buildings of the town to great advantage, above the low, irregular, but picturesque erections by the water-side, and the boats and the island near the other side. The outline and general aspect of the town is graceful. In the centre is the cathedral, standing well on the highest point of ground above the rest of the city. The lines of the doorways, windows, and mullions, the arabesque patterns, and richly clustered but simple ornament, are so well traced, that there is no monotony of colour, no deadness of surface, while the five green, gold-starred domes stamp it with that peculiar, half-oriental character, on which the eye seldom fails to rest with pleasure. To the right are the other buildings of the Kremlin. Farther down is the port, admiralty, and dockyard, and a vast number of vessels lying at anchor. To the left long lines of barracks and warehouses are surmounted by a cluster of cupolas and spires, the extremity of the town being lost in a thick grove of trees.

W. SPOTTISWOODE.—*A Tarantas Journey through Eastern Russia*. Longmans.

A very spirited description of the street scenes of Astrakhan, and of the medley of races which crowd its streets will be found *ibid.* pp. 179-196. For a visit to one of the fishing stations below Astrakhan, which stands at the head of the Volga delta, see *ibid.* pp. 200-204.

## The Steppes of Russia

The steppes extend from the borders of Hungary to those of China. They constitute an almost uninterrupted plain, covered in spring and autumn by a luxuriant herbage. in winter by drifting snows, heaped up in some places, and leaving the ground bare in others. The slight undulations

that occur assume but rarely the character of hills, but artificial hillocks or tumuli are frequently met with, the origin of which it is impossible to trace through the darkness of bygone ages. The most singular characteristic of the steppe is the total absence of trees, on a soil remarkable for its richness and the luxuriance of its herbage. For hundreds of miles a traveller may proceed in a straight line without encountering even a bush. Countless herds of cattle roam over these noble pasture grounds, on which a calf born at the foot of the Great Wall of China might eat his way along, till he arrived a well-fattened ox on the banks of the Dniester.<sup>1</sup>

We have described the steppes as one vast plain, but it must be borne in mind that this plain is of an elevated character, and terminates at the Black Sea in an abrupt terrace, rising above the water to the height of from 120 to 180 feet. The rivers which intersect this plain and which in spring are swollen by the rapid thaw of the accumulated snows of winter cut deep furrows in the surface; and as they frequently change their course, they occasionally leave dry ravines that break in some measure the uniformity of the country. Little importance would be attached in other parts of the country to the trifling elevations and depressions thus formed, but in the steppe the slightest variation of surface becomes a landmark of importance. Many of the rivers—indeed, all but the principal streams—are fed only by the rain and snow, and their beds consequently are dry in summer. Each of these ravines terminates in a waterfall, formed originally, no doubt, by the terrace that bounds the sea, but as the water wore away a channel for itself, the waterfall gradually receded and made its way farther and farther into the interior.

The climate is one of extremes. In summer the heat is as intense as the cold is severe in winter. The core of the long winter of the steppe is formed by the three months of December, January, and February, during which all the energies of nature appear sunk in sleep. Snowstorms are

<sup>1</sup> *Russian*, Dnyestr.

of frequent occurrence and so excessively violent, that even the most seasoned veterans of the steppe stand in awe of them. Every road or track is frequently altogether effaced, the ravines are filled up, and cases even occur where men and cattle are suddenly caught by a drift of snow and completely buried under its accumulating mass. In intensity of cold the winter of the steppe frequently surpasses the severest seasons known on the shores of the Baltic, and the cutting blasts from the north, sweeping huge masses of snow into the Black Sea, often cover it with a thick coating of ice for many leagues from the shore.

When the snow melts on the steppe the spring may be said to commence. This usually takes place in April, but May is sometimes far advanced before the mass of water has had time to find its way into the rivers. During this melting season the steppe is a sea of mud.

There is no country, perhaps, where winter makes a harder fight for it. For a few days, perhaps, a south wind will diversify the plain with tulips, crocuses, and hyacinths; then a rude north-easter will come from the Ural Mountains, making the flowers vanish in a trice, and enveloping the whole scene anew in one white shroud. When at last winter has been forced to beat his retreat, a most delightful period succeeds, and the steppe, covered with a beautiful and luxuriant herbage, smiles like a lovely oasis between the parched desolation of the summer and the dreary waste of winter. Thunder and lightning are frequent in May, but the thunderstorm on the steppe is, comparatively, but a poor kind of spectacle. In June the lightning ceases, and the periodical drought announces its approach. In July the heated soil cracks in every direction. Heavy clouds sweep over the steppe, but instead of showering their blessings on the thirsty land, hurry away to the Karpathians or the sea. The sun rises and sets like a globe of fire, but the evaporations raised from the earth by the mid-day heat seldom fail to give a misty appearance to the sky towards noon. The heat

meanwhile is intolerable. Anything like a cool interval never occurs, and shade is not to be thought of in a country where hills and trees are alike unknown. This season is one of great suffering to all living beings on the steppe. The surface becomes browner and browner; men and cattle assume a lean and haggard look; the wild oxen and horses, so fierce and ungovernable in May, become as tame as lambs in July, and can scarcely crawl in August. Ponds dry up, wells cease to furnish water, and the beds of lakes are converted into sandy hollows. Thousands of cattle perish of thirst, while, as if to mock their sufferings, the horizon seems laden with humid clouds, and, in the distance, the parched soil assumes to the cheated eye the appearance of crystal lakes and running streams.

J. G. KOHL.—*Russia*. Chapman and Hall.

The explanation of the treelessness of the steppes is probably the greater fitness of annual vegetation to the steppe climate.

"The trees are displaced by the grass vegetation in the steppes near the Caucasus. The vegetation of annual plants is of almost incredible luxuriance. The weeds grow 10, 20, and 30 feet in height, imitating and obstructing the growth of trees, and being used as fuel by the people. The thick grass vegetation, 5 to 7 feet high, on the margins of all the forests north of the chalk steppes, has the same effect. Every spring this entire mass of plants springs up with such vigour, and spreads with such rapidity, that any seed of a tree falling among it takes years to attain even the height of the lowest grasses, and is choked in its first growth."—BARON VON HAXTHAUSEN, *The Russian Empire*. Chapman and Hall.

Many travellers complain of the monotony of the steppe, but it has beauties of its own. Gogol, the Russian novelist, thus describes a steppe landscape in his novel *Tarass Boolba* :—

"The farther the steppe went, the grander it became. Nothing in nature could afford a more beautiful scene. The whole extent of the steppe was nothing less than a green-gold ocean, whose surface seemed besprinkled with millions of different-coloured flowers. Here, through the thin, tall blades of the grass, were to be seen purple, blue, and violet cornflowers; there the pyramidal top of a yellow genistella shot up suddenly; the umbrella-shaped heads of the clover shone like so many white spots; some ears of wheat, brought heaven knows whence, were slowly ripening among the grass. The air was filled with the calls of thousands of different birds. Goshawks remained stationary in the sky, with wings widespread and eyes fixed on the grass. The scream of a flock of wild geese, which, like a cloud, was seen moving on the horizon, were re-echoed by the murmurs from some distant lake. A

gull might be seen, with measured flapping of its wing, rising in the clouds and luxuriously bathing in the blue waves of the air; now it disappears in the skies, and only at times shows like a dark spot on them; there again it turns round and its wings gleam in the sunshine. O you steppes! how beautiful you are!"—NICHOLAS GOGOL, *Cossack Tales*. James Blackwood.

Another traveller gives an impressive account of sunset on the steppe:—

"Sunset in the steppes is like sunset nowhere else. In a country of varying surface, the gradually lengthening shadows give warning long beforehand that the sun is approaching the horizon. But here there is nothing to intercept its rays until the moment it sinks below the line of the steppe; then the night falls with unequalled rapidity; in a few moments all trace is gone of that brilliant luminary that just before was making the whole west ablaze. It is a magnificent transformation, a sudden transition to which the grandeur of the scene adds almost supernatural majesty and strangeness."—X. H. DE HELL, *Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea*. Chapman and Hall.

A beautiful description of evening and night on the steppe is given by GOGOL, *Cossack Tales*, pp. 94, 95.

Cf. the attraction of the veld in South Africa. See *Descriptive Geography of Africa*, p. 209.

## Kalmuk Life

The summer encampments of the Kalmuk hordes are situated in the most northern parts of the country, where there is the richest pasture, and where the cattle suffer least from flies in the hot weather. The emigration to the north is very general; only a few needy families, who have no cattle, remain near the inhabited places in hope of employment. In the beginning of the cold season the hordes return to the south, along the banks of the Caspian and the Kuma, where they fix themselves among the forests of rushes that supply them with firing and fodder for their cattle. In all these treeless regions reeds are of immense importance, and nature has liberally distributed them along all the rivers by the steppes, and in all the bottoms that flank the Caspian. It is in spring, before the floods caused by the melting of the snow, that the reeds begin to sprout. Their stalks, which are as thick as a finger, soon shoot up to the height of 12 or 13 feet.

The beginning of winter is the season for laying in a stock of reeds.

The Kalmuks are nomads, engaged in rearing cattle. They breed camels, oxen, sheep, and, above all, horses, small but strong, agile, and of great endurance. They are continually on the move to find fresh pasture, and seldom remain in one spot for more than a month or six weeks. Like all inhabitants of vast plains they have exceedingly keen sight. An hour after sunset they can still distinguish a camel at a distance of 3 miles or more. They have also an extraordinary faculty for wending their way through their pathless wildernesses. Without the least apparent mark to guide them, they traverse hundreds of miles with their flocks, without ever wandering from the right course.

The Kalmuks, like all pastoral people, live very frugally. Dairy produce forms their chief aliment, and their favourite beverage is tea. They eat meat also, particularly horse-flesh. As for cereal food, they scarcely know its use. Their tea is prepared in a very curious manner. After boiling it a considerable time in water, they add milk, butter, and salt. Their dwellings are felt tents, called *kibitkas* by the Russians. They are 4 or 5 yards in diameter, cylindrical to the height of a man's shoulder, with a conical top, open at the apex to let the smoke escape. The frame is light and can be taken asunder for convenience of carriage. The skeleton of the roof consists of a wooden ring, forming the aperture for the smoke, and of a great number of small spars supporting the ring and resting on the upper circumference of the cylindrical frame. The whole tent is light enough to be carried by two camels. In the centre there is always a trivet, on which stands the pot for cooking tea and meat. The floor is partly covered with felts, carpets, and mats; the couches are opposite the door, and the walls are hung with arms, leathern vessels, household utensils, and quarters of meat. The most important occupations are the distillation of spirits and the manufacture of felt

They are also expert in making leather vessels for liquids, of all sizes and shapes. In other respects industry has made no progress among the Kalmucks, whose wants are so limited, that none of them has ever felt the need of applying himself to any distinct trade.

X. M. DE HELL. — *Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea.*  
Chapman and Hall.

## Odessa

The first aspect of Odessa is worthy of the reputation of this great city, the young and flourishing capital of Southern Russia. Surrounded to a remote distance by immense steppes and endless deserts, Odessa appears before one like a long-desired oasis. The various quarters of this vast city cover a broad plateau, whose perpendicular sides plunge into the Black Sea. From its steep eminence Odessa commands a large bay, the dark blue waters of which contrast with the pale and arid appearance of the southern coast invariably enveloped throughout the summer in whirling clouds of dust. The bottom of this bay affords good anchorage for ships of large burden, but they are much exposed during gales from the east and especially the south-east. These terrible winds drive the impetuous waves into the bay of Odessa with a fury which nothing can withstand. The city is planned with regularity. The finest buildings occur in those quarters nearest the sea. All that part which faces the shore wears an appearance of grandeur and opulence. The long and majestic terrace overlooking the sea is lined with public edifices, hotels, and stately mansions; but to seize the full effect of this rich assemblage of buildings Odessa should be entered from its port. It is as though this Queen of the Black Sea had reserved all her splendours for that shore, whereon the waves flowing from Asia incessantly dash their foaming heads. The cliff we have spoken of is not less than 80 feet in height; on its summit along its whole extent is planted an avenue of trees. A gigantic flight of



steps 100 feet wide connects this grand terrace with the lower quays and the harbour. Broad streets, planted with rows of acacia trees, traverse the length and breadth of the city, crossing each other at right angles.

A. DE DEMIDOFF.—*Travels in Southern Russia and the Crimea*. Mitchell.

For this scarped edge of the steppe see p. 49.

### Kiev<sup>1</sup>

The Dnieper had not returned to its channel after the spring flood, and we had to cross, as it were, different lakes between islands up to the horses' girths before we reached the place of embarkation on the real river. One of the steeples of Kiev, and soon afterwards the town itself, came into view and highly diversified the scenery to which we had been accustomed for some days. The views of Kiev, on the approach, are extremely varied and beautiful. That from the river while crossing it is peculiarly picturesque and interesting. The town rises to a great height on the crest of the hills, which form, as it were, a beautiful amphitheatre over the bosom of the majestic Dnieper, whose banks are broken with ravines covered with wood, or descend with gentle slopes to the water's edge. Their sides, as well as their summits, covered by numerous houses, monasteries, and churches, whose golden domes reflected powerfully the rays of a glorious sun as we approached, presented a *tout-ensemble* altogether.

R. LYALL.—*Travels in Russia*. Blackwood.

Kiev is one of the most ancient and venerable cities in Russia. "It is formed of a collection of towns difficult of access from one another. No town has steeper hills than Kiev. The ascents and descents are well managed but interminable. The fashionable quarter of the town occupies the hollow between the town on the cliffs, which contains the cathedral and the principal churches, and that called Pecherskoi (on another hill), which contains the famous monastery. The Podol, or mercantile part of the town, lies in the plain of the Dnieper, behind the town on the cliff."—A. J. C. HARE, *Studies in Russia*. George Allen. A good description of the heights of Kiev will be found *ibid.* pp. 446-475.

<sup>1</sup> Properly Kiyev or Kiyeff.\*

### Scenes in the Southern Crimea

Our course still lay over the steppe, and in turning our eyes to the north, its dreary monotony appeared the same as in the country of the Don Cossacks. To the south, however, all was changed. We had approached so near the lofty range of hills which bounds the southern coast of the Crimea, that we could already distinguish the valleys and the wooded heights. Hill after hill arose, stretching to the west, until they lost themselves in the majestic Chatir Dagħ, lording it over all the rest. On the very margin of this strongly-defined boundary, between plain and mountain, stands the modern town of Simferopol. It has wide streets, straggling houses, painted roofs, conspicuous churches, fine public buildings, and well-kept gardens. A population of Tatars, Russians, Gipsies, Jews, Greeks, and Armenians produces a mixture of costumes and a clatter of tongues which we heartily desired to exchange for the more interesting sight of the Tatar in the quiet little villages of his mountain haunts.

We mount the Salgir valley, we begin to breathe the fresh mountain air. Our object is to visit the celebrated mountain caverns of Kizilkoba. Groping and crawling through the intermediate passages, 60 or 70 feet long, we visited seven of these great gloomy dungeons. There was no great development of stalactites or stalagmites, so that they owed nearly all their interest to their grandeur and extent. The Salgir valley contracted. Mountain upon mountain arose on either hand, while on the right the noble Chatir Dagħ displayed its giddy heights, its frightful precipices and toppling crags separated and embraced by long lines of trees.

The true barrier had now been passed which separates the great steppe from the warm and sunny regions of the south. On every hand were to be seen Tatar houses embosomed amidst mulberry and walnut trees, with the green tobacco leaf hanging to dry on an awning of trellis-

work projecting in front ; or villages picturesquely suspended to the side of a hill, the roofs on one row of houses forming a terraced street for that above, the whole looking like a gigantic flight of steps. Far off in the valley shot up the tall poplar, covered with thick foliage and grown into a noble tree. Bright mountain streams, flashing into light, were again concealed beneath myrtles and limes ; while wide tracts were planted with the vine, on which hung the clustering grapes, for the vintage had not yet begun.

It was about 7 P.M. when we arrived at the Tatar village of Alushta. Insignificant as it now is, it was the seat of a bishopric, and a populous, strongly-fortified town in the time of the Genoese. Parts of the ancient citadel, erected about the middle of the fifteenth century on an isolated hill, still exist. The Tatar village is built into this hill, from the base to the summit, so that the whole forms a pyramid, of which the last remnants of the fortress constitute the apex. We mounted to the ruins, passing along the curious streets of house-tops, which served for many other purposes. On some were great piles of walnuts, on others girls were winnowing corn, and old Tatars were sitting cross-legged smoking. All the houses had a number of horizontal poles in front, thickly hung with tobacco leaves, which threw a deep and cool shade over them. We looked over the Black Sea, some projecting points on the coast, and, in the opposite direction, up the beautiful valley we had yesterday descended teeming with fertility.

C. H. SCOTT.—*The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea.* Bentley.

The scenery of the southern coast of the Crimea is well described *ibid.* pp. 235-328. For Yalta, "resting beneath the shadow of a mountain ridge, running inland, and forming the north-eastern boundary of a lovely valley, covered with gardens, and shut in on every side by richly-wooded heights," see *ibid.* p. 240. Beyond the valley of Alupka, the warmest spot on the southern coast of the Crimea, where the "mulberry, medlar, quince, pomegranate, almond, apricot, peach, olive, fig, walnut, plum, apple, pear, and cherry" come to perfection, the scenery becomes wilder in character. "We struck upon a line

cut along the wall of cliff, with 1000 feet of precipice above and below. Before us extended far into the Euxine in haughty grandeur the southern promontory of the peninsula." Other good descriptions of Crimean scenery are given by LAURENCE OLIPHANT, *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea*; and Capt. J. B. TEFER, R.A., *The Crimea and Transcaucasia*.

## Winter in Russia

Once the snow has made smooth winter roads, and the whole country lies under a sparkling sheet of white, there are constantly days when the peasant children in short sheepskins toboggan down sloping fields, and when for any healthy person it is a crying shame to remain indoors. You join the tobogganers, or on the indispensable ski go hunting in the woods or sweeping over the snow-covered fields with long ropes tied to racing sledges. Before turning homewards from skiing, while the driver rests his horses, you may ask him to call for wolves, and if he can—for it requires some knack, as well as lungs like bellows—he will howl in a peculiar drawn-out wail, to which, amid the stillness and gathering darkness, may come from far away the sudden answer of a mother wolf. If the call be repeated she will come nearer and nearer till the horses shiver with fright. Then "Vperyott!" (Forward!) shouts the driver, and they gallop for home.

On such days mere driving itself is rich in impressions. The runners creak loudly in the frosty air. The narrow track is marked on either side by bundles of straw in Central Russia, but by branches in this northern land where wood is abundant. The driver stands in the front of the sledge wrapped in his warm sheepskin with its tall collar, and his long knout trails behind like a serpent over the snow. When it is somewhat colder three or five suns burn dully like tarnished copper in the sky, and in the evening you watch, entranced, the roll and play of the Northern Lights.

## GERMAN EMPIRE

### Some Characteristics of the North German Plain

THIS lowland of North Germany consists of long tracts of sand and heathy moors, of sluggish rivers and forests of pine. Here and there the monotony is broken by a pleasant landscape of undulating ground, of rich meadow, and groves of deciduous trees, of broad rivers and glassy lakes. The character of the rivers is altogether different from the turbulent streams of the mountain districts. Their beds are loosely scooped in the crumbling soil ; they eat into their banks, and change their course at will ; they throw up islands or shoals in their bed ; in flood they overthrow the level country round and form at their mouths deltas, through which they reach the sea in divided streams.

The Baltic Sea is characterised by low shores, pierced by shallow inlets, and fringed with almost landlocked lagoons. The whole north coast of Germany presents the appearance of a tattered lace fringe, as though nature were reluctant to define land from sea. The traveller approaching the coast sees between him and the sea a long low range of sandhills. Their origin is curious. A little way inland, above the reach of the salt spray, a straggling growth of sea grass and tamarisks sprang up. When the wind blew inland after a dry season it carried with it the shore sand, and the particles were arrested by the grass blades and bushes, and fell in a heap on the shore side of them. These little mounds in turn arrested other flying grains, and so grew in height and arresting power. By

degrees grass and bushes cover them, and repeat the same sand-stopping process, till a long bank of sand has grown up. Farther inland other shrubs have checked and cast down sand that escaped the first fringe, and thus grow up ridge behind ridge of down.

When the sea penetrates the land in a deep bay into which a river flows, a collision ensues between the muddy river water and the sandy sea waves. The result is the formation of a bank of mingled clay and sand. The Baltic shores show a succession of freshwater lakes, cut off from the sea by long bars thus formed, sometimes only a few yards in width, but of very great length. The freshwater lake behind is called a *Haff*, and the strip of land a *Nehrung*. The *nehrung* of the eastern portion of the Frische Haff is 50 miles long.

No large portion of land in North Germany is below the level of the sea, but a very large tract is so low as to be protected from the overflow of rivers and high tides by extensive dykes. This, the marsh land of Germany, is fine grazing land, of very superior quality to the sandy barren plateaus called the *Geest*, which mark the original seashore, and beyond which the marshes have been formed by the deposition of earthy particles brought down by the rivers. These rich alluvial lands drew to themselves the principal inhabitants of the sandy *Geest*, who established themselves on every little rising point secure against inundation. On these may now be seen farmhouses and parish churches, the former moated and approached by a bridge. The shrewd inhabitants of the marshes soon saw that it was possible to gain land by throwing up dykes against the sea. Some dykes reach back to the ninth century. So costly is their upkeep, that it is said in the marshes that every farmer could turn his land with a silver plough, were it not for the dyke rate. If we approach the marsh region from inland we pass over the *Geest*, a rolling upland full of springs and streams, here and there wooded, sandy, with stones and pebbles scattered thickly over it; villages sparse, and the land only tilled near them. On



SHORE

reaching the edge of the *Geest* we look down on the marsh, without a tree, intersected by straight canals and ditches, perfectly stoneless, rich with grass and waving with corn; the whole bounded by the dam, beyond which extends a tract browsed only by sheep and traversed by a network of salt sea runs.

The great northern plain consists of two terraces, one the Baltic terrace, which begins at Danzig and is continued to the valley of the Elbe parallel with the coast; the other is the Polish terrace, which slopes to Posen, is continued to Brunswick<sup>1</sup> and turns up and approaches the North Sea in the Lüneburger Heide. The first of these terraces forms the Prussian,<sup>2</sup> Pomeranian,<sup>3</sup> and Mecklenburg elevated lake-land. Thousands of lakes lie over it in labyrinthine confusion. These lakes, when surrounded by trees, are of no little charm, and are even beautiful when hills, though of no great elevation, rise above them.

West of the Elbe the land rises in a perfectly broad level plain, covered with heath (*Heide*). Like the rest of the *Geest* it is sandy; unlike the rest it is waterless. On approaching the *Heide* from the north it appears as a blue range on the horizon; from the south the elevation is so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible. Except in the blooming time of the heath the vast *Heide* is gray-brown in tint, monotonous in hue as in outline. Not a sound meets the ear except the occasional bell of a sheep. Next to the sheep in importance comes the bee. The villages are planted where water is to be found, and it is utilised to the utmost by skilful irrigation. The margin of the *Heide* is rich with woods, and each household has a right to cut fuel and building timber.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.—*Germany*. Sampson Low.

By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low.

For the peat moors of North Germany, see *ibid.* pp. 37-44, and for the fertile Westphalian basin, *ibid.* pp. 47-49. For the relation of the towns to the natural features, *ibid.* pp. 49-55. The whole section

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<sup>1</sup> *German*, Braunschweig.

<sup>2</sup> *German*, Preussen.

<sup>3</sup> *German*, Pommern.



dealing with the North German plain, pp. 16-56, is worth careful reading. A useful paper, by Prof. G. A. J. COLE, on the Plain of Prussia will be found in *Knowledge*, August 1902.

### Some Towns of Northern Germany

We passed the little port of Cuxhaven and entered the broad Elbe. The islet of Heligoland<sup>1</sup> was visible on our left. Night closed around us as we passed up the Elbe. For a while only the low shore on either side could be discerned. Then, on our left hand, the right bank of the river, appeared the outline of dark woods and sloping hills, in relief against the starlit sky. Amid the woods, here and there, the lights of houses twinkled; gradually they became more numerous; at length on both sides of the river the lamps of a great city came into view.

A great seaport city must always have its points of interest, and Hamburg is no exception, although, truth to say, there is little in its architecture and its associations to detain the traveller. The newness of many of the stately streets, in contrast with the antique, high-roofed buildings of other parts, was very noticeable. After the great fire of 1842, the city was in great part rebuilt on a uniform plan, to the loss of the old picturesqueness of which glimpses may still be gained along the banks of the canals that intersect the town. The Alster lakes are undoubtedly the chief beauty of Hamburg—a river which descends into the Elbe being formed in the upper part of the city into a vast double reservoir, the point of union being crossed by a handsome bridge. The waters are beautifully clear, and were gay with canoes, rowing boats, and tiny steamers, while holiday-makers promenaded on the broad quays, or in the gardens near the bridge.

Lübeck is easily reached from Hamburg and is well worth a visit, preserving as it does far more than its great rival city the characteristic memorials of its former greatness. Here may be seen, as in the days when Lübeck stood

<sup>1</sup> *German*, Helgoland.

chief among the cities of the Hanseatic league, the old gabled houses, the quaint churches, and the imposing remnants of the fortifications.

From Lübeck a short railway journey leads to Rostock, also an old Hanseatic town, and still prosperous as the capital of Mecklenburg; Stralsund also, if the traveller care to pursue his route along the sandy plain so far, will be found to excel even these two cities in curious quaintness of brick architecture. The pretty island of Rügen, reached from Stralsund across a narrow strait, will remind him of nothing so much as the Isle of Wight, with its chalk cliffs and fair wooded downs.

Rev. S. G. GREEN.—*Pictures from the German Fatherland.* Religious Tract Society.

By permission of the Religious Tract Society.

### **By Rail from Cologne to Berlin**

Distance lent enchantment to the view I obtained of Cologne, as the train rolled over the huge iron railway bridge across the Rhine on its way to Düsseldorf, and swept through the Rhine Black Country, past long lines of coal trucks steaming away to furnace and factory, past Oberhausen and Essen, where the gigantic iron and steel foundries of Krupp are incessantly at work, their forests of tall chimneys belching forth huge clouds of smoke which hang in dusky canopies over the pair of prosperous and begrimed Westphalian towns. At Essen, which is simply a section of the immense workmen's city, covering the entire coal basin from Düsseldorf to Dortmund, in whichever direction the eyes are turned one sees heavy locomotives constantly coming and going, and huge black hillocks of coal heaped up all around, with endless chimneys rising out of the surrounding gloom. Less than an hour after leaving Essen we pass Dortmund, in the heart of the Westphalian coal and iron district. After leaving the Black Country one sleepy-looking Westphalian village, with tall tiled roofs and low church spire, is passed after

another. We traverse miles of singularly uninteresting country. Enormous plains, of barren aspect, stretch away to the horizon, northwards and southwards. Every here and there a row of melancholy trees breaks the monotony of the landscape, but other element of the picturesque there is none. On crossing the Weser the train enters a hilly district, terminating in a narrow defile known as the Westphalian Gate, on emerging from which we find ourselves at Minden.

We broke our journey at Hanover. It is a dull, beautified, quiet place, and the province generally presents all the outward appearances of a sleepy sort of prosperity. Its fertile fields and wooded hills and endless sweeps of rolling ground, remind one very much of England, and certain parts more especially of the Weald of Kent. At Brunswick a graceful Gothic structure is worth coming all the way to see. In front of the pillars supporting its rich arcades of perforated stonework stand life-size statues of Guelph princes, all in their habits as they lived. The grand duchy of Brunswick hardly impressed one so favourably as Hanover, nevertheless as far as regarded fertility it appeared to be far in advance of Prussian Saxony, which the railway enters just as we catch sight of the mountain chain of the Harz dominated by the witch-haunted Brocken. Little more than two hours from Brunswick brought us to Magdeburg on the Elbe, a fortified town of the first class. After leaving Magdeburg the railway crosses a broad sandy plain stretching for miles on either side of the line, with sand-hills bounding the view. Dispersed over this barren spot were one or two windmills, while here and there clusters of trees stood like oases in the midst of a desert. Then the parched soil was succeeded by a strip of marsh land, where long rank grass grew to the very edge of the line. Then the sandy soil presented itself again, covered with short scorched grass, varied at intervals by a field of stubble and an occasional flock of geese, or dotted by clusters of pine trees. Altogether nothing can be more desolate than

this Mark of Brandenburg, through which the little river Spree winds its way. Another sandy waste, several beautiful lakes, a forest of pines, then another strip of sand, and a few villages, and we are at Potsdam, watered by the Havel, and rendered highly picturesque by extensive plantations which thread the valleys and cross the surrounding hills, also by vast and beautiful gardens and elaborate architectural embellishments, for Potsdam counts almost half a score of palaces. In another half-hour we have reached Berlin.

H. VIZETELLY.—*Berlin under the New Empire.* Tinsley.

## Berlin

Berlin, as everybody knows, stands on the borders of the river Spree, in a dreary plain of sand, little relieved by wood and not at all by hills. Taken as a whole, I doubt if Berlin can be called a very beautiful city. Though many of its streets and squares are fine, and its public buildings elegant and imposing, it is entirely destitute of those quaint architectural features which give a charm to even the ordinary streets of old cities. The streets are wide, and composed of good houses, but they have the unimpressive rectangularity and tedious uniformity of modern design. Even the famous street, *Unter den Linden*, is much finer in theory, if I may so speak, than in practice. Its celebrated alleys of lime trees, planted in four rows along its whole extent, afford, it is true, a charming summer walk, but deprive it almost of the proper characteristics of a street by preventing the view of both sides at once. Each side of it, however, must be admitted to be a fine, nay, a splendid terrace. Such a display of good architecture as the noble structures which adorn it cannot be paralleled elsewhere, and it is generally admitted to take precedence of any other street in Europe.

Sir J. FORBES.—*Sight-seeing in Germany and the Tyrol.* Smith, Elder, and Co.

The beautification of the city has proceeded steadily and rapidly

and it is now in respect of its modern buildings, public gardens, etc., one of the finest modern cities in Europe.

### Cologne (Köln or Cöln<sup>1</sup>)

The city of Cologne is grandly though not picturesquely placed. In form it is a great semicircle opposite the suburb of Deutz, itself a considerable town, forming a smaller semicircle—the Rhine<sup>2</sup> runs between. The city and its suburbs are connected by two bridges. One, of iron, carries the railway, with a footway for passengers; the other is composed of boats, or rather lighters, four or five of which are swung back every now and then to admit passing steamers and rafts.

The first morning in Cologne is naturally devoted to the Cathedral. Every one has heard of the huge towers and spires, but no description could come up to the reality. The finest interior view is from the north transept, looking across and down the church. The vista of the nave and the double aisles, the figures which hover in the dim light overhead, the immense mass of the piers, and the absence of pictures and the trumpery details with which Continental churches are generally overloaded, give an air of nobility and solemnity, and the whole effect is worthy of a great national church and of the efforts which have contributed to its completion. An interesting feature is the walk round the outer gallery among the flying buttresses. The view is very fine. Romanesque towers and blunt spires break the monotonous mass of houses; the Rhine stretches away in long reaches through the plain; the outline of the Seven Mountains can be seen in the distance. Here the structure, and to a certain extent the plan, of the vast building, beneath, above, and around, can be better judged than from any other standpoint.

Cologne has been termed the Rome of the Rhine. A

<sup>1</sup> Towns such as Cöln, Coblenz, Cassel, etc., are spelt indifferently with a C or with a K.

<sup>2</sup> *German*, Rhein.

week barely sufficed to give me an idea of its treasures. Romanesque churches abound. The style lacks the boldness and grandeur of the Norman, but possesses beauties of its own. St. Martin's, near the river, is a fine example of this style, forming, with its fine central tower and spire with four angle turrets, each surmounted by a spirelet, a very fine object from the bridge [and a conspicuous feature of the river view of Cologne]. But the gem of Cologne is the church of St. Maria im Capitol. It is a vaulted church roughly resembling a trefoil, the three apses near together giving a domed look, every inch of space that admits of it being frescoed; the whole a mass of beautiful and harmonious colour. Wander where you will in Cologne there is something curious or interesting to see. The Rathaus, though not so imposing as the great civic halls of the Low Countries, tells its own tale of mediæval greatness. The ancient banqueting house is another fine piece of mediæval work which has been admirably restored.

ANON.—*A Winter Ramble in Beaten Tracks.* Wade.

### **The Rhine Gorge between Bonn and Bingen**

I was glad when we were really in motion on the swift Rhine, and nearing the chain of mountains that rose before us. We passed Godesberg on the right, while on our left was the group of the Sieben Gebirge (Seven Mountains), which extend from the Drachenfels to the Wolkenberg. Here we begin to enter the enchanted land. The Rhine sweeps round the foot of the Drachenfels, while opposite the precipitous rock of Rolandseck, crowned with its castle, looks down upon the beautiful island of Nonnenworth, with the white walls of its convent gleaming through the trees. I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which I saw this scene in the bright warm sunlight, the rough crags softened in the haze, the wild mountains springing up amidst vineyards, and crowned with crumbling towers filled with the memories of a thousand years

After passing Andernach we saw in the distance the highlands of the middle Rhine which rise above Coblenz, guarding the entrance to its wild scenery, and the mountains of the Moselle. They parted as we approached; from the foot shot up the spires of Coblenz, and the battlements of Ehrenbreitstein crowning the mountain opposite grew larger and broader. As we came opposite the mouth of the Moselle, and under the shadow of the mighty fortress, I gazed up with awe at its massive walls. The scene went past like a panorama, the bridge of boats opened, the city glided behind us, and we entered the highlands again. Above Coblenz almost every mountain has a ruin and a legend. I sat upon the deck the whole afternoon, as mountains, towns, and castles passed by on either side. Approaching the Lurlei is some of the finest scenery on the river. The mountains approach each other at this point, and the Lurlei rock rises up for 600 feet from the water. This is the haunt of the water-nymph Lurlei, whose song charmed the ear of the boatman while his bark was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. It is also celebrated for its remarkable echo. The sun came out of the cloud as we passed Oberwesel with its tall round tower, and the light shining through the ruined arches of Schöenberg Castle made broad bars of light and shade in the still misty air. A rainbow sprang out of the Rhine and lay brightly on the mountain side, colouring vineyard and crag, while a second arched above the high mountains. In front was the castle of Pfalz, in the middle of the river, and from the heights above Caub frowned the crumbling citadel of Gutenfels. We came at last to Bingen, the southern gate of the highlands. Here, on an island in the middle of the stream, is the old Mouse Tower where Bishop Hatto of Mainz was eaten up by the rats for his wicked deeds.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—*Views Afoot*. Wiley and Putnam.

An excellent account of the Rhine gorge is given in chapter ix. of *The Rhine*, by H. J. MACKINDER. Chatto and Windus. This book deals with the historical geography of the Rhine basin.

## Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein

Coblenz is a kind of gusset of dwellings let in between the Rhine and the Moselle—a V-shaped city, thrust like a wedge, as it were, into the cleft of the two most lovely streams, perhaps, in the world. It is the half-way house of the great high road of the Rhine between Cologne and Mainz,<sup>1</sup> and is, moreover, situate at the point of junction of the roads to Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and to Paris by Trier.<sup>2</sup> It is the *entrepôt* for the commerce of three rivers—the Rhine, the Moselle,<sup>3</sup> and the Lahn. Close along one side of it sweeps the Moselle, which is here as broad as the Rhine itself; the other is washed by the Rhine; while the two great floods meet at the very apex of the triangular town, and mingle their waters almost at the foot of the ancient and picturesque turreted church of St. Castor.

The banks of the Moselle opposite Coblenz are low, and a long plain stretches far away behind them towards Andernach, which has been from Cæsar's time the scene of many a fierce battle. Across the Moselle stretches a many-arched stone bridge. The Rhine is crossed by a bridge of boats no higher than a floating pier, and on the opposite bank rises the tall fortified rock of Ehrenbreitstein.

Ehrenbreitstein has been styled the Gibraltar of the Rhine. Its massive strength makes it one of the most striking objects of the Rhine. It will repay the labour of the ascent to mount the fort. At each shelf of the rock you will find a small town of barracks. As you climb the pathway you perceive musket-slits hemming you in on every side, and when at last you reach the summit, which, as you gazed at it from Coblenz, seemed no bigger than some suburban garden, it is as spacious as one of our largest squares. From the highest point you may enjoy

<sup>1</sup> *French*, Mayence.

<sup>2</sup> *French*, Trèves.

<sup>3</sup> In Germany spelt and pronounced Mosel.



the magnificent view of the Rhine and the Moselle folding the city of the confluence in their arms.

H. MAYHEW.—*The Rhine*. Bogue.

Ehrenbreitstein from Coblenz recalls the view of Edinburgh Castle from Princes Street, or of Stirling Castle.

### Scenery of the Odenwald

I made the other day a short excursion in the Odenwald, a wild and interesting district extending about 10 leagues from Darmstadt to the Neckar in length, and from the Bergstrasse to the Main in breadth. We posted as far as Heppenheim, a small village on the Bergstrasse, under the mountains, which so much resembles all the villages on this beautiful road that to describe one is to describe all. They are generally situated at the opening of a narrow valley in the chain of wooded mountains. A rapid stream descends by a winding valley from the mountainous Odenwald, rattling along the village street, the village housewives washing their clothes, the children playing, and the ducks and geese dabbling in its limpid course. After proceeding up the valley for some distance, we crossed the fields, gradually ascending a hill, from whence the wild rich scenes of the Odenwald, with their forests and mountains, lay before us as far as the eye could reach. The interminable plain stretching on the west side of the Bergstrasse gave place to a rich diversified scene, presenting a continual succession of abrupt mountain and dale, forest, and corn country. The whole scene for 30 miles each way has the air of a chaos of hills thrown one against each other in picturesque irregularity. The valleys between them are deep and romantic, dotted with spires and smoking villages, whose pastures and orchards are watered by streams from the mountains, which find a rambling passage through the valleys towards the Rhine. The small farms are tilled by the peasants to whom they belong. Their farming establishment consists of a small cottage, a hovel used for a barn, and two or three small

fawn-coloured cows, which supply the dairy and do the work of horses.

Next morning we directed our course towards the Bergstrasse, to rejoin it near the Melibocus mountain. Our walk lay through scenery of the same description as the day before—along a rough irregular path, ascending and descending, winding through woods of beech or rich orchards, and at the brow of a hill occasionally agreeably surprised by a picturesque village lying immediately beneath us. The village stream, after being conducted with much management through artificial sluices and troughs far above its bed, frequently turns a gigantic rude mill-wheel, of a construction more picturesque than ingenious. The sides of the hills were chequered with masses of granite, of all shapes and immense size, sometimes lying so thick as to form a sort of sea of rock; at others, scattered here and there in the cornfields. In the woods of tall young beech, where the gray masses are not less frequent, and covered with green moss, their appearance is still more striking.

ANON.

“The Bergstrasse is a fine road, stretching from Darmstadt to Heidelberg. On the left the wooded and vine-covered range of mountains, with their old castles forming the boundary of the Odenwald, runs parallel with it. On the right stretches a vast sandy flat through which the Rhine wanders, bounded by the heights of the Donnersberg and the Vosges at 50 or 60 miles’ distance. The villages and towns on the road are beautifully situated at the foot of the mountains, overhung by vineyards and embosomed in orchards, which extend in cheerful avenues along the road from one town to another. The country is one continued garden, which for its romantic luxuriance has been accused of aping Italy.”

### View of the Middle Rhine Plain

The mountain (Melibocus, in the Odenwald) is nearly conical and clothed with rich beech foliage, here and there relieved by a few dark firs. It was about 7 A.M. when we arrived on the summit. The view is one of the most extensive in Europe, owing to the flatness of the Rhine valley below. As the sun gradually dispersed the mist,

the spires and villages in the plain lay, one after another, clear and glittering beneath us. The distant objects came one by one into view—Spires<sup>1</sup> and Mannheim to the left, Worms and its Gothic cathedral opposite, and Mainz lower down. We traced the course of the Rhine, which now glittered in the sun, and appeared little removed from the base of the mountains, though at 4 leagues' distance, from above Mannheim almost to Bingen, a distance of nearly 60 miles. The course of the Neckar and its junction with the Rhine at Mannheim is visible, as also that of the Main. A good telescope is kept in the tower, by the help of which, on a clear day, we were told, you might distinguish the spire of Strassburg Cathedral, at a distance of above 100 miles. On the opposite side, towards the north, the view reaches the mountains of Northern Hesse, 60 miles distant. To the east lies the Odenwald, over the chaotic hills of which the view stretches as far as the vicinity of Wurzburg, a distance of 60 to 70 miles; while on the west, across the Rhine, it is bounded by the Donnersberg<sup>2</sup> and the Vosges at a nearly equal distance.

ANON.

### From Cassel to the Thuringian Forest

Soon after leaving Cassel, the railway enters the valley of the Fulda (one of the head streams of the Weser), and follows this river for a considerable distance, frequently crossing it in its windings. The general features of the district are neither bold nor picturesque, but decidedly beautiful. The hills on both sides are in some places well wooded, and in others richly cultivated to the very top. At the time of our journey the water was muddy, and almost of the colour of brick, owing to recent rains. We were now, in fact, in the heart of the Red Land, so celebrated in the age of the Minnesingers, and so well justifying its title to be so called—the rocks on the river bank being all composed of red sand-

<sup>1</sup> *German*, Speyer.

<sup>2</sup> *French*, Mont Tonnerre.

stone, and the whole soil being brick colour. As we proceeded the valley gradually expanded and lost its beauty, and we found ourselves in open country. But the railway taking a turn to the east, we soon found ourselves in kindred scenery in the valley of the Werra (the other head stream of the Weser), which stream, here of considerable size, we skirted all the way to Eisenach, sometimes on the one bank, sometimes on the other. Eisenach is a small place, finely situated at the foot of the Thuringian chain of hills, by which it is surmounted and half surrounded. There being little or nothing in the town itself to interest strangers, I proceeded to visit the famous Wartburg, the base of which extends into the suburbs. The mountain is very steep, but the top, on which the old castle stands, is made easily accessible by a good road which winds round it through the fine woods by which its sides are covered. The varying views seen in the ascent and descent and particularly from its top are remarkably beautiful, embracing as they do to a great extent the hills and valleys of the great Thuringian Forest (Thüringerwald). The nearer views are especially charming and derive a romantic peculiarity from this circumstance, that while the mountain itself slopes steeply down, it is on all sides closely surrounded by hills of lesser dimensions, whose peaked tops and wooded sides shoot up immediately below you, and enclose an infinity of the most romantic valleys.

Sir J. FORBES.—*Sight-seeing in Germany and the Tyrol*. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Luther resided for some time in the Wartburg. The whole district is sometimes called the Luther Country.

## The Brocken

From the pretty mountain village of Ilsenberg, with its iron foundries in the midst of clustering trees, its trout streams and villas on the lake, it is a delightful walk of about 7 miles to the top of the Brocken. The walk is

altogether beautiful, through woods, by waterfalls, and under the shadow of great rocks, until the upper and more alpine region is reached. We pass through open glades and pastures here and there, then into a thick forest of pines, then out again on to the road for a while, following the wanderings of the Ilse. On our left hand, as we ascend, an almost perpendicular ridge of rock towers over the valley, from the summit of which, 350 feet above our heads, there are views of scenery wilder and more grand than anything that can be imagined from below. Continuing the ascent, which changes every moment from rocks and streams to the quiet and solitude of the dark pines and firs, now walking on a carpet of living moss or dead fir-cones, now coming upon a little garden of wildflowers under our feet, we come suddenly upon a little plantation of toy fir trees, from 4 to 6 inches high, a nursery for forests for our great-grandchildren to walk in when the trees above our heads are turned into the eaves and gables of towns. No one touches these plantations, which are to be seen on the mountain sides in various sizes, until they spread out into a living forest. Here and there we come upon masses of felled timber and the encampments of charcoal-burners. Then the path leaves the stream and we enter open ground, up a steep and stony path, across heather and furze and between great blocks of granite, where there is no track visible; then into more woods, and so by an easy ascent of three hours to the top of the Brocken. We are climbing on up the last steep ascent, strewn with enormous moss-grown boulders which hide the view above, and are unaware, until we are within a few yards of the inn, that we have reached the summit of the famous Blocksberg, the spot haunted by witches and spectres from the earliest times. Before us in the far distance are little specks dotted on the plain, which indicate the towns of Brunswick and Hanover,<sup>1</sup> and nearer, just beneath, is the valley of Harzburg, and other watering-places of the Lower Harz. Turning to the south-west, the upper district, where the positions of

<sup>1</sup> *German, Hannover.*

Andreasberg and Klausthal can just be discerned through the rising mist, we see pine-covered summits in undulating line. The distant view northwards, so much spoken of, is the least interesting part, because although you may with a telescope from a tower, a few feet above the inn, just see Hamburg, there is little more than a speck to be made out on the clearest day.

H. BLACKBURN.—*The Harz Mountains*. Sampson Low.

By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low.

Hans Andersen writes thus of the summit of the Brocken : "The Brocken gave me an idea of a northern tumulus on a grand scale. Here stone lies piled on stone, and a strange silence rests over the whole." He was favoured with an exceptionally fine sunrise next morning : "We could see Magdeburg, with its towers, quite distinctly, the towers of the high cathedral at Erfurt, besides a throng of lesser places and villages. Towns, church towers, fields, and meadows, appeared like the most charming miniature landscapes."

## Dresden

At last in this Florence of the Elbe ! Exclusive of its glorious galleries of art, which are scarcely surpassed by any in Europe, Dresden charms one by the natural beauty of its environs. It stands on both banks of a curve of the Elbe in the midst of green meadows, gardens, and fine old woods, with the hills of Saxony sweeping round like an amphitheatre, and the craggy peaks of the Highlands looking at it from afar. The domes and spires at a distance give it a rich Italian look, which is heightened by the white villas, embowered in trees, gleaming on the hills around.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—*Views Afoot*. Wiley and Putnam.

Another traveller writes : "The view from the old bridge is celebrated all over Germany. Whether you look up or down the river, the towers and palaces of the city are pictured in the stream. A lovely and fertile plain retires for a short distance from the farther bank, then swells into an amphitheatre of gentle slopes, laid out in vineyards decked with an endless succession of villages and villas, and shut in towards the south by the Bohemian mountains. The inundations which come down in winter from the mountains, when the ice breaks up into immense masses, and when the snow melts in the

narrow vales above, are irresistible in their fury. The accumulated mass of water, bursting like a cataract from the northern gorges of the Saxon Switzerland, rolls and roars for 8 or 10 miles to Dresden without breadth of plain over which to spend its irresistible impetuosity. Across the bridge you enter the new town by one of the finest and most fashionable streets in Dresden.

“What are the gems of Dresden? Are they the Green Vaults, with their ivory cabinets, Florentine mosaics, gold and silver plate, vessels formed of precious stones, as agates, chalcedony, sardonyx, lapis lazuli, uncut Peruvian emeralds, costly jewels, sapphires, rubies, pearls, diamonds, amounting in value to several millions of money. It has a gem richer and rarer than these—its Picture Gallery, which contains several pictures, such as Raphael’s ‘Madonna di San Sisto,’ with which no collection out of Italy can compare. The Japanese Palace on the right bank, near the Leipzig Gate, with its grotesque ornaments and Oriental figures, is a sort of Dresden gem, too, after its kind. The Japanese gardens, which are extremely beautiful, command a noble view of the most striking edifice of the city.”—ANON.—*Eight Weeks in Germany*. Longmans.

## The Saxon Switzerland

Leaving Dresden we took the road on the left of the Elbe. The landscape was pretty but tame, and when we reached the village of Uttewald, I wondered why it was necessary to leave the carriage. But immediately on quitting the village the portals of the mountains opened before us, and we plunged into their recesses. It is difficult to describe the peculiarity of this region. The impression is as if the tops of the hills were the outer circumference of the globe, strangely fissured and worn away by the action of water. We plunge into depths of earth; we might fancy some spirit of upper air had forced a passage to reach the abode of subterranean spirits. The imagination of the Germans has peopled this region with gnome and kobold, who watch over hidden treasure.

As we proceeded through the narrow ravine (the Uttewalder Grund) the rocks rose perpendicularly on either hand, and shut us in with walls, but not walls abrupt and bare. The precipices are broken into a thousand fantastic shapes, and formed into rough columns, pillars and peaks numberless, with huge caverns, mighty portals,

and towering archways; the whole clothed with pines, verdant with a luxuriant growth of shrubs, and resonant with waterfalls. The path ascends and descends beside the stream that makes its way in the depths. Sometimes the fissure nearly meets overhead, and the Sun can never shine on the stream below. Various ravines branch off



ON THE ELBE

from the main one, and become numerous and intricate, varied by huge caverns of strange shapes, some open to the sky. The whole way was one continued ascent, and this explains the wondrous view we gain when we emerge again into outer air.

At length we left the ravine, and entered a forest of firs. After traversing this we found ourselves as if by magic at a high elevation, and stood upon the Bastei, or Bastion. This is a vast mass of rock, which rises several hundred feet above the Elbe, in the depths and centre of



which the rent was made which we had threaded. The uttermost edge projects far beyond the face of the precipice, and here we stood looking on a scene so different from every other that it is difficult to describe. The Elbe sweeps majestically at the foot of the Bastei; a plain is spread beneath, closed in by an amphitheatre of huge tabular hills which do not, as is usually the case, begin with gradual upland, but rise at once in shape fantastic, isolated one from the other. Some of the highest have been used as fortresses. The sides of the precipices of the Bastei are clothed in a forest of fir and other wood. The whole scene was bathed in dazzling sunshine. The heat was so great that it was painful to stand on the giddy verge, which is protected by wooden rails (for the whole district is prepared for show), yet it was almost impossible to tear ourselves away.

Mrs. SHELLEY.—*Rambles in Germany and Italy.* Moxon.

Besides the Bastei, the finest point in Saxon Switzerland, the most visited spots are the Kuhstall (a natural arch), the Grosse Winterberg, and the Prebischthor (a rocky arch of imposing proportions). The latter is in Bohemia.

### In the Fichtelgebirge

The Fichtelgebirge (Pine Mountains) may be looked upon as the nucleus of that mountainous region which forms the vine-clad hills of the Rhine on the west and rises into the rugged grandeur of the Karpathians on the east. The numerous chains of hills which belong to this division appear to meet and unite in this mountain knot. As a general rule, those ranges which radiate from it towards the east are loftier than those which trend towards the west, and the whole belt has a slope in the same direction until it is lost in the plains of Belgium and France. The Fichtelgebirge may be described as a mountain mass of considerable extent, in which a number of dome-shaped hills rest on a base or table-land 1700 feet higher than the sea-level. These eminences are arranged along the axis of

the mass, from south-west to north-east, and the whole mass is furrowed on all sides by narrow valleys and glens.

The Schneeberg (Snowdon) is the highest of the Pine Mountains. Like others of the range, it is of granite. Its roots are covered with grass, loose stones, and sand. Above these is a forest of beech and other trees, which are exchanged still higher for firs, while the head is bare or only capped with firs. The bilberry and whortleberry grow on the mountain in great abundance. The red whortleberry is much esteemed in Germany, and those which grow upon the Schneeberg have the reputation of being particularly fine. Large quantities are gathered every year and exported into Saxony.

It was 1 P.M. when we stood on the summit, 3680 feet of absolute elevation, 109 more than its namesake Snowdon, and 180 more than the Brocken. The mist of a hot summer's noon was unfavourable for the ken of objects on the line of the horizon. Our guide informed us that the bridge of Ratisbon,<sup>1</sup> bearing due south, could be discerned during a clear sunrise. This was probably the extreme point of the panorama, since the distance in a direct line cannot be less than 70 miles. The eye roams entirely over the Upper Palatinate, which is spread out like a map before it, but as it turns westwards it encounters the gigantic form of the Ochsenkopf, closing the prospect towards the Franconian Switzerland. Bayreuth is also hidden by the intervening hills, though the heights around are distinctly seen, with the valley of the Main as far as Bamberg, and even beyond. The north-east prospect was bounded by the range of the Erzgebirge, the mountains which separate Saxony from Bohemia. Eastwards we look towards Eger, but it was not visible, nor any town within the frontier, though our eyes rested on Bohemian soil. South-east rose the heights of the Bohemian Forest (Böhmer Wald).

Taking a nearer circle, the principal objects are the Waldstein, a fine hill to the north, with the ruins of a

<sup>1</sup> *German*, Regensburg.

most extensive castle. Beside it springs the Saale, which, taking a northerly course, loses itself in the Elbe above Magdeburg. Under the Schneeberg itself rises the Eger, also in a strong spring, and runs in an easterly course through Bohemia, until it likewise unites its waters to those of the Elbe in the northern part of that country. Between the Schneeberg and the Ochsenkopf are the sources of the White and Red Main, which, uniting, water the whole of Franconia, and pour their streams into the bosom of the Rhine at Mainz. Towards the south flows the Naab, which, after a shorter course than the other three, empties itself into the Danube above Ratisbon. We did not actually see the springs which give origin to these four streams, but it was an elevating reflection that the snows of the mountain on which we stood were thus carried to the four cardinal points of the compass, and mingled by means of the three great rivers of Germany with the Northern and Black Seas.

C. TYLOR.—*A Historical Tour in Franconia.* Longmans.

### In Franconian Switzerland<sup>1</sup>

The district of Muggendorf lies about 1800 feet above the sea. It is a high undulating table-land, intersected in every direction with valleys, freckled with towns and villages, and replete with beautiful scenery, and peculiarly interesting from its caves, geological formations, fossil bones, and other antediluvian remains with which the whole neighbourhood abounds. Each valley has its stream winding its way amongst fantastically shaped crags of limestone that burst forth in every conceivable variety of form, and whose summits not infrequently reveal some picturesque ruin of bygone days.

Muggendorf, with its bright green levels, wood-embosomed houses, and busy water-mills, now lies before us, walled in on every side by rocks. These, their formation and contents, constitute one of the greatest charms of

<sup>1</sup> In the Franconian (Fränkischer) Jura.

the district, and together with the various ranges of hills which intersect the country in all directions have gained for it the appellation of the Franconian Switzerland. The whole of the district is pierced, broken, perforated, and hollowed out in all directions. Stupendous mountains are not to be sought for; the country may rather be termed a high table-land, broken at intervals, as far as the eye can reach, by huge fantastic masses of limestone rock, clad in the most picturesque vegetation, and intersected by the valleys already described. The general formation seems to be first a stratum of sandstone, then the Jura limestone, and above this again dolomite. Beneath the surface we are astonished by an extraordinary number of interesting caverns. Many of these subterranean halls are of immense size. The Sophienhöhle, which consists of three spacious divisions, extends to a depth of about 1400 feet. Nearly all of these are embellished with the most splendid stalactites, and by the light of your torches, present an appearance of singular and imposing magnificence. Imagination sees pulpits, pendent flags, terraces hung with drapery, columns of fretwork, and indeed whole towns, whose towers and pinnacles elevate themselves in the richest profusion. The cavern known as the Forsterhöhle is one of the most remarkable, not only for the peculiarity of its form, but also for the beauty of its roof, "rivalling the richest combinations of Gothic fretwork," and the perfection of the stalagmite, with which the bottom of the cave is covered. Entire bridges of this formation extend from side to side, exhibiting the appearance of beautiful cascades, suddenly congealed.

H. J. WHITLING.—*Nuremberg and Rambles in the Hills and Valleys of Franconia*. Bentley.

The principal of these celebrated caves are described *ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 169-238.

### Nürnberg<sup>1</sup>

Nürnberg stands upon a variety of small hills and slopes rising from a somewhat undulating sandy plain.

<sup>1</sup> Often written Nuremberg in English.

. . . The distant view of Nürnberg gives a favourable idea of its extent and importance. Its numerous old gray towers of every form, its domes, spires, and pinnacles, are seen all blended together in picturesque confusion. The general aspect of the interior is highly imposing; most of the houses are very large, of a massive style of architecture, adorned with fanciful gables, and bearing the impress of the period when every inhabitant was a merchant and every merchant was lodged like a king. Their forms harmonise well with the fountains, numerous figures, public monuments, churches, and other buildings rich in the mouldering sculpture of former ages. Many of them are beautifully carved, both inside and out, and the air of bygone magnificence which pervades the whole tells its tale of the wealth and splendour of former days.

H. J. WHITLING.—*Nuremberg*. Bentley.

The old city walls still stand. The fine view from the castle rock is now spoiled by countless factory chimneys.

“The best description of this city in brief compass is to be found in Longfellow’s poem of ‘Nuremberg.’ Poetically we would not set it among his most successful, nor yet among his most artistic productions. Nevertheless, it touches gracefully everything that is worthy of notice, and brings before us the Burg with its five-cornered tower, the linden planted by Kunigunde, beneath which Gustavus Adolphus loved to rest. It commemorates Hans Sachs, and leads us past Dürer’s house to St. John’s graveyard, where he sleeps his last sleep with the simple word ‘Emigravit.’

‘Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.’”

J. F. DICKIE.—*Germany*. A. and C. Black.

## Munich

The situation of Munich on a flat sandy plain, watered by the glacier-coloured Isar, is the very reverse of picturesque, yet its fine wide streets, its noble buildings, and its collections of pictures and sculpture, have acquired for it the reputation of the most interesting capital of Europe. The New Palace is a monument of royal extravagance as well as of artistic taste. The Library in Ludwigstrasse, a

fine building 520 feet long, contains over 800,000 volumes, along with many old manuscripts of great value. In the same street stands the University, and beside it the gorgeous church of St. Michael. But the most notable buildings in Munich, both remarkable specimens of architectural skill, are the Glyptothek, or Gallery of Sculpture, and the Pinakothek, or Gallery of Painting. It is impossible to give any idea of the treasures accumulated within their walls. It is pleasurable, however, to escape from the glare of the city to the English Gardens, which extend for some miles on the north-east of the city, and are watered by several branches of the milky Isar. Its ancient trees, extensive ponds, groves, temples, and statues, are mingled together with great taste. It is the very beau ideal of a pleasure ground, and hardly any other garden in Europe can be compared with it in point of beauty.

W. E. BAXTER.—*Impressions of Central and Southern Europe*. Longmans.

Munich is one of the great artistic centres of Europe, as well as one of the finest modern cities. To describe it in detail, however, would be impossible. A summary of the chief public buildings will be found in the pages of Baedeker, and the plan of the city with its bridges and fine public gardens will call up an approximately correct picture of the city. A recent traveller remarks: "Petersburg excepted, no city in Europe has been laid out so harmoniously."

### A Walk across Wurtemberg<sup>1</sup>

We left Munich by the morning train for Augsburg. Between the two cities extends a vast unbroken plain, exceedingly barren and monotonous. Here and there is a little scrubby woodland, and sometimes we crossed a muddy stream which came down from the Alps. After two hours we saw the tall towers of Augsburg. Immediately on entering the city signs of its ancient splendour are apparent. The houses are old, many of them with quaint elaborately-carved ornaments, and often covered with fresco paintings. The same afternoon we left Augsburg for Ulm on foot. Long low ranges of hills running from the Danube<sup>2</sup> stretched

<sup>1</sup> German, Württemberg.

<sup>2</sup> German, Donau.

far across the country, and between them long rich green villages. On the afternoon of the second day we came in sight of the fertile plain of the Danube. We determined to reach Ulm the same evening. The dark mass of the cathedral rose in the distance through the twilight, a perfect mountain in comparison with the little houses clustered round its base. I could not enough admire the grandeur of proportion in the great building.

The Danube is here a little muddy stream. The lofty mountain plain, which we afterwards passed over for 8 to 10 miles, divides the waters of the Danube from the Rhine. From the heights above Ulm we bade farewell to the far misty Alps. Late in the afternoon we came to a lovely green valley. Around us on all sides stretched the bare lofty plains, but the valley lay below, its steep sides covered with the richest forest. At the bottom flowed the Fils. The glen spread out broader as we advanced, and smiling villages stood beside the stream. A short distance before reaching Esslingen we came upon the Neckar, whom we hailed as an old acquaintance, though much smaller here in his mountain home than when he sweeps the walls of Heidelberg. After leaving Esslingen we followed its banks for some time at the foot of an amphitheatre of hills covered to the very summit with vineyards. We took a road that led over the top of a range, and on arriving at the summit saw all at once the city of Stuttgart lying beneath our feet. It lay in a basin encircled by mountains, with a narrow valley opening to the south-east and running off between hills to the Neckar—a situation of wonderful beauty.

At the village where we spent that night the people told us of a nearer and more beautiful road. A more delightful region I have seldom passed through. Without a single hedge or fence stood the long sweep of hills, covered with waving fields of grain, except where they were steep and rocky, and the vineyard terraces rose one above another. Sometimes a fine old forest grew along the summit, and white villages lay coiled in the

valleys between. Occasionally a ruined castle was seen on a mountain at the side, making the picture complete. That evening brought us into Baden. Soon after leaving next morning the distant Kaiserstuhl suddenly emerged from the mist, with the high tower on its summit. We knew by the blue mountains of the Odenwald that we were approaching the Neckar. When at last we saw the well-known bridge spanning the river, and the glorious old castle of Heidelberg lifting its shattered towers from the side of the mountain above us, we shouted aloud for joy.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—*Views Afoot*. Wiley and Putnam.

## Heidelberg

The approach to Heidelberg along the right bank of the river, with the majestic ruins of the castle overhanging the town, and direct in front as you cross the bridge, opens to the eye with a degree of splendour quite unequalled by any view in this part of the country. This celebrated city is placed on a ledge between the river and the castle, at the point where the Neckar emerges from the narrow gorge through which it has run from its source, and whence it flows through a flat rich plain till it joins the Rhine at Mannheim. At the entrance of this valley, hills, or rather mountains, covered with dark forests, rise suddenly from the water's edge on either side, forming a romantic and beautiful background. The immense castle, set in beautiful gardens, has ever been an object of universal admiration. The scenery around is grand and wild, and the view of the Rhine and the Neckar valley contains almost every conceivable beauty in a landscape.

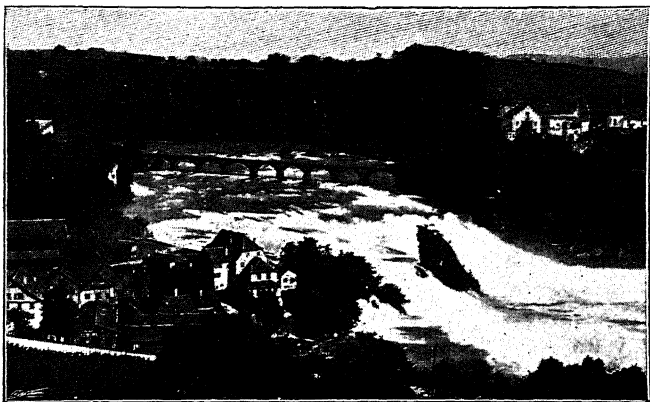
ANON.—*Eight Weeks in Germany*. Longmans.

In the extensive Rhine plain which Heidelberg overlooks, the busy port of Mannheim and the cathedral cities of Spire and Worms are conspicuous.



### Freiburg and the Black Forest

I left Offenburg by train for Freiburg.<sup>1</sup> The scenery between the two places is grand. The broad mountains of the Black Forest<sup>2</sup> rear their fronts on the east, and the blue lines of the Vosges meet the clouds on the west. The night before, walking over the plain, I saw distinctly



THE FALLS OF THE RHINE

the whole of Strassburg Minster, whose spire is one of the highest in Europe, being 490 feet.

Freiburg Minster rises before me, and behind stand the gloomy pine-covered mountains of the Black Forest. The spire of beautiful fretwork rises to the height of 395 feet, and the body of the church, including the choir, is of the same length. The interior was solemn and majestic. This morning was the great market day, and the peasantry of the Black Forest came down from the mountains to dispose

<sup>1</sup> Freiburg-im-Breisgau, to distinguish it from Freiburg-in-der-Schweiz, which, however, is better given in its French form of Fribourg. Freiburg-im-Breisgau must not be confused with Freiberg in Saxony.

<sup>2</sup> German, Schwarzwald.

of their produce. The square round the Minster was filled with them, and the singular costumes of the women gave the scene quite a strange appearance. They brought grain, butter and cheese, and a great deal of fine fruit to sell. In the afternoon we went through the woods to the Jägerhaus, where we had a fine view of the city and its great dark Minster, with the plain of the Breisgau, broken only by the Kaiserstuhl, a long mountain near the Rhine, whose golden stream glittered in the distance.

After two days, delightfully spent, we shouldered our knapsacks and left Freiburg. The beautiful valley of the Dreisam, at the mouth of which the city lies, runs like an avenue for 7 miles directly into the mountains, and presents in its loveliness such a contrast to the defile that follows that it almost deserves the name given to its head, the Kingdom of Heaven.<sup>1</sup> The mountains of the Black Forest enclose it on each side, covered to the summit with luxuriant woods, and in some places with those forests of dark pine which give the region its name. The traveller rarely meets a finer picture than that which, on looking back, he sees framed between the hills at the other end. Freiburg looks around the foot of one of the heights, with the spire of her cathedral peeping above the top, and the Vosges growing dim in the far perspective. The road now enters a wild narrow valley, the Höllenthal or Valley of Hell. The road winds between precipices of black rock, above which the thick foliage shuts out the brightness of day, and gives a sombre hue to the scene. A torrent foams down the chasm. This cleft is the only entrance to a valley 3 or 4 miles long in the very heart of the mountains. Passing the Titisee, a mountain lake, we commenced ascending a mountain. The highest summit of the Black Forest, the Feldberg, rose not far off, and we saw that another half-hour's walk would bring us to the top. The pine woods shut out the view to the north and east. The wild black peaks of the Black Forest were spread below us, and the Sun sank through golden

<sup>1</sup> *German, Himmelreich.*

mist towards the Alsatian hills. Afar to the south we could just trace the white outline of the Swiss Alps.

Next morning we set out early, and walked through the Black Forest the whole forenoon. It might be owing to the many wild stories whose scenes are laid amongst these hills, but with me there was a peculiar feeling of solemnity pervading the whole region. The great pine woods are of the darkest hue of green, and down their hoary moss-floored aisles daylight seems never to have shone. The air was pure and clear, the sunshine bright, but it imparted no gaiety to the scenery; except the little meadows of emerald which lay occasionally in the lap of a dell, the landscape wore a solemn and serious air. In a storm it must be sublime.

About noon, from the top of the last range of hills, we had a glorious view. The line of the distant Alps could be faintly traced high in the clouds, and all the heights between were plainly visible from the lake of Constance<sup>1</sup> to the misty Jura, which flanked the Vosges of the west. From our lofty station we overlooked half Switzerland, and had the day been a little clearer, we could have seen Mont Blanc and the mountains of Savoy.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—*Views Afoot*. Wiley and Putnam.

For a detailed account of the Black Forest see H. W. WOLFF, *Rambles in the Black Forest*. Longmans. For the clock-making industry, *ibid.* ch. xii. Another useful book is L. G. SÉGUIN'S *Black Forest*, Strahan and Co., where a good account of the Black Forest is given, ch. xi.-xiii., and industries of the Black Forest are discussed, *ibid.* ch. iii. Some good descriptions of Black Forest scenery, including the Feldberg, will be found in WILLIAM BLACK'S novel, *In Silk Attire*.

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<sup>1</sup> German, Bodensee.

## SWITZERLAND

### A Swiss Peasant Home

As a rule, the Swiss peasant has a comfortable home. Here and there, it is true, may be found people living in houses which are little better than rude wooden huts, but for the most part the Swiss people build themselves good, strong, handsome dwellings.

A Swiss chalet is both broad and long. This makes it very firm, and enables it to defy the most furious storm which can sweep down from the mountain heights. The first thing the builder does is to raise a strong wall to a height of about six or eight feet. Upon the foundation the upper part of the house is built, and this is of wood. The broad roof is of gentle slope, and is formed of sheets of pine-wood. Upon these pine shingles heavy stones are sometimes laid, in order that the roof may not be torn away by the fierce gales of winter. Around the wooden part of the house a gallery runs, and this is sheltered by the broad eaves, which spring out well beyond the walls. When such a house is finished it has a very quaint and pleasing look, and it is as comfortable inside as it is charming without. There are no living-rooms in the stone basement. This part of the house is given up in front to roomy cellars, where the produce of the fields and vineyards and orchards is stored; at the back to stables, cow-houses, and threshing-floor. The living-rooms are above, and open on the gallery which runs round the

house. There is a large room where the family meet for meals and where they sit in the evening; and there is a smaller room—a kind of parlour—where the best furniture is kept, a room only used on grand occasions. Then there is the best bedroom, and one or two smaller rooms, where the children sleep.

The furniture of these houses is strong and simple—large heavy tables and benches and dressers, made by the local carpenter, or very often by the owner himself, of dark walnut-wood. On the dresser in the living-room stand painted plates, the favourite ornament of a Swiss kitchen, and a great earthenware stove, often covered with green tiles, stands in a corner of the large apartment.

J. FINNEMORE.—*Switzerland*, Peeps at Many Lands. A and C. Black.

### The Lake and City of Geneva<sup>1</sup>

“Clear placid Leman,” the lake might truly be called, whether we saw it from the terrace of the hotel at Vevey, from Lausanne, or from Geneva. The air was sweet and balmy, with a brilliant sun which made the lake and boats quite dazzling as they danced beneath its rays, while the mountains were seen through a light haze, which softened their outlines, and gave them an ethereal look very different to the stern sublimity of the bay of Uri.<sup>2</sup> The colour of the water too was different, the deep rich green being replaced by a lovely blue. Beautiful as is every part of the lake, perhaps the most perfect view is that near Chillon, with the castle as a foreground reflected in the clear water, and the mountains of the Rhone valley behind. The whole

<sup>1</sup> *French*, Genève; *German*, Genf. The lake in French is called Lac Leman.

<sup>2</sup> An arm of Lake Luzern.

of the voyage from Villeneuve to Geneva is a series of beautiful pictures, of which, during the latter half, Mont Blanc forms the crowning glory. The variety of scenery is very striking, the north shore consisting of green sloping hills covered with vines, which are by no means picturesque, with towns, pretty villages, castles, chateaux, and villas. On the south side rise in stern contrast the Alps of Savoy, abrupt precipices rocky and perpendicular, whose bases rarely afford sufficient space for any habitation, excepting near Geneva, where the hills open as if to present an exquisite view of the monarch of mountains, and there is space on both sides for the pretty country houses, which seem the advanced guards of the city itself.

There is less of Swiss character in the large town of Lausanne than perhaps any other; but no country could produce a finer site or nobler views than we obtained from it and the neighbouring heights. It stands on Mont Jorat, where the slopes face the south, and where the ground is cut through by several deep ravines, so that the surface is very uneven. The streets are steep, and the houses at all heights, tier upon tier, are crowned by the cathedral and castle. A lofty viaduct crosses one of the ravines, connecting the different parts of the town. Many of the old houses are very picturesque, but they are giving way to modern erections. The portion nearest to Ouchy, the pretty village on the lake which may be called the port of Lausanne, consists of handsome rows of houses, shops, and hotels, which command the fine view looking towards the lake.

Geneva stands at the head of the lake, the quays being surrounded by handsome modern houses and hotels. These presented an imposing appearance as we saw them from a boat, on which we spent some hours gazing on the enchanting beauty of the lake, with the distant limestone precipices of Mont Salève, and the nearer sloping banks covered with villas. The Rhone, issuing out of the lake, runs through the town and is crossed by several bridges, on which we never could help lingering to watch the water rushing

beneath us, its waters of the deepest indigo colour, but as clear as crystal.

Miss CATLOW.—*Sketching Rambles*. James Hogg.

These volumes, though more than forty years old, describe with considerable skill the chief sights of tourist Switzerland, as distinguished from the climber's Switzerland. More monster hotels have been built, and the railway has in many parts replaced the diligence, but in essentials the volumes are superior to many more recent ones. For a scientific account of Swiss landscapes see Lord AVEBURY's *Scenery of Switzerland*. Macmillan.

### View from the Summit of Mont Blanc

My eye wandered over a glorious panorama, and I endeavoured to stamp it on my brain. Beyond the line of the Jura mountains appeared a wide and confused blue space, which comprehended those plains and hills of France lying behind this chain, one or two mountains of which gently sloped to the lake of Geneva, whose bright crescent, lying apparently right under Mont Blanc, and surrounded by a dark border of lofty eminences, presented a beautiful picture, the valleys intersecting these mountains being distinctly visible, and the richness of their meadows and cultivated fields easily distinguishable from the dark woods of fir which surrounded them. The valley of Chamonix particularly called forth my admiration; the Arve, wandering through it, resembled a silver thread on soft velvet of the deepest green; the rough rocks and pointed glaciers surrounding this Eden of the Alps with a formidable barrier. Among the mountains on the other side of the valley the Buet reared its snowy head; on the other side of the lake of Geneva appeared Mont Jorat and the great vale of Switzerland, with the lakes of Neuchâtel, Morat, and Bienne.<sup>1</sup> The city of Geneva was visible, but Lausanne was hidden by a mountain on the Savoy side of the lake. On the right of this mountain were seen the Diablerets, and other peaks above Bex, and the countless peaks of the Oberland, among which the Jungfrau, the

<sup>1</sup> *German*, Neuenburg, Murten, and Biel.

Schreckhorn, the Eiger, and the Finsteraarhorn raised their white peaks. Turning to the right, the St. Gotthard, the Grimsel, the Furka, and part of the chain of mountains on the Italian side of the Valais appear, the Matterhorn's pointed summit lifted high above them, then Monte Rosa, one of the most beautiful of mountains. Nearer to us were the St. Bernard, Mont Velan, and the long line of Aiguilles. Towards the south the eye penetrated into the valley of Aosta and part of the Allée Blanche, then rested on the immense blue surface formed by the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont, in which was discovered the course of the Po. The situations of Turin and Milan were pointed out, but these cities were not visible. To the left<sup>1</sup> of the blue rose the Apennines; they, joining the Maritime Alps, formed a long line of mountains running towards the right, and turning at the western side of the plain of Piedmont. Monte Viso reared itself high among them, as well as the lofty points beyond the Cenis. Beyond gaps in these mountains were seen another chain, being the mountains of Dauphiné and Provence.

J. AULDJO, F.R.S.—*Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc*. Longmans.

This ascent was made on a phenomenally clear day. Some details of the view of the immediate surroundings of Mont Blanc have been omitted, to avoid confusing with names those who do not know the locality.

There are innumerable interesting descriptions of panoramas of Swiss scenery seen from commanding points, among which may be noted—

(1) View from the Weissenstein near Soleure. (Miss CATLOW, *Sketching Rambles*, vol. i. pp. 16-24.) The panorama includes the whole Alpine chain, from the Tyrol to Mont Blanc, and especially the peaks of the Bernese Oberland, the lakes of Bienne, Morat, and Neuchâtel, and a wide view over the northern plain of Switzerland.

(2) View from the summit of the Wetterhorn, above Grindelwald, one of the finest peaks in the Bernese Oberland (A. WILLS, *Wandering on the High Alps*, pp. 296-300. Bentley), where the whole of the fine description should be read. To the east and south lie a sea of peaks, including the Ortler Spitz and other giants of Tirol, Monte Rosa, and other peaks of the Pennine Alps. Mont Blanc is hidden by the Oberland, which forms of course the most imposing part of the

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<sup>1</sup> The spectator is facing south.



view. To the north lies the fertile northern plain, the richest portion of Switzerland, bounded by the Jura. The view includes the lakes of Thun, Luzern, Zürich, and others of less note.

(3) The view from Monte Rosa, in the Pennine Alps, which form the southern boundary of the Rhone valley. (T. W. HINCHCLIFFE, *Summer Months among the Alps*, pp. 127-132. Longmans.) The plain of Switzerland is shut out to the north by the intervening Alps, in which the peaks of the Pennine Alps form the foreground, backed by the higher peaks of the Bernese Alps, on the northern side of the Rhone valley, while in the east the view extends beyond the peaks round Lake Luzern to the mountains of Tirol, many of them beyond the Ortler Spitz, and perhaps 200 miles distant. To the west were seen Mont Blanc, 60 miles distant, and the summits of the French Alps. To the south stretched Italy, with the lakes of Maggiore, Lugano, and Como, the cathedral of Milan, the vast North Italian plain, the Maritime Alps, and the blue haze of the Gulf of Genoa. This is another description which should be read *in extenso*.

(4) The celebrated view from the Rigi. (Dr. G. B. CLEEVER, *Wanderings of a Pilgrim*, pp. 254-257. James Blackwood. J. T. HEADLEY, *The Alps and the Rhine*, pp. 73-75. Wiley and Putnam.) The view includes the Alps from the Sentis in Appenzell to the Jungfrau, with a magnificent view of the Bernese Alps. To the west the country opens like a map, with the whole canton of Luzern in view. The eye passes on over Luzern and the gloomy Pilatus, and finally leaves the western horizon on the Jura mountains. To the south are the Bernese Alps and the mountains of Uri and Unterwalden, and to the east also stretches the Alpine chain. To the north peeps out Lake Zürich, with a glimpse of the town, the towns of Arth and Zug, while to the north the plain is bounded by the distant heights of the Black Forest.

## Bern

The first view of Bern is very striking. It is built on a lofty promontory, with the river Aar winding below at a great depth, and nearly surrounding it. The entrance is across a handsome stone bridge over the deep gorge, in which runs the dark green river—for from this height the river is quite that colour. As we drove into the city, the general impression was that the streets were handsome, the houses being built of stone, and though still of irregular architecture, they had a more stately and gloomy appearance than those of Basel; the same extraordinary diversity of chimneys, turrets, and odd additions are displayed on the tops of houses, with immense roofs projecting very far

over the street. The chief peculiarity of the houses is that the lower story is formed by a series of arcades supported by stone buttresses; under them are rows of shops, the arcades also being full of merchandise. Through the middle of the streets a stream of water runs, the sides of the course paved with flat stones, and covered over here and there. In the middle of each street is a fountain, and in some there are several, with an ever-flowing stream of water, at which most picturesque groups of women were performing all sorts of domestic operations, such as washing clothes, preparing greens, salad, and potatoes, cleaning their cooking utensils, or bringing away pails of water balanced on their heads. Their varied costumes gave the whole scene a completely foreign air.

On the south side of the cathedral is a terrace, planted with trees and overhanging the river Aar, which runs more than 100 feet below. This is the resort of the citizens for air and shade, and also to see the fine range of the Bernese Oberland, of which a very beautiful view is obtained in clear weather.

Miss CATLOW.—*Sketching Rambles.* James Hogg.

### **From Luzern, over the St. Gotthard**

We entered Luzern at the early hour of 4 A.M. The Sun had just risen, and was touching the mountains and lake with its glow. We established ourselves in apartments with a view lovely enough to gladden the heart of an anchorite: the lake at our feet, Pilatus and the Rigi on either side, with numerous other fine peaks rearing their tall heads and varied forms in all directions. The Reuss, having formed this fine lake, makes its egress from it, and runs through the town, crossed by several picturesque bridges, of which two are covered. The one nearest us is called the Kapellbrücke; it is very long, and has three bends, covered with sloping roofs and open sides, from which the deep, clear green waters of the Reuss can be



*J. Edgar Waller.*

LAKE OF LUZERN

looked down upon as it rushes below with extreme velocity. On the land side the town is surrounded by walls and watch-towers of various picturesque forms, which make it unlike any other Swiss town.

It is impossible ever to forget the impression made upon us by the first view of the lake of Luzern, with its grand amphitheatre of mountains. Whether from its great depth, or from some peculiar quality in the water, it is always more or less green, differing from the lake of Geneva as the Atlantic does from the Mediterranean. The lake of the Four Forest Cantons,<sup>1</sup> as it is generally called, is formed like an irregular cross, each of the arms bearing a different name, that near Luzern alone bearing the name of the lake of Luzern; the lovely bay, stretching to the south and bathing the foot of Pilatus, being the bay of Alpnach; that on the north, in which the Rigi reflects its wooded sides, the bay of Küssnacht. These two bays are very different in character. Alpnach is very grand, having the picturesque form of Pilatus on one hand, and the colossal rocks of the Burgenstock on the other; the small village from which it takes its name is seen at the end, with snowy mountains rising above and enclosing it on every side. The bay of Küssnacht is comparatively tame in outline, with the exception of the Rigi, but the gay fields and cottages, the gardens, orchards, and verdant pastures, form a pleasant contrast to its grander neighbour. After passing Gersau, the lake contracts, and Brunnen is seen on a level shore, backed by the two wonderful-looking rocks called the Mythen. There the lake seems to end, but not so. Suddenly it opens in quite an opposite direction, and the bay of Uri, the grandest and wildest portion of this beautiful lake, stretches to the south as far as the valley of the Reuss. The vast mountains rising on every side, and closing the end, with their rich clothing of wood; the sweet, soft spots of verdant pasture scattered at their feet, and the expanse of water, unbroken by islands, and almost undisturbed by any signs

<sup>1</sup> *German*, Vierwaldstätter See.

of man, made an impression which it would be foolish to attempt to convey in words.

After landing at Fluelen, at the head of the bay of Uri, we soon reached Altdorf, beautifully situated in the charming valley of the Reuss, surrounded by its fine girdle of snowy mountains. The open square in the centre of the town is the traditionary scene of Gessler's cruelty and Tell's triumph. We slept that night at Amsteg, and on a lovely morning set out fully prepared to enjoy our excursion over the St. Gotthard. Nor were we disappointed, for it is certainly one of the finest in Switzerland. The great beauty of the foaming torrent, dashing in an almost constant series of cascades over the rocks, the grand mountains towering to a great height on either hand, the lovely green of the trees, amongst which the Scots fir and the spruce are very conspicuous, the rushing waterfalls, the distant glaciers, all combine to form an almost unsurpassed series of pictures which are apt to take off one's attention from the wonders of the road. As a triumph of skill and perseverance this is worthy of unbounded admiration, as it winds from side to side of the river, taking advantage of every spot where it could be carried onwards and upwards, till, beyond Göschenen, in a narrow ravine, a series of zigzag terraces, crossing and recrossing the Reuss, and hemmed in by high and barren rocks, leads to the Devil's Bridge, where, amidst a scene of the wildest desolation, the river rushes down in a magnificent cascade, at the foot of which stands the bridge and the broken arch of the old one. A storm here must indeed be terrific—the scene is sublime without it, with it it would be fearful and appalling. Immediately beyond is the Urnerloch, or Hole of Uri, a wide tunnel 180 feet long, bored through a rock overhanging the torrent. When this tunnel is passed the valley of Urseren appears, striking the traveller by the contrast its fertile beauty affords. Andermatt and Hospenthal are soon reached, standing in fertile meadows brilliant with wildflowers. On the right is the snowy peak of the Galenstock, one of

the supporters of the Rhone Glacier; and on the left, above Andermatt, is the glacier of St. Anna; onwards at some distance is the Furka Pass (leading to the source of the Rhone, in an ice cave at the foot of the Rhone Glacier). Quitting the valley of Urseren, the road wound by a series of zigzags to the summit of the St. Gotthard Pass, through wild and barren scenery. The lake on the summit, with snowy peaks still rearing their giant heads all around, is itself 7000 feet above the level of the sea. After passing the Hospice, near which we gathered the most delicate gentians and other lovely flowers, in spite of the proximity of ice and snow, we immediately began the descent towards Italy by a series of zigzags. The road is cut down a ravine called the Val Tremolo. The snow still lay in abundance in this valley; deep beds filled the crevices through which the river was forcing its way. Our headlong drive soon carried us out of the snow into the midst of rich herbage, sweet chestnut and walnut trees, and as we swung above the beautiful valley of the Ticino, we could trace the road for many, many miles through it, following the course of the river. The views from many points were very fine, for the narrow valley lay at our feet, with a background of magnificent snowy mountains. After descending about 3000 feet, we reached Airolo. Two miles farther on we entered the beautiful glen of Stalvedro, which, however, is surpassed by that of Dazio Grande, a defile about a mile in length, and so narrow that the roar of the boiling river is almost deafening, though the road is now considerably above the torrent. On issuing from this savage defile we appeared to have exchanged Switzerland for Italy. The fir had disappeared, the scattered chestnuts became thick groves, and vines made their appearance. Swiss *châlets* gave place to Italian houses with colonnades, and the pointed red spires of Swiss churches to the tall, white campanile of Italy. On entering the Val Blenio, still lower down, we could see traces of the terrible calamity which, in the sixteenth century, nearly destroyed the whole valley as far as Lago Maggiore. An

earthquake threw down so large a mass of rock and stones as to arrest the course of the river, which, pent up behind this barrier, formed in the course of two years a large lake, and then gave way, and the torrent, in its headlong fury, swept away towns and villages, trees and meadows, as far as Bellinzona. Bellinzona is an Italian-looking town with narrow arcaded streets, and a fine bridge over the Ticino, a handsome, modern, and very interesting ancient church, and above all, three picturesque castles, which form a very striking feature in the scene.

Miss CATLOW.—*Sketching Rambles.* James Hogg.

Each of the Swiss passes has its own special features of interest, but none exceeds the St. Gotthard in magnificence of scenery. The railway, which is a marvel of engineering, enters the famous St. Gotthard tunnel at Göschenen, finely situated on the ravine of the Göschenen Reuss, with a fine glacier view at the end of the valley, and emerges at Airolo, a distance of over 9 miles, thus missing the fine scenery of the Devil's Bridge, where the gorge of the Reuss is compared by some travellers to the stupendous gorge of the Hinter Rhine on the Splügen Pass. From Bellinzona the through route continues by Lugano, on the lake of the same name, and Como, at the end of Lake Como, to Milan.

### Scenery of Lake Como

At length the great lake of Como appeared through the hills; and by the time we reached its head at Colico, all was dry and glowing on Earth, and the Sun was alone in heaven. Huge yellow flowers spangled the marshes, creeping and climbing vegetation perplexed the hedgerows, and lizards glimmering along every dwarf bit of wall, and peering out of every hole in the bank, almost lined the path with life. The journey along the margin of the lake soon glowed into luxuriant beauty, while its head, buried in rocky mountains, reminded me of the Scottish sea-lochs. The side on which our path lay was of a sunnier clime. There, too, the rock often stretched out before us into the deep blue water, but has been blasted for the road, which ran through gallery after gallery. Through their arched openings the vast blue water was seen in most glorious

contrast, while every fold in the hills opening fan-like, and every dark gully which furrowed them, was garlanded with the vine. Winding along this enchanted shore we reached Varenna, where we stopped to dine at a charming inn. It was the hottest part of the day ; we were in a large back chamber, looking down on the lake, now of fervid blue, and across it to lofty mountains, whose bare summits and breasts rendered the vast growth of noble trees and the luxuriant underwood which clothed their feet, and the bounteous vines just beneath us, more charming. A little below Varenna the lake divides into two branches, that on one side terminating at Lecco ; that opposite at Como, with the bright promontory of Bellagio between.

Sir T. N. TALFOURD.—*Vacation Rambles*. Moxon.

Manzoni, the Italian novelist, thus describes the scenery of the Lecco arm :—

“From one hamlet to another, from the hills around the lake to those adjoining, there run numberless footpaths crossing the little valleys, some of which are steep and precipitous, others flat and others undulating. In some places the paths dip down so much that they are quite lost to view between the narrow walls, and the traveller, raising his eyes, beholds but the heavens above, or the peak of some lofty mountain. Again there are terraces projected along the hill slopes in zigzags, and supported by walls, which from a distance appear like bastions or outworks, but which on the pathway itself scarcely attain the height of a parapet. Up here the traveller enjoys views of a most delicious and varied character. On one side he sees the azure plain of the lake cut by its isthmus and promontories, and upon its banks smiling landscapes. Sharply reflected in the water, on the other side, is the Adda, which has barely passed the arches of the bridge before it expands again into a little lake, and then narrowing once more stretches to the horizon in brilliant meanderings. Above are lofty mountain summits ; below, cultivated slopes, green pasturage and the old bridge of Lecco.”

### The Föhn Wind<sup>1</sup>

No wind is better known throughout almost the whole mountain district of Switzerland than the Föhn. Its visits are most frequent in the winter and early spring. The

<sup>1</sup> Compare the Chinook. See *North America*, p. 38, where an explanation of these winds is given.



atmospheric phenomena which accompany it are very beautiful. On the southern horizon a light variegated veil of cloud is seen resting on the top of the mountains. The Sun sets pale and lustreless behind the dark red sky, while the clouds continue to glow with bright purple tints. The night is sultry and dewless, with here and there a gust of cold wind. A reddish halo surrounds the moon. The transparency of the atmosphere causes the hills to appear much nearer than they are; the background assumes a violet tint. Far off is heard the rustling of the high woods and the roar of the swollen mountain torrents; a spirit of restlessness seems to be astir in the distance, and gradually it approaches the valley. The advent of the Föhn is heralded by a few violent gusts, at first cold and raw. A sudden stillness succeeds, and then in bursts an impetuous hot wind, rising sometimes to a hurricane. It prevails with varying force for two or three days, setting all nature in an uproar, hurling trees down the abyss, tearing rocks asunder, causing streams to overflow their banks, unroofing houses and cattle-sheds. In short, it is the terror of the country. Animals suffer under the influence of this wind, the dry heat of which first stimulates and then relaxes the sinews. No bird is seen in wood or fell. The universal discomfort is shared by man, who feels a lassitude in his nerves and sinews and an indescribable oppression on his spirits. Fires are immediately extinguished on every hearth; and in many valleys watchmen go about to make sure that this precaution is observed, as a single careless spark might cause a disastrous conflagration in the dried-up state of the atmosphere.

Yet although the Föhn brings more danger in its train than any other wind, it is hailed with joy in the spring-time, for it causes a rapid melting of snow and ice. In the Grindelwald Valley snow  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep has often been melted by the Föhn in twelve hours.

F. VON TSCHUDI.—*Sketches of Nature in the Alps*. Longmans.

This volume is admirably named. It is full of excellent descriptions of Alpine nature.

## A Glacier

The glacier is snow pressed into ice in slow movement. A river of ice, its flow to be measured by the records of months, not of moments—that is the glacier of the Alps and Polar lands. . . . From a distance a glacier seems to be white, with bands of grey, or of black from the moraines (strips of earth and stones showing on the surface). Studied at close hand it is a pageant of varied colours due to the variations of light and shade on its surface, and to the manner in which the refraction of the light is affected by the partial melting of the topmost layer of the snow. From this melting come little trickles of water which combine to form streams and then torrents. The beds of these torrents are blue in colour and like transparent glass—a lovely contrast with the general surface of the glacier.

F. Fox.—*Switzerland*. A. and C. Black.

The beauty of glaciers is well described by Sir MARTIN CONWAY in chapter ix. of *The Alps*. A. and C. Black.

## The Devastation wrought by Avalanches

I left Davos by the routes of Landwasser, Julier, and Maloja.<sup>1</sup> We set off at 6 A.M., under a clear frosty sky, upon April 5. Owing to the Föhn wind and constant traffic the snow road was broken into deep ruts and holes which made our sledges leap, jump, bump, buck, lurch, and thud in ways quite indescribable to those who have not experienced the process. The luggage-sledge behind upset three times in the course of the first 5 miles. The great avalanche track at Glarus we passed by means of a shelter gallery, and were soon engaged in the dreary gorges of the *Züge*. This name has been given to the narrow and precipitous ravine through which the Landwasser goes thundering to join the Albula and the Rhine, because on either hand, for the distance of about 2 miles, its steep sides

<sup>1</sup> Or Maloggia.

are swept by avalanches. *Zug* is the local expression for the track followed by an avalanche, and the ravine in question is a continuous series of *Züge*. I have seen nothing in the Alps which impressed me so strongly with the cruel blind force of nature as the aspect of the *Züge* on that April morning. Avalanche upon avalanche had been pouring down into the valley from 3000 feet above. The stream was buried beneath them to the depth of scores of feet. Here and there the torrent burst with clamorous roar from the jaws of one icy cavern, only to plunge into the silence and the blackness of another yawning mass of desolation. Millions of tons of snow, of uprooted rocks, and of mangled forests were lying huddled together, left to rot beneath the fretting influence of rain or south winds, slowly losing dignity of outline and substance in a blur of mottled, besmirched, pitted hideousness. Here there was a tunnel in the cliff, festooned with frozen stalactites, and clogged with the debris of ice dislodged by its own weight from the dripping roof. The walls of snow, where the excavation had been made in avalanches, rose to a height of 20 feet above our heads. Next came a wreck of stones and rubble, gnawed stems, shattered parapets, and snapped telegraph-posts. Over these we had to crawl as well as we could; the horses could only just contrive to get across the ridged deluge, climbing and descending, on narrow tracks delved by the road-makers. These tracks are encumbered with enormous blocks of limestone and round boulders, which fall independently of avalanches from scars left by avalanches on the heights above. And always rocks rolling in the ravines with a sullen roar; always, from time to time, the sullen clamour of the maddened torrent as it leapt from one black cavern to another; always the snow-slips shifting on the cliffs around us. There are several tunnels pierced in the living rock, and just before the mouth of the last of these an avalanche had fallen two hours before. It had carried away the road and parapets, depositing a sharply inclined slope of snow and dirty debris in their place. This we clambered over as well as we could on foot; the

horses, helped by their brawny drivers, had great difficulty in dragging the sledges across its uneven, treacherous slope, which extended in a straight line to the stream bed 20 yards below. The whole ravine left a sad and horrifying impression of ruin on the mind. Yet we must not forget that these deluges of snow have their beneficent aspect. By relieving the upper regions of the Alps of their accumulated burdens, they prevent the snow of exceptional winters from forming into *névé* which would sooner or later settle down as glaciers, covering the central chains, and altering the climate of the whole country. I was glad to emerge from the *Züge* and to gain those larch woods on the way to Wiesen, from which a distant and glorious view may be enjoyed of the pure mountain summits glittering in morning light. To think that those calm tracts of silver snow, so exquisitely moulded into peaks and "finely-pencilled valleys" above their sombre pine-woods, should be responsible for all the havoc and the horror of the *Züge*.

J. A. SYMONDS.—*Our Life in the Swiss Highlands*. A. and C. Black.

By permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.

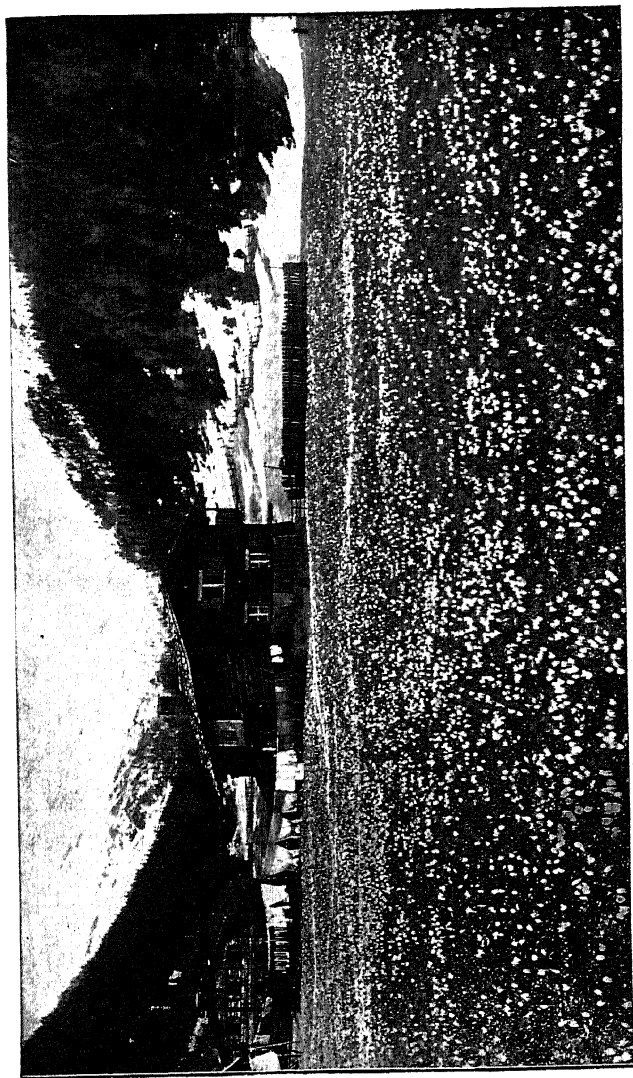
The above book contains good descriptions of the neighbourhood of Davos. The place itself has greatly changed since the book was written, in becoming a noted resort for consumptive patients and, in winter, for lovers of Alpine sports.

Another book which describes a favourite winter resort is *Château d'Oex: Life and Sport in an Alpine Valley*. E. D. LAMPEN. Methuen and Co.

## Beauty of Alpine Flowers

The Alpine plants often grow in dense masses, and their extraordinary splendour of colouring lends that magic charm to the fresh green turf, which renders the pasture lands of the high Alps so famous. Their balsamic fragrance is no less remarkable and characteristic.

The splendid Alpine rose (*Rhododendron ferrugineum*) has long been styled with justice the queen of Alpine plants. Whether emitting a single roseate glow above



*Entrance, Decos Platz*

AN ALP, OR HIGH MEADOW IN EARLY SUMMER

the roaring fall of some glacier stream, or spreading a purple carpet over the mountain which the lake reflects in her clear bosom, or mingling among the many-coloured flowers of the Alps, wherever it appears this flower diffuses an untold charm about it. The traveller finds in its successive degrees of development a gauge by which to measure the general conditions of Alpine vegetation. At 4000 feet above the sea the brown capsules are seen filled with half-ripened seed ; at 5000 the plant is in full flower ; at 6000 the bud most exposed to the sun is beginning to open ; and 500 feet higher the buds are just turning brown, uncertain whether they will be permitted to unfold at all during the course of the summer. This lovely queen of Alpine flowers is surrounded by a resplendent court. The tall purple, the spotted, and the yellow gentians rear their brilliant whorls of flowers above the lowly herbs which surround them, while the stalkless and spring gentians bestrew the young sprouting grass with their purple bells. As soon as the snow has disappeared from the high pastures the graceful Alpine campanula shoots up from the moist soil even on the very brink of the glacier, impatient to open its delicate lilac flowers. The bright yellow scented auricula and lowly saxifrage clothe whole tracts of rock, and the rose-coloured campions grow in large conspicuous patches. Among the loveliest children of the Alpine flora may be named the anemone, the blue and white globularia, the ranunculus, the blue and red speedwell, the millefoil, the groundsels, the creeping cinquefoil, the fragrant thyme, the red mountain house-leek, the blue Alpine starwort, the dryas, the housewort, the leek (which spreads in large patches), the violet, the gay orchids, the aromatic artemisia, the hawkweed, the blue Alpine columbine, the variegated colt's-foot, and the many-coloured tribes of the papilionaceous order. Some of these adorn the bare face of the rock, others seek the channel of glacier streams, or the banks of rivulets and lakes, fields of débris, or woods and thickets ; others again mount guard on the little glacier and snow dells, or

thrive in the rich soil surrounding the chalets; some clothe the pasture grounds, and others settle in the thin mould scattered here and there.

In addition to its floral wealth the Alpine region is rich in plants whose nutritious properties are far superior to those of the lowland tribes. The Alpine hay, when grown in good situations, is more than twice as good as that of the plains.

F. VON TSCHUDI.—*Sketches of Nature in the Alps*. Longmans.

## Summer Life in the High Alpine Pastures

The domestic animals of the Alps are the living ornaments of the scenery, otherwise almost oppressive in its grandeur. The mountains would lose half their charm if the small huts were absent, sheltering roofs to which the herdsman drives his flock, while the smoke curls up from his hearth, and his joyous song resounds from the rocks. The traveller well knows the oppressive melancholy which hangs in autumn over the rocky pastures, when men and herds, horses and dogs, fire, bread, and salt have abandoned the height for the valleys, and when the chalets are deserted and barred up. No sound mingles with the rumbling of the glacier and the monotonous rush of the ice-water.

It is difficult to state precisely the extent of the Alpine pastures, as it is modified by local circumstances. We may assume, generally, that the soil is regularly tilled for meadow-land and other purposes as far as 4000 feet above the level of the sea. From this level begin the *Alps* properly so called, which are merely used for summer pastures. They consist of tracts of grass of sometimes extraordinary extent, which stretch as high as the nature of the mountain permits. We can hardly place the mean upper limit of the Swiss cow-pastures higher than 6500 feet, since from that elevation precipitous slopes and pinnacles of rock extend to the line of perpetual snow. A few scattered oases, used in unusually fine seasons, reach as high as 8500 feet.

The cattle thoroughly enjoy the season of their Alpine sojourn. When the great bell, which always accompanies them on their journey to and fro, is brought among the herds in spring, a general excitement prevails; and the cows all assemble, lowing and frisking, recognising it as the signal for the approaching migration. Those which are left behind in the valleys often follow their companions of their own accord to the Alp. In fine weather it is a glorious life for them among those heights. The bear's-foot, motherwort, and Alpine plantain afford them wholesome and palatable food. The Sun's rays are less scorching than in the valleys, and there are no gadflies to disturb the heifers in their mid-day sleep. Instead of the close atmosphere of the stalls they breathe the pure, fresh air; whilst constant motion and a natural diet keep them in vigorous health. The Alpine cow knows every bush and puddle; the best grass plots, the time for milking; it recognises from afar the call of its keeper; it knows when salt is good for it, and when to go to the hut or the watering-places. It scents the approach of a storm, distinguishes unwholesome herbs, and avoids dangerous places. If a storm is expected the cowherds collect the cattle beforehand. The trembling animals stand in a body, with staring eyes and downcast heads, whilst the herdsmen go from one to another encouraging and coaxing each. When this is done, however violent the thunder and lightning may be, and however heavily the hail may pour down upon the herd, not a cow will stir from the spot.

The day of migration to the Alp, which generally takes place in May, is the most festive season in the year, both for cattle and herdsmen. Each herd, as it marches to the mountains, is accompanied by its own bell-cow. The great bell, borne by the handsomest cow, adorned with gay ribbons and a bunch of flowers between its horns, is often above a foot in diameter. These bells are the cowherd's peculiar pride, and with three or four of them, all in harmony with each other, and with smaller brass bells chiming in between, he rings himself in from village to



village on his progress. The train is preceded by a lad clad in a clean shirt and short yellow breeches; the cattle, with milking stools fastened between their horns, follow in file, and are sometimes succeeded by a few herds and goats. The herdsman brings up the rear with a sumpter horse, which carries the milking utensils, bed furniture, etc. On this day the *Ranz des Vaches* re-echoes through the mountains. Only a few verses of this peculiar song of rejoicing have been retained in the original text, and it differs in each separate district. The melody consists of lengthened trills and notes now abrupt, now protracted. The *jödel* is somewhat different. It has no words, but consists merely of wild melodious combinations of tones. With this the herdsman calls his cows and greets his comrades, using it especially as a means for holding distant conversation on the mountains. The day for the return to the valley, which takes place in a similar order, is a sadder one for man and beast. It is the signal for the break-up of the social union of the several flocks, which are returned to their different owners and return to their usual winter stalls.

F. VON TSCHUDI.—*Sketches of Nature in the Alps*. Longmans.

A familiar sight in these Alpine pastures is the cheese-houses, for storing the cheeses into which the milk is made.

Excellent descriptions of the Alpine pastures and flowers are given by W. A. B. COOLIDGE in *The Alps in Nature and History*. Methuen and Co.

### Mountaineering

Among the many books on this subject the following may be mentioned as giving accounts of early ascents of important peaks and good descriptions:

J. TYNDALL.—*Hours of Exercise in the Alps*. Longmans.

E. WHYMPER.—*Scrambles among the Alps*. P. Murray.

Sir MARTIN CONWAY.—*The Alps from End to End*. Constable.

## AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

### The Danube from Passau to Linz

THE first scene of beauty which arrests the voyager down the Danube is the city of Passau, and it is one, in truth, which may be reckoned among the more brilliant gems of the river. For some time before you reach it, the mountains have pressed nearer and more abruptly upon the stream; a commanding fortress is at length seen, overtowering the banks of the river; country-houses and gardens and orchards, terraced upon the mountain slopes, tell of an approaching town. Presently the quays and houses and towers and cupolas of Passau rise upon the view, and at first sight the city appears jammed in the ravine of the river and clinging to the rock sides. On the opposite side to the part of the town first visible, which wears a sort of Italian aspect in its blank white walls and flattened roofs, and its climbing tendencies, and that odd look of houses that appear to have been built only to group themselves into those vague, picturesque ups and downs so impossible to be described, above zig-zag roads and steeps, and tunnellings and sloping terraces and walls and bastions, rises on the very summit of the scarped precipices which form the left bank of the Danube at Passau, the picturesque and romantic fortress of Oberhaus. But it is only below the town that the full beauty of its situation is seen. To our left now, on the right bank of the Danube, flows into the stream the

notable river of the Inn, up whose long vista you discover half-seen pictures of mountain and precipice, and wood and castle. On the heights of the right bank of the Inn rise the double towers of a pilgrimage church, as if in rivalry of the fortress on the other. On our right, on the left bank of the Danube, rise the towers and battlements of Oberhaus, but, as we now stand, we can see that its masonry struggles and creeps down a still steeper precipice, to the dark little stream of the Ilz, which bursts round the base of the rock and falls into the Danube, exactly opposite to the Inn. And the strange little city of Passau is thus divided by the three rivers into three cities, each of which, the middle one of Passau proper being the largest, raises its head terrace fashion upon its respective height, a triple crown to the mighty river, and joins hands with the others by means of connecting bridges. The whole forms a very striking scene, but before we can gaze our fill a promontory intervenes, and Passau is lost to sight.

The change is wonderful. We are surrounded on all sides by steep mountains clothed with forests. The river spreads out into a lake, completely closed in by the wood-clad amphitheatre. On and on for many long miles, through scenes of the most romantic beauty, past mountains clothed from top to bottom with dark pine, and ruined castles peering out from amidst the fir forests on the summits of precipices and sequestered ravines, where nestle small villages with overhanging roofs and wooden balconies, and side valleys, up which you see waterfalls and hanging bridges, and over rapids and whirlpools that boil and rage around you. Scenes succeed to scenes of romantic and even awful beauty, and when you have fallen into raptures with one, there comes another yet sublimer still. What comparison is there between the Danube and the Rhine? What is the poor toy of the Lorelei to the Danube's thousand giant flanks of mountain and precipice? What is the panorama of the seven mountains to the imposing line of the great

mountains of the Salzkammergut, which, as the precipitous banks of the Danube gradually decline into the plain near Aschach, suddenly rise along the immense horizon to our right, crowned with eternal snow. But now, again, we enter a defile, where the river cuts its way through a chain of mountains which descend to the water's edge in nearly vertical cliffs, and I know we are approaching Linz. Now the citadel and church on the summit of the Pöstlingberg are visible, and now, again, a few low round towers peep from among the rocks and trees, and all on a sudden we emerge out of a narrow gorge, and there before us lies a great luxuriant valley surrounded by mountains, and Linz is on our right, with churches and its castle, and the long bridge, and the suburbs of the town, overlooked by convents and churches on high, are to our left. What is Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein to boot to Linz, and the marvellous view from the heights above of valley and flood, and convent and castle, and snow-capped mountains and forest-decked hills, which by the Rhine would be mountains?

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.—*Letters from the Danube*. Bentley.

Scenery of the same character continues for some distance below Linz, after which the Danube enters a plain.

### Distant View of Vienna

Having crossed the wide plain, teeming with productions and habitations of industry, we reached the brow of the low eminences that border to the north the valley through which the Danube has its course, and took our last look of the magnificent river and of an extensive and interesting prospect. To the east downwards the plain sinks into the horizon, and the towers of Pressburg, and even the foremost eminences of the more distant Karpathians, were discernible. To the south-west are the ridges of the offsets from the ridges of the Styrian Alps, which form the rapids of the Danube; to the west the

country rises gradually from vineyards to orchards, higher still to precipices and forests and mountains, to the commencement of the Alps; to the south the lofty snow-clad summits of the Styrian Alps, embracing one side of the plain on which Vienna stands, and sending out its promontories abruptly down towards the Danube, enclose the circle. In the midst of this vast panorama lies in full view the whole city and suburbs of Vienna, with its cathedral and lofty spire rising against the sky, and still as the most striking feature of every view of which it forms a part, the Danube, the monarch of European rivers rolling its rapid and mighty stream, and hurrying along vast floats of wood and heavy-laden barges on its bosom.

ANON.—*Eight Weeks in Germany.* Longmans.

## Vienna

In Vienna the great sight is the city itself, a scene of busy life hardly to be surpassed in London or Paris. The general plan of the city is peculiar. The central part is surrounded by a series of broad open spaces or rings, often planted with trees, answering somewhat to the Parisian boulevards, but wider. These take the place of the ancient fortifications, and are lined in many parts with the most sumptuous edifices, palaces, theatres, and public buildings. Beyond the Rings lie a series of suburbs much surpassing the city in extent. The northern and eastern suburbs are separated from the boulevards by arms of the Danube, which unite near the north-eastern part of the city and sweep round the inner boundary of the Prater, most beautiful of European city parks.

In the city proper all the main streets radiate to St. Stephen's Cathedral, which, with its magnificent South Tower, forms the chief architectural glory of Vienna. Nothing can well be conceived more graceful in its proportions than this tower, which rises to the height of 444 feet

in a series of arches and buttresses, regularly retreating, and wrought with the finest elaboration.

REV. S. G. GREEN. — *Pictures from the German Fatherland.*  
Religious Tract Society.

By permission of the Religious Tract Society.

## Pressburg

From the water Pressburg does not give much promise of beauty. But come to the ruined castle on that high hill-top, beside the town, and we shall there have a better bird's-eye view of Pressburg. As we settle down upon the hill-top, the aspect of the ruined castle, so little picturesque from the river, is wholly changed. It was evidently once a royal palace worthy of the name. How boldly it overhangs the town beneath. How splendid is the view over the old town and its many towers, the hundred windings of the great broad Danube, with its numerous arms and islands, the vast plain to the south, studded with large tracts of wood, the distant mountains to the west that close Germany from our sight, and in the intervals of which we might catch a glimpse, if the day were clear, of a gray point, the tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, and behind us, over that beautiful panorama of richly-wooded mountain and valley, which renders the environs of Pressburg of such loveliness as few towns can boast.

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON. — *Letters from the Danube.* Bentley.

## Budapest

On the left bank the mountains dwindle to hills, the hills glide down into the plain, on the right the mountains retire from the river. Before long the rough precipitous outline of the Blocksberg on the right bank, but lying before you on the horizon, begins to announce to you that you are approaching the Hungarian capital. The long

line of the far-stretching suburbs of old Buda begin to rise to your sight on the same side, and green wooded islands stud the stream; then the Margarethen-Insel is passed with its gardens and woods, and then all at once what a wonderful panorama is before your eyes. On the right is Buda, with its terraced garden and stately hanging palaces, rising above each other up the mountain side, its palace and its citadel, Buda, the old capital of the Hungarian monarchy, the city of mediæval memories and great historical deeds. Beyond rises higher still the huge Blocksberg, crowned with its fortress, with suburbs clinging to its side. On the left are the palace-like houses which line the quays of Pest, spreading along the flat banks of the plain on that side. Pest is the representative of modern reforms, modern ideas, modern architecture, as Buda on its height of old aristocratic stateliness and ancient times. The two form a panoramic whole, which will scarcely find its match in the world.

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.—*Letters from the Danube*. Bentley.

Very graphic descriptions of the view from the Blocksberg and of the surrounding country will be found *ibid.* vol. i. pp. 288-296.

For the view of Buda seen in ascending the river, see p. 118.

## The Danube in Hungary

The left bank of the Danube opposite Semlin is flat and swampy, and indications of the mouth of the Tisza<sup>1</sup> soon appear. This great river which, with its numerous tributaries, drains the whole of the country to the north-east and east, as far as the Karpathian mountains in both directions, is in many respects the most interesting and important of all the feeders of the Danube. The agricultural value of the plains it crosses is great, almost beyond calculation. It passes the hills of Tokay, whence comes the richest and most valued wines in the world. The river valley leads up to the most picturesque and interesting districts of Hungary.

<sup>1</sup> *German*, Theiss.

The whole of the country between the Save and the Danube, for upwards of 100 miles, is a narrow strip, the two rivers running nearly parallel. The land is high, and the hills rise near the river on the south side, while opposite are the plains, rich but flat. After meeting the Drave the Danube makes a turn, and the direction of its course is nearly due east for a long distance. Past the mouth of the Drave commences the great expanse of Tertiary rock of the Danubian plains. The country is for the most part flat near the river, but rises in small undulations a little distance from it. Occasionally there are hills of some magnitude.

Through the plains thus crossed come the principal rivers that feed the parent stream, and it is here that the great agricultural wealth of Hungary may be considered to culminate. But the great and most interesting feature of the Danube, in this great sweep through the plains, is the almost infinite multitude of smaller islands. They are all so green and so bright, and so nearly of the same shape that the resemblance is startling.

The approach to Budapest is strikingly beautiful. Coming up from the great plain, the ground on the left hand, at first a low, alluvial cliff, gradually becomes higher, and a harder rock, a kind of limestone, rising out of it. Near Promontore the river bends, and the heights of Buda first come into view. They are fine and well situated, and behind them is a noble amphitheatre of much loftier hills at a considerable distance, embosoming the lower range, and greatly increasing the effect. It is this distant range of higher hills which one fails to appreciate in coming in sight of Buda from the north, for they have already been passed, and the city and its crowning fort are merely seen standing out of the water, with hardly any background and little picturesque effect.

Prof. D. T. ANSTED.—*A Short Trip in Hungary and Transylvania*.  
W. H. Allen and Co.

By permission of Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co.



### The Hungarian Puszta

As far as Tokay our route had been among smiling valleys and by lovely brooks; we had passed under the shade of magnificent woods or been cheered by the prospect of cloud-capped mountains; but the Tisza once crossed, a scene so different opened upon us that we could scarcely believe ourselves in the same hemisphere. All that surface of country from Budapest to the borders of Transylvania, and from Belgrad to the vine-bearing hills of Hegyalla, is one vast plain occupying a space of nearly 5000 square miles.

The soil of the *Puszta*, as might be anticipated from its extent, is various in its nature and in its powers of production. A considerable portion is a deep sand, easily worked, yielding fair crops in wet seasons; a second, found principally in the neighbourhood of the Danube, Tisza, and Temes, is boggy, but capable of the greatest improvement at little cost, and a third is a rich black loam, whose fertility is almost incredible.

J. PAGET.—*Hungary and Transylvania*. Murray.

For the mirage of the Puszta, see *ibid.* vol. ii. p. 9.

A French traveller has given a striking description of the *Puszta*.

"I saw the vast plain, bathed in the sunlight, unfolding with a sort of rhythm its solemn undulations. No mountains, no hills, no hedges, nor barriers divided the land, but an open immensity of a pale green, the monotony only broken by fields of ripe corn here and there, standing out like golden islands, and furrowed, as is the sea by ships, by carts drawn by silvery-coloured oxen. The flood of tender light which poured over the plain produced the most astonishing effects of beauty and novelty: rays of blue, violet, and yellow were spread over the immense green carpet, the corn, and the flowers, making the dew sparkle like diamonds."—VICTOR TISSOT, *Unknown Hungary*. Bentley.

Elsewhere the same writer speaks of "the vast plain chequered with richest tints of topaz, amethyst, and lapis lazuli; fields of clover outspread in moving and rose-coloured expanse, like a lake at sunset."

### The Banat

It was by Szegedin that we entered this El Dorado. It is a town of considerable traffic, with which its situation

at the confluence of two such rivers as the Tisza and Maros has naturally endowed it. Our route from thence to Temesvar lay through a flat and often swampy country, but at the same time so overladen with the riches of production that I do not recollect ever to have seen so luxuriant a prospect in any other part of the world. It was the month of July, and the harvest was already begun. Every field was waving with the brightest yellow corn, often so full in the head as to have sunk under its own weight, and the whole plain seemed alive with labourers, though apparently there were not half the number required for the work before them.

The Banat is a district in the south-east corner of Hungary, between the Tisza, Maros, and Danube. It was not till the close of the eighteenth century that it was entirely free from Moslem incursions. Joseph II. determined to render it equally populous and civilised with the rest of Hungary. To tempt settlers land was sold at exceedingly moderate prices, and Germans, Greeks, Turks, Servians, Valachs, nay, even French and Italians were brought over to people this luxuriant wilderness. The soil, a rich black loam, hitherto untouched by the plough, yielded the most extraordinary produce. Fortunes were rapidly made, and some of the wealthiest of the Hungarian gentry at the present day were then poor adventurers in the Banat. Except the olive and the orange there is scarcely a product of Europe which does not thrive in the Banat.

The scenery of the Banat is extremely various—from the flat plains of Thorontal to the snowy mountains of Krasso, almost every variety may be found which the lover of nature can desire.

J. PAGET.—*Hungary and Transylvania.* Murray.

### The Klisura or Gorge of the Danube

At Moldava the river widens considerably and wears all the appearance of a beautiful lake. As we proceed.

however, we soon discern a narrow cleft in the high rocks, through which the river forces its way. Through this narrow defile the wind tears madly, as if to defy our entrance. The pent-up waters are now covered with innumerable waves, as, flowing over reefs which lie only a few feet below the surface, eddies and whirlpools are formed. The scene is surely one of the most magnificent in the world. On either side are lofty crags which rise precipitously out of the raging waters. On the topmost crest of that to the left stands the ruined stronghold of a robber-knight, while a little lower down on the right bank, crowning the summit of an almost inaccessible rock—the two having once held the keys of the Pass—stand the crumbling ruins of a feudal castle, with its nine towers and battlemented walls dominating the river.

After passing the first rapids we find ourselves in calm waters. Looking back the scene is sublime, and the Danube, hemmed in on all sides, as at Moldava, with precipitous mountains, once more wears the appearance of a lake. Beautiful as are the defiles of the Rhine between Bingen and Coblenz, they are but a mere toy compared with those of the Lower Danube.

To the right are the ruins of a Roman fort, the first visible tracings of the Via Trajana, while on the left or Hungarian bank we trace the magnificent modern road. This roadway is formed in some places, where the rocks rising sheer out of the water admitted no pathway, of vast galleries which pierce the mountains, whilst in others the road is carried along the outside of the rock, widened by terraces of masonry.

Borne onwards by the swift current, we now approach the second defile. Rounding a rocky rampart which rises perpendicularly out of the water, the cataracts of Izlas and Tachtalia come in sight, two sister reefs consisting of hard porphyry, which, stretching across the river-like dams, extend for a mile and a half.<sup>1</sup> Here and there, piercing through the surface, are pointed rocks, round which the

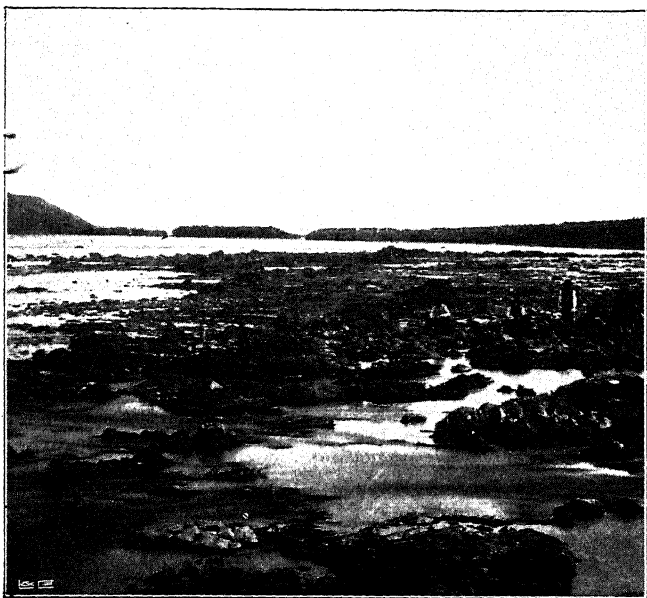
<sup>1</sup> This is sometimes called the Little Iron Gate.

water, rushing fiercely, makes innumerable eddies, till at length we reach the monster whirlpool that so often proves fatal to small craft. We pass by a mere shave through a narrow channel in the reef. We no longer steam, the current bearing us along, while the captain stands on the bridge looking down anxiously on the boiling, seething mass. As soon as we have safely descended the rapids and doubled a sharp promontory, the river begins to expand, until it again attains the proportions almost of an inland sea, when it again becomes contracted, and we approach the formidable and perilous passage of the Greben, in the centre of whose reefs stands ominously an iron cross.

We have now crossed three of the great rapids of the Danube, with their tremendous breakers and currents. The river leaps forth into a broad channel, and embraces an island where a Greek church has been erected, and above which rise bluff escarpments and walls of rock, containing cracks and rents like loopholes of a Cyclopean citadel. At this point commences a line of Roman fortifications, which with little interruption form conspicuous objects on the left bank of the river for 20 miles, until, indeed, we reach the magnificent ruin of Tricule, with its triple-towered castle. Immediately after passing this castle we arrive at another imposing spectacle. Already the majestic limestone crags flanking its threshold are in sight, and we steam beneath rocks which rear their summits almost perpendicularly to a height of over 2000 feet from the water's brink. Beneath, the narrow channel of the river, suddenly cramped to its smallest dimensions, rushes with a deafening roar, and rolling its waves over its rocky bed with a noise like thunder, lashes the rugged sides with furious spray. This is none other than the celebrated Kazan pass—a defile so narrow, notwithstanding the depth of the river, 200 feet at this point, that we tremble lest our steamer should foul. If this river presents such a wild and savage scene now, what must it be in winter, when it becomes a mass of floating

ice. How wonderful and terrific must then be its aspect as, bearing down on its current huge boulders of ice, they knock and crash against each other, and then, hurling against the rocks, grind themselves to powder!

At the termination of this last defile we arrive at



THE IRON GATES OF THE DANUBE

Trajan's tablet, hewn in the solid rock, on which are inscribed his titles, together with the names of the legions by whom the road was constructed.

We descended the Danube thus far for the purpose of steaming through the renowned Iron Gates, about 20 miles below Orsova; but although it is said to be the most dangerous and formidable of all the rapids of the

river, having two distinct falls of 8 feet, which at low water form foaming cataracts, yet the scenery is comparatively tame. In the place of rugged and scarped precipices rising to a height of from 1500 to 2000 feet, the mountains slope landwards. But at last the splendid Danube, having lashed itself into weariness over the reefs which, extending for a mile, constitute the Iron Gates, widens considerably and flows on henceforth with calm and dignified demeanour.

ANON.—*Magyarland*. Sampson and Low.

By permission of Messrs. Sampson and Low.

## Prag

Prag is divided into two unequal parts by the river Moldau, which here looks almost as large as the Elbe, after the two rivers have united. The great body of the city lies on the right or east bank of the river, and is situated in a flat, the hills on this side being at a short distance from it. On the other side of the river, however, the hills come close to its banks. The town on this side is consequently built on the slope of the hill, or on the hill itself, and it is this fortunate configuration of its western site, together with its noble river, that is the main source of all that is grand and picturesque in the aspect of Prag. It may be doubted if the exterior or landscape view of any city in Germany quite equals in grandeur and beauty that presented by the Hradschin and Kleinseite of Prag, as seen from the opposite side of the river, and assuredly no prospect of a city occupying a level site surpasses that of its eastern half, the Altstadt and Neustadt, as looked down upon from the Hradschin. In the former view we see house upon house, terrace upon terrace, climbing the steep hill in every variety of outline and colour, and its lofty summit majestically crowned with palaces and churches, their towers and spires relieved against the sky. In the latter we have the city of the plain spread out beneath us,

a picture of roofs and walls, cut into subordinate patterns of the quaintest forms by the darker lines of the streets; the general level of its surface being broken by the churches and convents, and spires, and turrets, that spring up in all directions, while the whole of its nearer outline, both on the east and north, is seen bounded by the glittering river as by a frame of silver.

Sir J. FORBES.—*Sight-seeing in Germany and the Tyrol.* Smith, Elder, and Co.

A recent traveller writes: "Prag can never recover her impressiveness until she extinguishes the factory chimneys and compensates the porcelain works and removes them to an airy distance. Prag, as a place of beauty or of pleasure, is impossible. Nothing saves you from the solid carbon particles. The superb mass of palace and cathedral across the river becomes majestic only in the evening, when the Sun makes even the smoke drift beautiful. Then the steep bank and the towers merge into one rich tint of brown; the sky grows lurid over them; you can scarcely see the water, gliding silently from the bridge; and the Hradschin seems like an enchanted city, floating in an unholy glamour between our earth and heaven. If Prag, as we may hope in reason, is to become the Bohemian Budapest, a good deal of her antiquity must suffer. Modern capitals require light and life, boulevards and spacious gardens. The new museum is a fine beginning, and much old Gothic will go down before it, regretted more by those who visit the town than by those who live in it. So long as the towers are spared, with their high-pitched roofs and airy pinnacles, Prag will have a character of her own."—Professor G. A. J. COLE.—*The Gypsy Road.* Macmillan.

### Cracow<sup>1</sup>

In all Poland there is no city whose first appearance can compare with that of Cracow. The valley of the Vistula here forms a deep, hollow, even basin, surrounded with hills, in the midst of which lies the stately old city, with its palaces, huts, castles, and numberless spires and steeples. It is surrounded by pretty villas and convents nestling among fertile meadows and blooming gardens, and the arms of the Vistula flow round and embrace it. Towards the north the horizon is crowned by low wooded

<sup>1</sup> Or Krakau.

hills, and towards the south by the distant summits of the lofty Karpethians.

J. G. KOHL.—*Austria*. Chapman and Hall.

A picturesque description of Cracow will be found in Professor COLE'S *Gypsy Road*, Macmillan, pp. 7-11.

### A Visit to the Salt Mines of Wieliczka

The salt mines of Wieliczka are certainly the most beautiful and upon the greatest scale of any in the world.

We went down flights of stairs, passing through mould and clay, until we reached the upper story. The first chamber we entered was the Upper St. Ursula's Chamber, the next the Under St. Ursula's Chamber, then the Michaelovich, the Drosdovich, the Emperor Francis, etc. These chambers have been named after saints, distinguished mining engineers, Polish kings, and Austrian emperors. On an average each of these is 100 or 150 feet high, and 80 or 100 feet long and wide. They had the appearance of huge subterranean vaults of Gothic architecture. Wooden steps leading from gallery to gallery were fastened to the walls. Workmen stood in each of these galleries, holding torches and lanterns, which lit up the dark walls. One who stood in the highest gallery lighted a large bunch of oakum and threw it down. It burnt up in a minute, and the flame towered high in the air, lighting up the glittering vault to its highest summits and revealing fresh and unknown depths below. The old mines are very picturesque, particularly where the roofs dividing the stories have fallen in, and thus opened abysses to the view at which the spectator shudders. The new mines with their regular beams and props, strong even walls, and strong neat chambers were far more prosaic. In some caverns immense chandeliers cut out of salt have been hung up.

. Some of the old salt caverns have been turned into stables, others into chapels and churches. In the chapels everything is made of cut salt—altar, walls, ceilings, doors, crucifixes, niches, pedestals, and statues. In one saloon,



whose walls are resplendent as with the gleam of thousands of diamonds, the subterranean fêtes are given, and the illuminations on these occasions surpass our most magnificent ballrooms in splendour. The saloon must resemble a fairy palace when completely lighted up.

The most wonderful of all the wonderful spectacles which these caverns and vaults present are the subterranean lakes. There are nearly twenty such, on which a few boats are kept. We were rowed over two. Each was several hundred feet long and about 20 feet deep, and far above these arched the huge salt rocks. We seemed as if in another world.

J. G. KOHL.—*Austria*. Chapman and Hall.

## Salzburg

Almost every traveller in Germany declares that, upon the whole, Salzburg, with its feudal citadel, not unlike Edinburgh Castle, its river, and its band of craggy insulated mountains, is one of the most beautiful and imposing spots in the whole of Germany. It stands at the foot of two precipitous heights, not at all unlike the position of Edinburgh from Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags when seen from the west, the huge rock in front being crowned by the castle, which proudly overlooks the city and the whole course of the river till it falls into the Danube along with the Isar at Passau. The chain of the Noric Alps, now fast sinking down into the plain, seem to throw their arms half round this ancient city, while a series of lower, but craggy mountains stand round as an inner guard. The town itself is situated about 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and is much exposed to cold and rainy blasts from the snow-clad mountains around. It is to its situation, and the beauty of its environs, combined with the ecclesiastical and historical associations, that this, the Canterbury of Germany, owes its celebrity.

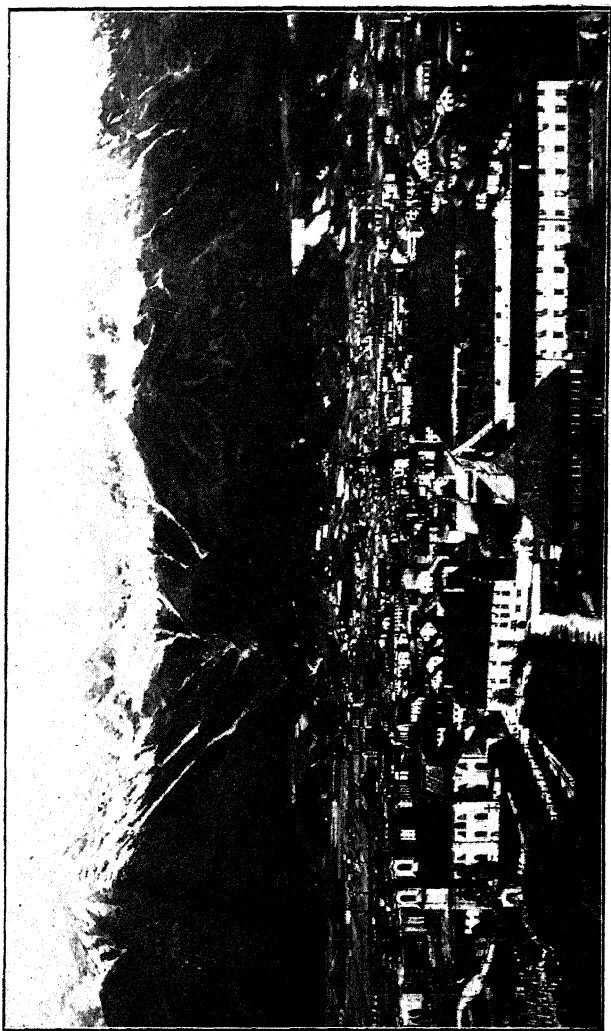
ANON.—*Eight Weeks in Germany*. Longmans.

The same writer adds: "On leaving Salzburg the traveller should

proceed to Ischl, to Salzkammergut, and to the falls of the Traun, which, though not so elevated as the cascade of Terni, nor so large as that of Schaffhausen, yet possess the same peculiar characters of grandeur in the precipitous rush of their awful and overpowering craters, and of beauty in the tints of their stream and foam, and in the form of the rocks over which they fall, and the cliffs and woods by which they are overhung."

## Innsbruck

Crossing the Inn at Volders, we pursued our journey to Innsbruck, along the opposite bank. The mountains on the right hand, that is the left bank of the river, become progressively loftier and wilder, closely bounding the road in the form of bare vertical cliffs, and occasionally exhibiting in the rugged recesses of their summits large patches of unmelted snow. Then the mountains again withdraw a little from the valley, leaving some green slopes at their base. On the other side of the river the mountains, in approaching Innsbruck, take a direction a little more to the south, away from the valley, leaving for its immediate boundary a lower range of green and wooded hills, over and beyond which the peaks of the greater range tower up blue in the distance. It is at the point where the mountains on the left bank have attained their greatest elevation and come close to the river that Innsbruck is built, its houses occupying the whole breadth of the valley, here considerably narrowed, from the base of the steep cliffs on the north to the base of the green hills on the south. Lying thus almost entirely in the valley, and for the most part on level ground, the prospect of the city, as seen by the traveller approaching from the east, is somewhat disappointing. Seen, however, from the range of hills bounding it on the south, as also from the higher portion of the noble road approaching it from Italy, it makes a very different impression. From this point of view the lowness and general flatness of the locality on which the city stands, is relieved by a portion of the suburbs being now seen on



INNSBRUCK

the slope beyond the river ; while new features of a much more important kind are added to the picture. The magnificent range of mountains forming the northern boundary of the valley is here seen rising up, like a gigantic wall, from the very border of the city, and filling up with its dark peaks, intermixed with snow, the whole sky above it.

Innsbruck has enough of the old irregularity of plan to give an air of picturesqueness to some portions of it, though several of the principal streets and squares are quite of modern character. The antiquity of some of the streets is shown by houses being supported on arcades, with a passage underneath. Small turrets in the roof and oriel windows are also not uncommon, though few of them have the elegance of those of some of the older German cities. An oriel window of this sort, or rather a verandah, called the Golden Roof, on account of its roof being of gilt copper, is one of the standing sights of Innsbruck. The river runs through the town, but so near its northern extremity as to leave but a small portion of the houses on its left bank. From the bridge, from which the town takes its name, and indeed from many other parts of the town, the view of the adjoining mountains is very striking. They seem actually overhanging it, and according to the local proverb, the wolves can look down right into the streets of the city.

Sir J. FORBES.—*Sight-seeing in Germany and the Tyrol.* Smith, Elder, and Co.

For the famous Hofkirche, with the splendid tomb of the Emperor Maximilian I., see *ibid.* pp. 198-200.

### A Glimpse of the Dolomites

I was eager to set foot on the Seisser Alp, and the following day was devoted to it. Looking backwards the snowy range was seen greatly extended towards the north, comprising not only the Adamello and other Spitze groups, but also the mountains of the Oetzthal. Every peasant

pointed out the latter with promptness. Some were acquainted with the Oertler as well, but none knew anything of the Adamello. It is singular that on the same horizon an almost continuous chain of mountains should be so differently known. The summit of the Seisser is reached by a gap in the rim, and looking back through this the Schlern, which had been growing more imposing with every step, is seen filling up the space, a grand purple mass of wall. There is still a climb, and then huge white shapes rise in front over the undulating surface, like ships at sea; a little farther, and he who wishes to behold the Dolomites has before him some of their finest specimens. The Schlern, to the south-west, forms the mighty buttress of the whole; the Ross Zähne (red teeth), well named, both from form and colour, follow, stretching eastward. Then come the gigantic masses of the Platt Kogel and Lang Kofel; the first sliced off, as by the malice of a Titan, at a single blow; the second, an array of splintered spires, ash-tinted or pale yellow. A confusion of cindery peaks and precipices succeed bearing northward; a green elevation of the Seisser itself hides more of them, as it has already hidden the Oertler and his fellows. A sudden dip shows a portion of the Noric chain, clear, with its delicate snows. The Lang Kofel undoubtedly centres in itself the chief interest of the view. It is a citadel of the giants, walled, bastioned, battlemented, turreted, all in fit proportion.

GILBERT AND CHURCHILL.—*The Dolomite Mountains*. Longmans.

By permission of Messrs. Longmans.

"The Dolomites arrest the attention by the singularity and picturesqueness of their forms, by their sharp peaks or horns, sometimes rising up in pinnacles and obelisks, at others, extending in serrated ridges, toothed like the jaws of an alligator; now fencing in the valley with an escarped precipice many thousand feet high, and often cleft with numerous fissures, all running vertically. They are perfectly barren, destitute of vegetation of any sort, and usually of a light yellow or whitish colour."—MURRAY'S *Handbook to the Tyrol*.

"Sometimes they take the appearance of towers and obelisks divided from one another by cracks some thousand feet deep; at others the points are so numerous and slender that they put one in



THE DOLOMITES

mind of a bundle of bayonets or sword blades. They impart an air of novelty and sublime grandeur to the scene which can only be appreciated by those who have viewed it."—*Ibid.*

"Their colouring is another striking characteristic. Many of them are painted most brilliantly and beautifully, and rivet the eye with the richness of the deep reds, bright yellows, silvery whites, and dark blues and blacks of their rocks. Yet there is nothing crude or hard about them. All their colours are softened and modified by a peculiar, soft, grayish-white tint."—Dr. A. ROBERTSON, *Through the Dolomites*. George Allen.

### By Rail from Trieste to Vienna

The route through Illyria and Styria to Vienna has a threefold interest. You see so many changes in the Earth's surface, and so many varieties of man, and finally, you mark so many gradations of speech. The geographer, the geologist, the naturalist, and the artist may take their fill of mountain scenery, varied strata, complex vegetation, and wonderful effects of aerial perspective.

North of Adelsberg commences the wild and desolate expanse called the Karst. It is an immense tract of gray limestone, worked of old time by the Venetians, and known as Istrian marble. It starts here, at the east of the Alpine spurs, and stretches away through Dalmatia and Albania into Greece. I never saw a more hideous region. It is more terrifying in its barrenness than the great stony desert of the north of Spain; for there at least the stones are broken and heaped in wild disorder about the landscape, offering all kinds of fantastic shapes, replete with changes of light and shade. The Karst is one huge pie-crust of limestone. It is furrowed, riddled, and pierced into caverns, clefts, gully-holes, rock-basins, valleys that have no outlets, and rivers without any perceptible sources or reservoirs. All life seems suddenly to have become petrified. Yet Nature can smile sometimes in these howling wildernesses. In a few out-of-the-way corners of the Karst the vine and olive grow, and yield fruits of Italian sweetness and savour. Nay, successful attempts have been made to cultivate the Marasca cherry, the

brother to the wild red cherry of the Dalmatian hills from which is made the liqueur called Maraschino.

But why am I lingering on this blasted heath, or rather quarry, while the wondrous pass of the Semmering Alp awaits me? On goes our train, through enchanting mountain scenery, now stern and sublime, now soft and smiling; you shall be carried by towering viaducts over such valleys as you have never seen before. Here is one with a babbling brook, and a tiny flossy skein of a waterfall, and a church half-hidden among chestnut trees, and an old keep on the top of a high hill, and dozens of white cottages nestling amid trellised vines—the vines are grown here as in Italy, and not in the spiky, hop-pole French fashion—and the painted effigy of the Virgin in its little penthouse in the foreground.

It was my lot, ere the day was out, to witness a change in the aspect of the scenery and the condition of the atmosphere, for which I was wholly unprepared. This was April 22, in the latitude of Lyon. At Trieste, abating a touch of the *bora*, the temperature had been well-nigh oppressive. So late as 10 A.M. we had to journey through a really southern clime, for miles and miles by the blue and waveless Adriatic, and through teeming regions of vines, which, in some cases, covered the very slopes of the railway cuttings and embankments, through groves of figs and olives and fields of Indian corn. We got to Graz about 3 P.M., and plunged with an almost appalling suddenness into the depth, or rather the height of winter. The entire country was a mass of snow, the rivulets were frozen, the tiny lakes were sheets of solid ice, the snow lay thick in the village streets and on the roofs of village houses. The air was piercingly cold. Sleet and then snow came down, and continued falling until evening. Under these circumstances did we cross the Semmering. So by Gloggnitz and Wiener Neustadt we came about 9.30 P.M. to Vienna, and found the atmosphere as soft and balmy as that of a spring night should be.

G. A. SALA.—*Rome and Venice*. Tinsley.



Trieste is finely situated. "The region between Adelsberg and Trieste is one of forlorn desolation—a level and monotonous waste. That 'merchant-marring' wind, the *bora*, has apparently blown away the soil and laid bare the rocky skeleton of the world. But let not the traveller's heart fail him. About 5 miles from Trieste the elevated plateau over which he has been travelling suddenly ends and falls off abruptly to the sea, and he finds himself on the brow of a headland, with one of the loveliest prospects on Earth before him. Close at hand, seemingly at his feet, lies Trieste, with its mole, harbour and shipping, a shining fringe to the green lap of a southern hillside covered with vines, fig-trees, chestnuts, and olives. Beyond is the blue Adriatic stretching away to the islands of Venice, while on the west and north-east the prospect is closed in by the mountain chains of Istria and the Rhaetian Alps."—G. S. HILLIARD, *Six Months in Italy*. Murray.

The scenery of the Semmering line has been contrasted with that of the Brenner line (from Innsbruck to Verona). "The abrupt windings and twistings of the Semmering line, flying from mountain to mountain over three-storied viaducts, burrowing through giant rocks, sweeping round awful curves at the very edge of sheer precipices, so high that the goodly farmhouses below look like dominoes strewn on a green cloth, render this route indisputably more thrilling and astounding than the Brenner, which is mainly hewn out of the living rock, with scarcely a viaduct to relieve the monotony of the endless stone wall."—W. BEATTY KINGSTON, *A Wanderer's Notes*. Chapman and Hall.

Of Graz the same writer says: "Once visited, it becomes an object of intense longing; one yearns to get back to the peaceful nook at the foot of the Styrian Alps, to lounge on the modest suspension bridge, and listen to the incessant struggling of the impetuous river, to climb the steep castle hill, and from the giddy height of the clock tower gather in at a glance a triple range of stately Alps, a wide expanse of undulating land dotted with pretty villas, fat convents, and busy manufactories, a fine old city, belted by the silver stream that brings toothsome trout down with it from its mountain home in Upper Styria, and a ring of hilly suburbs, faced with vineyards and crowned with country houses."

## Contrast between Bosnia and Herzegovina

The watershed of the Adriatic and the Pontus in the Dinaric Alps separates the two provinces. That towards the north, Bosnia, is a thickly-wooded country, rich in mines, and traversed by long, well-watered valleys, and a mass of hills broken up into many ranges, finally sinking away towards the plains of the Una and the Save, and

which leaves an impression on the mind of the sometimes wild and romantic, sometimes more homely beauty of Styria. Herzegovina slopes away in a south-westerly direction in a series of broad terraces, which stretch far away to the north-west and south-east, and which ultimately descend abruptly into the sea. The rocks of the Karst, with their weird shapes, stand before us bare and desolate; but from the Karst there suddenly break waterfalls, springs, nay, even perfect streams, and wheresoever these flow, springs forth a luxuriant vegetation; fertile tobacco fields flourish side by side with the fig-tree; the red blossoms of the pomegranate wave to and fro; rice and olive bear fruit. Then lo! as suddenly the earth has again swallowed up the river, which now hastens in its subterranean course far below, in the hollows of the mountains, and the enchanted waste of rocks once more spreads out before us. The profound solitude of this wilderness is broken here and there by Oriental towns, mediæval castles and keeps, and widely-scattered picturesque villages, wherein dwell a dignified and proud people, of inflexible courage, ever ready for war or song.

J. DE ASBOTH.—*An Official Tour through Bosnia and Herzegovina.*  
Sonnenschein.

By permission of Messrs. Sonnenschein.

### Across the Dinaric Alps by Rail

We left Sarajevo at 11.40 A.M., and quickly traversing the plain of Ilidze, entered the outliers of the Dinaric Alps by the bed of a stream which comes winding from the higher hills beyond. As the train crept along the declivities, or swept round the terminal ends of the side valleys, we had some charming peeps of the country—village, farm, forest, rock, and peak in ever-changing combinations. About 22 miles from Sarajevo we reached the foot of the Ivan Sattel, which forms the watershed between the Save and the Narenta. Shortly afterwards we passed on to

the rack-and-pinion portion of the line. Then followed a succession of tunnels, deep cuttings, and chasms spanned by iron bridges of peculiar construction, the arches being turned downwards. The highest point (2867 feet) was attained at Ivan Station, immediately after emerging from the Ivan Sattel tunnel. The descent afforded some striking glimpses of the barren Karst mountains of Herzegovina. As we turned into the Narenta valley the most noticeable change in the scenery was the appearance of the Spanish chestnut among the forest trees. From Konyica, charmingly situated on both banks of the Narenta, and making a great display of mosques, minarets, and other conspicuous-looking buildings, the iron way follows the right bank of the Narenta through scenery of the most romantic character, and after crossing a few turbulent tributaries by handsome iron bridges, especially that over the entrance to the magnificent gorge of the Rama, it sweeps round to Yablanica, where it takes a southward direction. Yablanica lies in the hollow of a rocky basin in the midst of vineyards, orchards, clumps of green foliage, and patches of cultivated land. But it is in the contemplation of the surrounding amphitheatre of fantastic peaks, fringed with streaks of snow of dazzling whiteness, that the real grandeur of the locality comes home to one. In a glance the eye bounds from vegetative luxuriance to arid desolation. To scan the horizon in this world of rocks is to follow a sprawling outline far up in the blue vault of heaven; and in the contorted shapes of the weathered, sunburnt crags and scars half-way up, one is excused if he sees the ruined castles and forts of a race of antediluvian giants. When the works of these titanic rock-carvers come to be widely known, Yablanica cannot fail to become a rendezvous for the true lovers of the sublime in Nature. Shortly after leaving Yablanica, we came to the entrance of the famous Narenta defile, one of the grandest in Europe, a rocky gorge, some 12 miles in length, separating mountains which rose on each side to the height of 6000 or 7000 feet. For a distance of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles the

precipitous banks of this waterway are almost perpendicular, rising to the height of over 1000 feet, and yet in one place the river bed is so narrow that a sudden spate raises the level of the water some 40 or 50 feet. The denuding power of the current has worn down every obstacle so uniformly that there are scarcely any waterfalls along its course—at any rate, not sufficiently large to prevent flat-bottomed boats laden with fruit from going down all the way from Konyica to Mostar. From the steep banks now and again a mighty spring gushes forth and dashes its contents in foaming stream or cascade into the Narenta. It is not until the traveller escapes from the overhanging rocks of this marvellous defile that he realises the complete transformation that has taken place in everything around. The dark sylvan scenes of Bosnia have given way to dry, barren rocks, and, with the exception of a few favoured localities, and some green fringes along the water's edge, there is little sign of vegetation.

Dr. R. MUNRO.—*Rambles and Studies in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia*. 2nd ed. Blackwood.

By permission of Dr. R. Munro.

A fuller description of the scenery of the route, and especially of the gorge of the Narenta, "one of the most magnificent mountain passes in the world," will be found in ASBOTIĆ'S *Official Tour through Bosnia and Herzegovina*, pp. 245-255, Sonnenschein. For Mostar, see *ibid.* pp. 255-263.

## Mostar

The situation is picturesque, and would be more so but for the barrenness of the hills which surround it. The Narenta runs between and over black rocks, and below the town the hills come so near the river as almost to form a gorge. Above this the land to the north-west broadens out into a smiling plain, covered with maize fields and vineyards, but also enclosed by bare hills. On the left bank of the river lies the town, straggling out from a cluster of buildings to terminate in a permanent military camp at each end. The low stone-roofed Turkish houses

and minarets contrast oddly with the huge and hideous red-tiled buildings run up for residential and official purposes since the occupation. The suburbs on the other bank are mostly native at present, and their numerous gardens make them pleasant to the eye.

Just at the mouth of the above-mentioned gorge comes the "lion" of Mostar, the famous *Starimost*, or old bridge. From between two high, black cliffs a pointed arch, 55 feet high, crosses some 90 feet at a single span. A similar but much smaller and modern arch crosses a confluent stream just below the great bridge. This stream is in itself one of the prettiest things about Mostar. Not only does it end its existence with a fall of considerable size into the Narenta, but throughout its course it is a charming, babbling trout-stream, with picturesque mill dams. Its source is curious. It is what is known as a cave stream. The whole body of water swells out in one mass at the foot of a precipitous cliff. It is, when new born, large enough to drive a mill-wheel, and actually does so a furlong lower down. These cave streams are not uncommon.

ANON.—*The Land of the Bora.* Kegan Paul.

## Bosnia and its Capital

It was formerly three and a half days' journey from Brod to Sarajevo, along almost the identical road by the side of the Bosna, now travelled by the railway. From Brod the railroad passes through part of the Save Plains and the valley of Ukrina as far as Dervent. From this point the line winds along between the central hills in a south-easterly direction towards the course of the Bosna, which it then follows almost up to its source.

It was at Vranduk that we first got a glimpse of the wild and romantic Bosnian scenery in all its splendour: the black timber houses clinging to the rocks on the far side of the roaring Bosna, with their ground-floors serving as stables, and their overhanging upper stories, even in

their present ruined condition, still serving as formidable bastions and bulwarks to the old Turkish fortress—the mousetrap of this gorge, which winds along amidst huge, rugged boulders and mighty arches in the rock. The pass soon widens out, and under the shelter of crag and forest large fields of maize lie spread before us; but yet larger tracts of land remain awaiting the cultivator's hand. Thus, with only an occasional halt, did we pass on our rapid journey, through small and large villages and romantic wild scenery, where now and then a noisy mill represents the industries, and where the amount of devastated forest land and the preponderance of maize over all other kinds of agricultural produce bear witness to the general condition of husbandry. Nevertheless, upon the heights vast forests may still be seen, and at many of the railway stations great piles of planks bear testimony to a newly-awakened trade. Down in the valleys, however, only a few isolated trees growing between the houses and huts are visible, and on the site of the uprooted woodlands there is as yet scarcely a sign of any new activity. From Zenitsa the scenery of the Bosna grows ever more romantic as it rushes along amongst the weird forms of its crags and boulders. To the right and left, as the country opens up, it becomes more cultivated, and many groups of harvesters may be seen at work gathering in the corn, of which maize no longer forms the chief part. The country was now steadily opening out; a rich, fruitful, highly-cultivated plain lay before us, surrounded by commanding heights, and watered by the Bosna, though close to its source. In the background, where those hills close in again like some giant amphitheatre, we caught our first glimpse of "Golden" Sarajevo, one of the most beautifully situated towns in the world. Between the wild fissures and precipices of this background a mountain torrent winds down in broad reaches, to cut the whole town in two when it reaches the valley, flowing under the nine bridges of Sarajevo, between, nay, even under the houses, many of which stand on piles.

The most beautiful view is from the slope of the northern ridge. Towards the south the town lies extended, showing her most beautiful quarter, which contains the fewest modern houses and the most gardens and tall poplars. The labyrinth of houses bends back on a gentle bow to the river, only to struggle forward again up the slope on its farther side up to the dense green forest, above which again tower rocky cliffs many thousands of feet in height. The real enchantment of the picture, however, lies in the minarets, which rise white and slender in countless numbers.

J. DE ASBOTH.—*An Official Tour through Bosnia and Herzegovina*. Sonnenschein.

By permission of Messrs. Sonnenschein.

### Racial Geography of Austria-Hungary

Many descriptions will be found in the following dealing with this complicated question :

- A. BRUCE BOSWELL.—“The Racial Geography of East Central Europe,” an article in the *Geographical Teacher*, No. 46, Autumn 1916. G. Philip and Son.
- F. H. E. PALMER.—*Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country*. Newnes.
- H. TORNAI DE KÖVÉR.—*Hungary in the Peeps at Many Lands Series*. A. and C. Black.

## THE BALKAN STATES

### Serbia

THE country on the whole is well watered. In addition to the natural streams and rivers the traveller will occasionally meet with artificial watercourses made by the Romans, by which fields at a distance from the river are still irrigated. The watersheds of the various streams are ranges of hills rather than mountains. The valleys between are very fertile, and the pasturages swarm with cattle. Indeed, though Servia abounds in wild mountain scenery, yet this arises for the most part from the number of detached conical mountains rising from the plain and low grounds, and from irregular groups of hills rather than from lofty mountain ridges. On the Bosnian frontier, however, the country becomes more rugged and mountainous; and not far from the Bulgarian border on the east the Karpathian range crosses the Danube from Hungary, and forming with its bluffs of limestone and its precipices of porphyry, the Iron Gates of the Danube, spreads itself out on the Servian side of the river into ridges which cross and recross in the wildest confusion. Whilst these mountains give great picturesqueness to the scenery, they make the country in this part very abrupt and inaccessible. In some parts of the country the hills and mountains are still covered with dense forests, mostly of oak and ash, of beech and birch; where these have been cleared the slopes of the hills are green with vineyards and with fields of Indian corn. The banks skirting



the roads which wind through the forests are carpeted with the wild strawberry, and the open glades which run into the woods abound with the wild raspberry. The weeds and wildflowers of the fields are also those that are commonly met with in England. The hedges are powdered with the honeysuckle and clematis, and fringed with yellow broom, with bramble bushes, dog-roses, and the white and black thorn. The wild pear and cherry, the plum and the apple, may be seen in great numbers in the woods; the acacia and laburnum are met with by the sides of the roads, and lilac-trees abound on the hill-sides. Vineyards are very common throughout the country and yield a very good wine. In the interior of Servia the cottages stand in the midst of small orchards of cherry, plum, apple, and pear trees. The fruits of the two latter are dried and exported in large quantities, whilst from the plum the favourite brandy of the country is distilled. Another article of commerce of great value consists of the acorns of a particular species of oak. Large quantities are exported for tanning and dyeing leather. Countless herds of pigs are fed in the vast oak forests on the acorns which cover the ground for miles.

Rev. W. DENTON.—*Servia and the Servians*. Bell and Daldy.

This book, though out of date in parts, especially in the sections devoted to the towns, contains many good descriptive passages.

“The pig has been to Servia, like the herring to Holland, the chief source of her commercial wealth, and the cause of her freedom. The heroes of the War of Independence, who in the sixteenth century dispersed the fleet of Philip II., were herring-fishers; Milosh and his comrades were breeders and sellers of pigs. Innumerable herds of these animals, in an almost wild state, fatten on acorns in the vast forests of the central region. They used to be brought in droves towards the Save and Danube, and sold for consumption in Austria and Hungary. Now the oak forests are devastated, and American bacon is used everywhere.”

E. DE LAVELEYE.—*La Péninsule des Balkans*. Brussels. An English translation is published by Fisher Unwin.

## Belgrad

I know few more smiling prospects than the approach to Belgrad by water on a fine afternoon. Thirty years ago it was, as always, *Beograd*, the white city, but you were confronted by an expanse of those high walls which veil the mysteries of Moslem households, and many a minaret jutted out against the sky-line. You still behold a white city, but the high walls have given place to white houses smiling confidently through windows of the European fashion, and instead of many minarets two modern buildings alone protrude above the rest, the cathedral with its russet steeple, and the new palace in the middle of the town. The white houses glitter in the sunshine, like a flock of freshly-washed sheep straggling up and over the hill to their rendezvous by the cathedral; while the Roman fortifications of the citadel, maroon with age, afford the most harmonious contrast imaginable with the limes and acacias which peer out from between the buildings. An electric tramway whirls you up a precipitous road, and in two minutes you are at the parapet of the public gardens, gazing out upon a panorama which assuredly can have few rivals. On the extreme left is the dark, indented cone of Mount Avala, whose poetic name fitly accords with the countless fairy legends conferred upon it by Servian poetry and saga. From the woods of Topchider to the south-west the green Save hastens to unite with the sluggish, bilious Danube, which belies tradition, for it is anything but blue, and wriggles away into the broad flat plains of Hungary. The charm of the landscape lies in the infinite variety of colouring, the mauve mists, the copper beeches, the silvery sheen, a kaleidoscope which seems shaken at every season and almost at every hour.

## Montenegro

The general aspect of Montenegro is that of a succession of elevated ridges, diversified here and there by a lofty mountain peak, and in some parts looking like a sea of immense waves turned into stone. The mountains are all limestone, as in Dalmatia; but in no part of that country do they appear to be tossed about as in Montenegro. Some idea of the rugged character of the country may be formed from the impression of the people themselves, who say that "when God was in the act of distributing stones over the Earth, the bag that held them burst and let them all fall upon Montenegro."

Sir J. GARDNER WILKINSON.—*Dalmatia and Montenegro*. Murray.

For a fuller description and some characteristic Montenegrin landscapes, see *ibid.* vol. i. chap. vi.

See also article by Cozens Hardy in *Geographical Journal*, Nov. 1894; and *Montenegro* in *Peeps at Many Lands*, ROY TREVOR. A. and C. Black.

## Across Rumania to the Karpathians

The appearance of the plain on leaving the flat monotonous banks of the Danube is anything but prepossessing. Although the land begins to rise almost immediately, the surrounding scenery is flat and arid. The plain is overrun with coarse grass, weeds, and stunted shrubs, diversified by fields of maize, patches of yellow gourds, and kitchen vegetables. The chief plants are willows, alders, poplars, tamarinds, but chiefly willows and poplars amongst the trees and larger plants; maize, wheat millet, and other cereals, and a variety of fruits and vegetables. The women, as in many other Continental countries, are the chief workers in the fields. They are not alone engaged in agricultural pursuits, but perform the work of navvies, making roads, and along with the men, digging railway embankments. Sometimes, as one walks through the country, he may see the peasants gossiping at the well, which is a hole dug in the ground and fenced in with

planks, the bucket being raised and lowered by means of a very primitive contrivance. More primitive even than the wells are some of the peasants' houses in the plains. A large hole is dug deep in the ground. This is lined with clay, if necessary, and from the ground, or immediately above it, a roof is formed of branches and twigs, in the centre of which a hole is left for the issue of smoke. Sometimes a primitive doorway forms the entrance, and the people descend either by steps or by an inclined plane, whilst at the opposite end a window is inserted. Such hovels, it is said, were first constructed in order that they might escape the notice of the bands of marauders who have at one time and another overrun the fair Danubian territory, and they were originally surrounded by trees that have been cut down for firewood, and that the spirit of conservatism causes many peasants, otherwise well-to-do, to prefer these underground dwellings.

As the distance from the Danube increases, we enter upon a much more diversified and smiling landscape, and almost every plant growth of the sub-tropical and temperate zones is found. Amongst trees the oak, elm, and beech are the most conspicuous; but besides these the maple, sycamore, mountain ash, lime, horse-chestnut, acacia, and of fruit trees, the walnut, hazel-nut, plum mealar, cherry, apple, pear, and vine are frequent. Fields of maize are interspersed with beds of bright yellow gourds. Wheat, oats, millet, and other cereals are common. Little baskets containing twenty or thirty fine purple plums may be had for a penny, and beautiful peaches or large bunches of fine grapes are purchased at a proportionately low price.

The peasantry and their habitations wear the appearance of comfort and prosperity. No more subterranean dwellings, but in place thereof, villages consisting of habitations which resemble more or less the cottages and chalets of Switzerland and the Tyrol. The roadside cabarets, or public-houses, are often very picturesque, the roof being ornamented with festoons of vines, indicative of the creature comforts dispensed within.

But we must dwell no longer on this region of fruitfulness, and must pass on to the Alpine regions beyond. As we travel through the ascending valleys into the pine-clad rocks and mountains, it is difficult to know with what European highlands to draw a comparison. The summits of the mountains are often very jagged. *Rosszähne* or horses' teeth, as they are called, are seen, but they are dark gray, and not white or yellow like the Dolomites. The trees are the same as in other Alpine lands, firs, pines, larch, and birch growing thickly to a height of about 5000 or 6000 feet above the sea-level; then come grass and Alpine flowers, and finally the rough, jagged summit. Whatever region it may resemble, and perhaps its nearest analogues are the wilder portion of the Bavarian Alps, or the less rugged parts of the Tyrol, it is lovely and romantic, and needs only to be visited by a few Western tourists to become an extension of the playground of Europe; for in combination with beautiful scenery there are charming costumes, primitive houses, and some interesting phases of Oriental life.

J. SAMUELSON.—*Rumania, Past and Present.* Philip.

By permission of J. Samuelson, Esq.

This, the standard work on Rumania, contains much trustworthy information and is well illustrated, but is out of date as regards current conditions. It may be supplemented by the chapter on Rumania in Emile Laveleye's *Balkan Peninsula* (English translation published by Fisher Unwin), a volume which may also be consulted for other Turkish provinces of the Balkan Peninsula.

"There is no country in Europe so well fitted as Rumania for rich agriculture. It is like Lombardy, but is double its size. To the north, instead of the Alps, rises the lofty barrier of the Karpathians, whence flow, through numberless valleys, as many streams, which, following the slope of the ground, flow due south towards the Danube, the equivalent of the Po. At the foot of the Karpathians the region of hills stretches from east to west, sinking gently till they lose themselves in the great Danubian plain. This plain is made of yellow clay, which is very fertile, and along the river of a belt of the famous black earth that constitutes the wealth of Southern Russia."—E. DE LAVELEYE.

The scenery of the Karpathians between Rumania and Transylvania has been thus described—

"The scenery increases in picturesque beauty as we approach the Karpathians. The forests increase in grandeur and beauty; there are patches of bright red earth among the greenery; then saw-mills, rustic Alpine-looking cottages, with their heavy roofs, stone arches spanning the innumerable windings of the Prahova; more Alpine scenery, some gay châteaux, another town, and we steam into the little station of Sinaia. . . . Magnificent mountain scenery unfolds as the train steams out of the little station; giant peaks looming through and above the rolling sea of vapours, pile upon pile, in most sublime confusion. The train is moving very slowly on account of the loose and uncertain nature of the soil on which the line is laid, so slowly indeed that it is quite possible to sketch the awful crags and chasms as they gradually open out another and another vista of massive rock and dense forests of sombre fir, until a brilliant gleam falls far below on masses of beech and oak and chestnut, with here and there a sunny upland touched with deep blue shadows, a bright green patch of velvet, flower-bespangled pasture; a torrent rushing through the deep ravine; a solitary homestead in a lonely valley. We are descending the beautiful gorge of the Prahova, leading to the Hungarian frontier. We creep timidly along, with innumerable windings, crossing many bridges, till we reach the frontier station, having passed shortly before the magnificent gorge of the Hirschthal; we steam along once more, and are soon again surrounded by a bewilderment of beauty, for now we are in the celebrated Tömös Pass. It is, if possible, more grandly beautiful than even the Prahova valley: on the left hand a tangle of leafy dell, wild gorge, and tumbling waters; on the right, bold mountains, forest-clad, or showing stern granite crag and fearful precipice. We gradually emerge from this exquisite forest scenery on to a sunny plain, rich only in its exquisite colouring."—Mrs. WALKER, *Untrodden Paths in Rumania*. Chapman and Hall.

## Bukarest

Bukarest, in the national tongue Bucuresci, "the city of pleasure," is the capital of Wallachia. Being a city of recent date it naturally boasts few or no antiquities. The position of the town is somewhat peculiar, for though placed in the midst of a plain of broad expanse, it is surrounded on nearly every side by low hills, which, while they screen it pleasantly in winter from the blasts which sweep down upon it from the frozen steppes of Russia, and from the cold Black Sea, render it a perfect oven in July and August.

To see Bukarest, as it should be seen, the spectator should climb one of the hills on the south side of the city,

and look into it from the top. The view is then most charming, for the metal plates which cover the domes of the scores of churches which it contains, reflecting the dazzling rays of the brilliant Sun, produce an effect which may well be described as splendid. In the month of May, when the lovely gardens with which the town abounds are bedecked with verdant foliage and graceful flowers, the sight is unusually pleasing.

J. W. OZANNE.—*Three Years in Rumania*. Chapman and Hall.

“The view from the top of a tower shows the roofs lost in foliage, recalling Moscow seen from the Kremlin ; but in the centre, where land is dear, they are now building lofty houses as in Paris.”—E. DE LAVELEYE, *The Balkan Peninsula*. English translation published by Fisher Unwin.

For a more detailed description see J. SAMUELSON, *Rumania, Past and Present*, Philip, vol. iii. pp. 36-49 (with illustrations).

A good description of Galatz is given by Mrs. WALKER, *Untrodden Paths in Rumania*, ch. i.

## Bulgarian and Balkan Scenery

Northern and Southern Bulgaria are divided by the Balkan chain. In addition there is the Rhodope chain in the south, which serves as part of the boundary between Bulgaria and Turkey ; the Sredna Gora, or Middle Mountains, between the two ; the Rilo and Votosh mountains, both, the last immediately, south of Sofia, the capital. The general height of these mountains is about the same as the Karpathians, none rising more than about 9000 feet above the sea-level. Their summits are, with few exceptions, rounded, and their composition chiefly limestone, but many different strata crop up at the surface in and near the mountains. Some of these, as the vertical walls of sandstone at Belogradchik, are very bizarre ; whilst at Philippopolis huge granite hills spring directly from the plain. A mineral which enters largely into the composition of the Balkans is an argillaceous mica-schist, which gives them in places a very brilliant appearance as it glitters

brightly in the southern sunshine, often reminding one of the pass of the Tourmalets in the Pyrenees. Another very striking characteristic of the Balkans, which the eye never tires of beholding, is the frequent recurrence of limestone escarpments, rising at different elevations and sometimes extending for miles. These resemble somewhat the Eagle Cliffs at Llangollen, and if the reader should ever approach Tirnova on the road from Biela, where these cliffs rise precipitously from the roadside, he will find them largely composed of fossiliferous limestone. A striking feature of the country is the sudden transition from plain to mountain, the nearest approach to which is seen on the Worcestershire side of the Malvern Hills. You may drive for hours along a level road, with a perfectly flat plain on either side of you, reaching miles and miles into the far distance, and then suddenly a high mountain range rises on one or both sides at the boundary of the plain. In some parts you have beautifully undulating country, as on the southern slopes of the Balkans, and then perhaps a long expanse of elevated plain; but the vast plateau, with its mountain ranges at the extremities, leaves the most durable impression upon the mind of the traveller. These plains themselves possess another striking peculiarity. Small hills, varying in height from 20 to 30 feet, generally overgrown with grass or a few stunted trees, rise from the plains almost throughout the whole country. These are *tumuli*, or burial mounds, and they may be counted by thousands.

The plains of Bulgaria are irrigated and drained by several important streams. The Isker has its source in the south-west of South Bulgaria, and flowing northwards it breaks through the Balkans, which it divides into two ranges, not far from Sofia. Perhaps the most interesting is the Yantra, whose course winds circuitously between high limestone rocks through and round Tirnova; and as one travels over the undulating country between the old capital and the Danube, every now and then he obtains beautiful glimpses of the river, often hemmed in by perpen-



dicular walls of limestone. Another fine river is the Maritsa, whose sources are near those of the Isker; it flows past Philippopolis, where it is already a broad river, crossing South Bulgaria from east to west, and finally disappearing into the Ægean Sea.

J. SAMUELSON.—*Bulgaria Past and Present*. Kegan Paul

By permission of J. Samuelson, Esq.

"The Eastern Balkans are destitute of lofty summits and perpetual snows, like the formidable *cols* of the Alps and Pyrenees. They present in some parts bare ridges and rugged scarps, but almost everywhere pap-like ridges, like the *ballons* of the Vosges, or rather a series of summits slightly pre-eminent, with wide bases, clothed with trees on their flanks, and crowned with pastures where the snow does not remain during summer. They are, moreover, garnished nearly throughout with dense forests, tall herbage, impervious thickets; therein lies the difficulty of making a path through them. The upper valleys are narrow, deep, and edged with rocks; but they very soon spread into wide plains. Their spurs, with one exception, are of slight elevation, small extent, and slightly steep; they enlarge suddenly into terraces, thus forming successive stages plainly marked, which constitute the ground plan of Bulgaria; finally, in sloping gently towards the Danube, they terminate in high steep banks, which command the left bank of the river. It follows from this configuration of the country that on the Bulgarian side the upper ridge of the Balkans may be easily reached by a variety of passes, which are really rugged, steep, and tortuous, in the crest passes alone. On the Rumelian side, the slope of the Balkans is, on the contrary, strongly inclined, falling abruptly into the plains. The aspect of the chain is, nevertheless, sombre and devoid of grandeur, and the passes present scarps and formidable cavities."—SUTHERLAND MENZIES, *Turkey, Old and New*. W. H. Allen.

For the Central Balkans, see *ibid.* pp. 488, 489; for the routes across the Balkans, *ibid.* pp. 490-492. Mr. Samuelson's book gives a comprehensive account of all aspects of Bulgaria. It may be supplemented by the chapters on Bulgaria and Rumelia in EMILE DE LAVELEYE'S *Balkan Peninsula* (English translation published by Fisher Unwin), pp. 237-288.

"The view from the summit of the Balkans is not so fine as we expected. We could not see the Danube, and the country between the Danube and the Balkans is flat and uninteresting. The beauty of the Balkans lies in the rich vegetation which clothes the sides of the mountains. When we began the descent towards Sofia the aspect of the country entirely changed. There was not a tree to be seen, and the mountains, still lofty, were bare of vegetation. Some of the mountains were crowned with high cliffs which gave them a striking appearance."—I. G. MINCHIN, *Bulgaria since the War*. Kegan Paul.

"The Bulgar villager produces by his individual industry almost everything he needs in the world. The clothes of both men and women are entirely home-made. The men wear a sheep-skin cap, and short rough jacket of good homespun cloth over a waistcoat of the same, baggy knickerbockers, cloth gaiters, and cow-skin moccasins. In winter both men and women wear sheep-skin jackets, the wool turned inside, the outside prettily embroidered. The houses are well and substantially built of either timber, stone, or wattle and daub; the dwelling-rooms are generally over a large stable, in which the cattle are housed at night. In the sleeping-room are always found piles of coverlids and woollen rugs, all made by the women, and generally home-made linen sheets. The coverlids are quilted, either with fine combed wool or the down off the bulrush."—H. C. BARKLEY, *Between the Danube and Black Sea*. Murray.

For Sofia, a modern town on an elevated plain, at the foot of Mount Votosh, with the Balkans in the distance, see *ibid.* pp. 116-135; for Philippopolis, picturesquely built on granite hills springing out of an almost level plain, see *ibid.* pp. 142-148. E. DE LAVELEYE.—*The Balkan Peninsula*, pp. 275, 276 (English translation). For Tirnova, J. SAMUELSON, *Bulgaria Past and Present*, pp. 172-183.

"Sofia is a bright town, with most of the appliances of civilisation. The shop windows display all the articles and nothing but the articles one is familiar with in Western cities. Indeed, I think, if I were placed suddenly in the centre of Sofia, not knowing where I was, I should guess that I was in one of the commonplace modern cities of the German Fatherland."—E. DICEY, *The Peasant State*. Murray.

## In Macedonia

At sunrise the highest peaks of Athos were still visible above the long low line of Cape Drepano, and at noon we were making way up the Gulf of Saloniki, Ossa, Olympus on our left, lines of noble mountain grandeur, but rapidly becoming indistinct as a thick sirocco-like vapour gradually shrouded over all the features of the Western shore of the gulf. The vale of Tempe, so long a dim expectation, is now a near reality, and Olympus is indisputably at hand, though invisible for the present. There were, however, wearily long flat points of land to pass, ere Saloniki was visible, a triangle enclosed in a border of white walls on the hill at the head of the gulf, and it was nearly 6 P.M. before we reached the harbour.

. . . . .

We left Saloniki by the Vardar gate, which at that early hour was crowded with groups of the utmost picturesqueness, bringing goods to market in carts drawn by white-eyed buffaloes; immense heaps of melons appeared to be the chief article of trade. The broad sandy road, enlivened by these peasants, soon grew tiresome, as it stretched over a plain whose extent and beauty were altogether hidden by the thick haze which clung close to the horizon. Hardly were the bright white walls of Saloniki long distinguishable, and as for Olympus and the mountains, they were all as if they were not. At 11.30 A.M. we reached the Vardar. After halting for a meal we trotted or galloped for three hours across a continuous, wide, undulating bare plain, all the distant landscape being hidden still. Near the road many great tumuli were observable on either side during the day, and a large portion of the plain near the Vardar was white with salt, a kind of saline mist appearing to fall for more than an hour. At the eighth hour we had approached so near the mountains that their forms came out clearly through the hazy atmosphere, and one needle-like white column, the minaret of the chief mosque of Yenidje, was clearly visible. Yenidje is a beautiful specimen of Macedonian town scenery, situated in groves of rich foliage, overtopped by shining white minarets, with here and there one or two mosque domes, and a few tall dark cypresses. Beyond all this are mountains of the grandest form.

The next morning seemed lowering, and a drizzling rain soon fell. We advanced over a plain somewhat similar to that of yesterday, but which becomes more marshy, and in parts more cultivated, as we approached the hills of Vodhena, backed by the dark cloudy mountains beyond. Cultivation increases and fields of Indian corn are frequent as we approach the valley of the Karasmak, which we cross by a bridge, and the country becomes more and more thickly studded with groups of planes and various trees. At 3.30 we are in sight of Vodhena, and a more beautifully situated place can hardly be imagined, even shorn as

it is, just now, by cloud and mist of its mountain background. It stands on a long ridge of wooded cliffs, with mosques sparkling above, and waterfalls glittering down the hillside, the whole screen of rock seeming to close up the valley as a natural wall. The air began to freshen as the road ascended from the plain through prodigiously large walnut and plane trees, shading the winding paths, and as the valley narrowed the rushing of many streams below the waving branches was most delicious; between the fine groups of dense foliage the dark mass of the woody rock of Vodhena is irresistibly beautiful. From the proud height on which this ancient city stood, the combination of green wood, yellow plain, and distant mountain was most lovely, and I can conceive that when the atmosphere is clear, and all the majesty of Olympus, with the Gulf of Saloniki, and perhaps Athos also are visible, few scenes can surpass the splendour of this.

Before 11 next morning I had quitted this beautiful place and was once more on the road to Monastir. Rain began to fall as I turned away from wooded Vodhena and its streams, and heavier showers fell in the narrow cultivated valley through which our route lay on the left bank of the Karasmak. Having crossed it we ascended towards the higher mountains, their heads hidden in mist, and as the road rose rapidly among their steep sides, many a lofty summit, towering above screens fringed with hanging wood, was more and more magnificent, while looking back over Vodhena, the plain of Yenidje and the hills of Saloniki were visible afar off. As we scaled the highest part of the pass, and saw the last glimpse of the Eastern sea, the rain fell in tremendous torrents, and we urged the horses to their full speed. A vale and marshy lake lying at the foot of chestnut-clothed hills, and a world of purple rock and waterfall reminding me of Borrowdale, high peaks frowning through the driving clouds, stony lanes, paths through overhanging oak woods, rivulets, clay ravines, slippery rocks, all flitted by in rapid succession, till the drenching torrent ceased about 1.30, and I found myself looking

down on the lake of Ostrova, whose dark gray bosom stretched dimly into worlds of clouded heights. On either side of its extent the route to Monastir lies round the head of the lake, where on the marshy tract stalk numbers of ivory-white herons. After leaving its shores we mount high above their level, by zigzag paths, whence there is many a wide and brilliant view over all the mountains of Ostrova. For two hours we proceeded by brushwood-covered hills, possessing small share of beauty or interest, to some bleak downs, where, on our left, stands a village, half an hour beyond which is a magnificent view of another lake, the shores of which were beautifully indented, and varied with promontories or bays, and the lines of hills on all sides graceful and striking. But beyond this oasis two and a half hours of weariness followed, treeless, bare hill-sides, unbroken by the least variety of interest, and I began to repent heartily of ever having come to Macedonia, the more that rain again began to fall as I approached Tilbeli, still three hours and a half from Monastir. Next morning we were off by 6 A.M., and a dreary commencement was prolonged for three hours in a bitter cold wind, over hideous hill-plains, stoneless and shrubless. Descending about 9.30 A.M. to the great plain of Bitolia, or Monastir, the military centre and capital of modern Macedonia and Northern Albania, white minarets, extensive buildings, and gardens were a pleasant sight, as the city seemed to expand on our approaching the high mountains at the foot of which it is built. Monastir, or Bitolia, is a place of the greatest importance, as commanding the direct entrance from Illyria into Macedonia by the passes of the river Drilon or Drin, and as a military centre from which Epirus and Thessaly are equally accessible. The city is built at the western edge of a noble plain, surrounded by the most exquisitely shaped hills, in a recess or bay formed by two very high mountains, between which magnificent snow-capped mountains is the pass to Okhrida. A river runs through the town, a broad and shifting torrent, crossed by numerous bridges, mostly of

wood, on some of which two rows of shops stand, forming a broad-covered bazaar. The stream, deep and narrow, throughout the quarter of private houses and palaces, is spanned by two good stone bridges, and confined by strong walls; but in the lower or Jews' quarter, where the torrent is much wider and shallower, the houses cluster down to the water's edge with surprising picturesqueness. Either looking up or down the river, the intermixture of minarets and mosques with cypress and willow foliage forms subjects of the most admirable beauty.

EDWARD LEAR.—*Journals of a Landscape Painter in Albania*. Bentley.

For the journey to and scenery of Lake Okhrida in Albania, see *ibid.* pp. 60-78. For descriptions of Albanian scenery, see *ibid.* pp. 78-338 *passim*.

For another description of this route see Rev. H. F. TOZER, *Highlands of Asiatic Turkey*, Murray, vol. i. chaps. vii. viii. This volume is the most useful and authoritative on the less known portions of Turkey.

For the Vardar valley, *ibid.* vol. i. chap. xvii.

For Mount Olympus, see Rev. H. F. TOZER, *Highlands of Asiatic Turkey*, vol. ii. chaps. xviii. xix. For the vale of Tempe, *ibid.* vol. ii. chap. xx. For Pelion, *ibid.* vol. ii. chaps. xxii. xxiii. For Meteora and the Zygos Pass, *ibid.* vol. ii. chaps. xxiv. xxv. For Mount Athos, *ibid.* vol. i. chaps. iii. iv.

For the political and commercial importance of Monastir, see ODYSSEUS, *Turkey in Europe*, pp. 357-358. Edward Arnold.

"The landscapes of Central Macedonia, though more picturesque than the scenery at the sides of the railway, are almost equally monotonous, and the same description will serve for half a dozen localities; a wide, dreary plain surrounded by wooded mountains and showing little trace of life except a few peasants struggling to till the soil with very primitive instruments. On the lowest slopes of the mountain straggle a few Bulgarian and Turkish hamlets, the latter easily distinguishable by their minarets. High up are one or two apparently inaccessible Vlach villages, and in some kind of gorge, opening into the plain, lies almost invariably the principal town of the district."—ODYSSEUS, *Turkey in Europe*. E. Arnold.

## In Thessaly

At 6.30 I began to ascend towards the highest ridge of the Metsovo Pass, called the Zygos, a formidable journey

when there is any high wind or snow. At present the weather is calm, and the magnificent groups of pine at the summit of the ridge are undisguised by even a single cloud. Few mountain passes are finer than this part of the Pindus range. Towards the very highest point the rock, bald and rugged, is so steep that the zigzag track cannot be overcome but on foot; and the immense space of mountain scenery which the eye rests on in looking westward is most imposing. Parent of the most remarkable rivers of Greece, and commanding the communication between Epirus and Thessaly, the Zygos of Metsovo is equally renowned for classical associations, for geographical and political position and for picturesqueness. In this latter quality it is for the wondrous and extensive view over the plains of Thessaly that it is most celebrated. Passing a *khan* shortly below the summit we descended through woods into the more open country to a second, and in two and a half hours reached the third. We pursued the route by the banks of the Salambria, or Peneus, often crossing and recrossing it. The scenery became more beautiful as we advanced farther from the mountains, whose thickly wooded slopes began to assume the blue tints of distance. Luxuriant planes grow in the greatest abundance by the river-side, and the route often wound for half an hour through fresh meadows and the richest groves, resounding with the warbling of nightingales, and overshadowing rivulets which flow into streams. As the day wore on, and the river opened out into a wider valley, the eastern horizon suddenly assumed a strange form in the distance, which at once I felt to be one of the rocks of the Meteora. This object combines with a thousand beautiful pictures, united with the white-trunked plane-trees, and the rolling Peneus, ere escaping from the woods, the route reaches the wider plain, and the inconceivably extraordinary rocks of Kalabaka—the Meteora convents are fully unfolded to the eye. We arrived at a village nestled immediately below these gigantic crags at sunset. I do not think I ever saw any scene so startling and incredible—such vast sheer per-

pendicular pyramids, standing out of the earth, with the tiny houses of the village clustering at the roots. In front a slope covered with mulberry trees descends to the river, and grand scenes of Thessalian plain and hill fill up the southern and eastern horizon.

At 9 A.M. next day I set off eastwards once more along the valley of the Peneus, which widens rapidly into a broad plain, enlivened by cattle and storks. As we approached Trikhala the pastoral quiet beauty of the wide expanse increased greatly, and the view close to the town is delightful. Standing on a rising ground, the castle of Trikhala, with magnificent plane trees at its foot, makes a beautiful foreground to a distance, the chief ornaments of which are the chain of Othrys and distant Oeta. The scenes of life and activity, the fountain with groups of Thessalian women at its side, the little mosque with its cypresses, offer a most welcome change to me after the sullen ravines of the Pindus, and the close wooded valley of the Upper Salambrina. The plains grew wider and wider. We pass a few villages, and by degrees I feel that I am really in Thessaly, for width and breadth now constitute the soul and essence of all the landscape. To the north only the distant form of Olympus rears itself above a low range of hills; and to the south the hills of Agrapa and Oeta are gradually becoming less distinct. Before me all is vast outstretched plain, which seems never to end. Agriculture and liveliness are its predominant characteristics. Innumerable sheep, goats, horses, buffaloes, cattle, corn, or pasture land, peasants' huts, hundreds of perambulating storks, give life and variety everywhere. And then so green, so intensely green, is this immense level.

We start early next day and trot quickly over green roads which cross the wide level from village to village; we come to the Peneus once more, now a great river. Giant white-stemmed abeles are reflected in its stream; herons are peering and watching on its banks; and immense flocks of brown sheep are resting in the shade of the trees. The character of the Thessalian plain changes. The ground



is no longer a perfect flat, but composed of undulations of such great size that no part of even the mountain boundaries of the plain, Olympus, Ossa, Oeta, or Pindus, can well be seen. Sometimes for half an hour the traveller dips into an overgrown cornfield, beyond the limits of which he sees and knows nothing. I confess I was most heartily weary when I came in sight of the minarets of Larissa, and although the view of all Olympus is unobstructed at the entrance to the town, from which there is a view of the river sweeping finely below it, yet the extremely simple lines of this part of Thessaly are ill adapted for making a picture, and least of all can anything like the expression of the chief character of the country, its vast level extent, be given.

E. LEAR.—*Journal of a Landscape Painter in Albania.* Bentley.

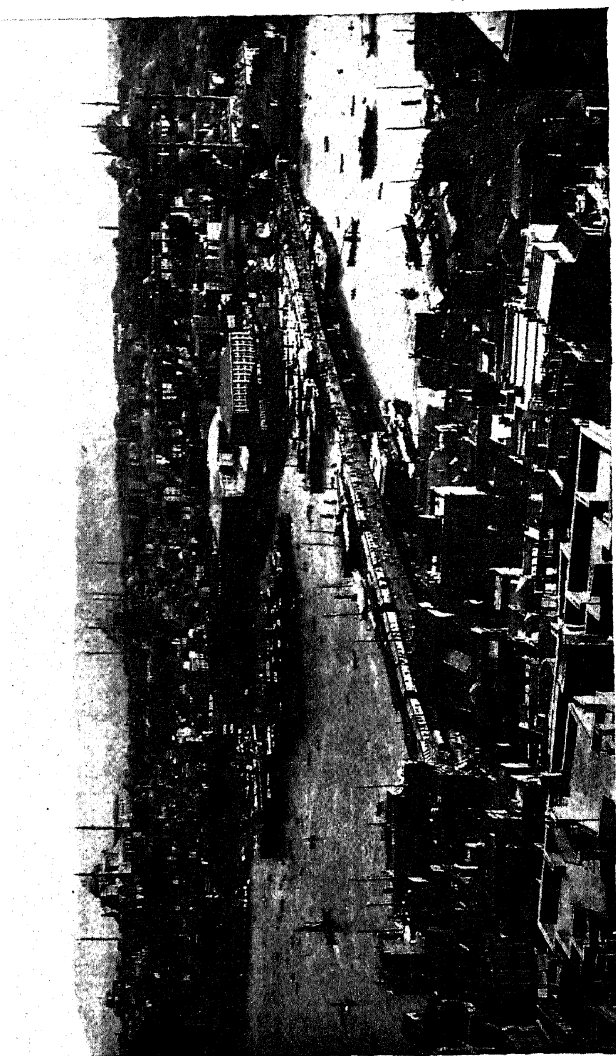
For the convent of Meteora, see *ibid.* pp. 395-398; for the far-famed vale of Tempe, near Larissa, where the Peneus has cut a deep gorge between, see *ibid.* pp. 409-410. "It is not a vale. It is a narrow pass, and although extremely beautiful, on account of the flowing rocks on each side, the Peneus flowing deep in the midst, between the richest overhanging plane woods, its character is distinctly that of a ravine or gorge. In some parts the pass, which is 5 or 6 miles from end to end, is so narrow as merely to admit the road and the river; in others the rocks recede from the stream, and there is a little space of green meadow. The cliffs themselves are very lofty, and beautifully hung with creepers and other foliage."—*Ibid.*

## Constantinople

The view of Constantinople from the sea is the most splendid of all the pageants presented to human eye by the metropolitan cities of the Earth. The vulgar detail of street or alley is hidden from sight, and you are greeted instead by an innumerable company of mosques, minarets, dome-surmounted baths, and royal tombs, the snowy brilliancy or splendid colouring of which is, in some degree, mitigated by the garden trees that cluster round them, and the cypress forests which skirt the hills and descend here and there into the city. That city is built upon a series of hills; and so intensely is a fair prospect prized by a

Turk that, on every commanding spot, the house of some rich man is placed, with its gilded lattices gleaming through a leafy screen. So large and numerous are the gardens that the effect is less that of trees scattered amid a city than of a city built in a forest but partially cleared. This green veil, however, softens, rather than obscures, the apparition that lurks behind, the vast and countless white domes shining broadly and placidly through it, while the gilded tops of the minarets glitter on high. Multitudes of houses in Constantinople are painted green, red, or blue, a circumstance that added to the gorgeousness of the spectacle that met my eye, as well as the fact that spring had already breathed upon the plane trees and the almonds, which were putting forth abundantly their fresh green leaves, and their blossoms pure as the foam of the sea.

It is, however, the sea which gives its peculiar character to Constantinople as to Venice. In Venice the sea is crowned by the sea-born city and spreads all around it, as round an island thick-set with palaces and towers. In Constantinople the effect is the opposite. At the point whence Stambul, the ancient Byzantium, Pera, and Scutari diverge, the sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the wide and winding harbour of the Golden Horn meet, forming, as it were, a great lake, round which, as round a central plain, the threefold city extends, rising, stage above stage, along the slopes of the hills. The effect of this unrivalled position is that nearly every building of importance is brought at once before the eye, minaret and dome lifting themselves up one above another. In this respect the contrast is most remarkable between Constantinople and those capitals of the north in which you never see the city itself, but only the street or the square you stand in at the moment, in which public buildings lose almost all their effect from not grouping together, and in which you have no extended effects of colour or of light and shade. Equally opposed in character is Constantinople to the ancient capitals of Greece, each of which, with the exception of Delphi and a few other unwarlike cities, was built



CONSTANTINOPLE

round some steep and rocky Acropolis, from which its citadel looked proudly down. Constantinople has no such Acropolitan centre. If a centre for it were to be sought, it might, perhaps, best be found in a spot which adds to the picturesque effect of the scene, though nothing to its dignity, the Prince's Island, a rock nearly at the entrance of the Bosphorus, just large enough to sustain a mosque, the dome of which peers out among its cypresses. The dark stream of the Bosphorus rushes past its terraced crags, glad to escape the Scythian blasts it has left behind, and mingles the waters of the Black Sea with the blue and luminous expanse of the sea of Marmora. Far, however, from looking down on the city from this spot, you look up in all directions on its glittering lines as they rise like an amphitheatre and fling their white reflections on the deep.

To appreciate the extent of Constantinople, it is necessary to bear in mind that, for all purposes of picturesque effect, the various suburban towns which are united with it, though called by different names, yet constitute but a single city. For a length of 8 miles that city rises stage above stage from the sea, bending towards the east, before it reaches the Golden Horn, which winds through its heart for 7 miles farther, like a wide river, the hills at both sides being crowned with architectural monuments, interspersed with gardens. Nearly at the mouth of the Golden Horn is the entrance to the Bosphorus. It is here that the three cities meet. Stambul, to the west, projects into the sea of Marmora, a walled and secluded promontory covered with the domes and shaded with the cypress alleys of the Seraglio, just beyond which rise the roofs of St. Sophia. At the opposite, that is the eastern, side of the Golden Horn is situated Pera, the district in which the Christians reside; while at the southern side of the Bosphorus, Scutari juts out, richly decked with mosque and minaret, from the sea at its base to the cypress cemetery, with which its upper slopes are darkened. Nor is this all. At each side of the Bosphorus, all the way to the Black Sea, it may be said that one continuous city extends, composed

of villages, which in their gradual growth have nearly met, spreading high upon the hills in many places, and following the windings of the glens, until they are lost among the forests and thickets of the inland country. From the Black Sea, in fact, to the sea of Marmora, as well as far along its shores, and along the Golden Horn, Constantinople and its suburbs extend, constituting all together a city, the circuit of which, if a wall were built round it, would not be less than 60 miles, and yet every important building in which is seen from the water. There are five cities in Europe of pre-eminent beauty, regarded as architectural scenes in combination with picturesque natural effects—Constantinople, Naples, Venice, Genoa, and Edinburgh.<sup>1</sup> Of these there is none that approaches Constantinople in the vastness and wonderfulness of its aspect when contemplated from the sea.

AUBREY DE VERE.—*Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey*. Bentley.

By permission of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan.

For an excellent description of the general aspect of Constantinople, and for details of its sights, see Sir C. W. WILSON, *Constantinople*, in Murray's Series of Handbooks, pp. 1-118 (1900 edition), and especially pp. 8-11 (general description of the city), and pp. 44-50 (Mosque of St. Sophia), pp. 78-80 (the Bazaars), and pp. 83-85 (Turkish Lome life).

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, *Constantinople*, gives some exceedingly vivid pictures. An English translation of great merit is published by Harrap.

“Whether one goes through Adrianople or Constantinople, or through Usküb to Saloniki, the sides of the railway look desolate and lifeless; hills overgrown with dwarf oak alternate with plains whose barrenness is half covered with scrubby grass. There are few signs of cultivation and fewer of human habitations.—ODYSSEUS, *Turkey in Europe*. E. Arnold.

Miss M. L. NEWBIGIN in *Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems*. Constable and Co., gives an excellent description of the structure of this area as well as of its economic and racial geography. Some of the problems are also dealt with by the author in an article entitled “Balkan Outlets” in the *Geographical Teacher*, No. 46, Autumn 1916.

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<sup>1</sup> Most travellers would add Salzburg, Prag, and Athens.

## Corfu

The island of Corfu encircles the bay in which the town is situated, completely enclosing it on the north and south ; while to the east the mountains of Epirus and Albania frame the picture, making the sea look like a great lake. From the margin of that sea the mountains rise to a height of from 3000 to 4000 feet ; immediately behind them stand the snowy ranges sung by the Greek poets of old. In some places a third chain of mountains rises behind the others, and the effect is indescribably grand at sunset, when the nearer ridge has put on its violet vest, while that above it is mantled in crimson, and along the highest, which then seems transparent, floats that rose-coloured flame, the quintessential spirit of light. Within the island the hills are from 2000 to 3000 feet high, and are in most places covered with groves of olives. The ground is abrupt and broken, diversified with rocky shelves, terraces of vine, heathy knolls, and hollows filled with mint, thyme, and other aromatic herbs. Here and there the eye is caught by a thicket of myrtle, blossoming in the distance, or by some inland promontory that dips into the dell, but shakes, before it reaches the shadow, a green and golden radiance from the orange grove that tufts its steeps. I give you the materials, and you may make up the picture with your best skill and without fear of surpassing the reality. You may sprinkle the meadows with geraniums in full flower, and with thickets of rose, each growing with an abundance that paints the island with colours such as few gardens can boast. The beauty of Corfu is especially characterised by its union of wildness and richness. The shores are indented by long and strangely-shaped bays, sometimes widening inland into little lakes, sometimes shallowing into lagoons, here and there the water eddies round some little green island, with a few trees to define its low margin, and perhaps an old chapel in the centre, the whole space above the waves probably not exceeding half an acre. The air of this enchanting region is of a clearness which enables

you to do full justice to the abundant beauty with which you are surrounded.

The woodlands of Corfu consist chiefly of the olive. Many travellers complain of the monotonous colouring of the southern olive woods. I think, however, that in this luminous region the effect would be too dazzling if the predominant character were not a sober one, which, by its uniformity, permits the eye to appreciate the exquisite gradations of light and shade. The brilliancy of the clouds also requires the contrast of something more grave to relieve the eye, as it falls from them, or glances aside from that most radiant of visual objects, an orange grove. The orange-trees grow to about the size apple-trees reach with us; and so dense is the mass of their dark and glittering leaves, that you would fancy the nightingale, nay, the nightingale's song, could hardly force their way through this ambush. They flash of themselves in the sun, though unmoved by a wind not often strong enough to disturb their phalanx. The upper leaves, being younger than the rest, are of a transparent golden green, and shine with a perpetual sunshine of their own, and in the midst hang those great yellow and crimson globes, which Andrew Marvell sings of as "orange lamps in a green night."

AUBREY DE VERE.—*Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey*  
Bentley.

By permission of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan.

### Some Features of Greek Scenery

The most prominent natural features of the country are the numerous bays and gulfs which, broken by many headlands and occasionally dotted with islands, set far into the land, and the mountains which cover its surface in a perfect network. There is not, it is true, any single peak that attains a very great altitude; but the number that reach a goodly elevation is unusually large, and this conspicuous magnitude of many peaks forms the most con-

spicuous feature of the Greek landscape. Almost equally striking are the clear-cut outlines of the mountains, which are due in part to the hard limestone formation, in part to the absence of vegetation. We miss in Greece the cultivated prettiness of England and the grandeur of the Alpine scenery of Switzerland, yet its mountains, with their bold outlines sharply defined against the sky in that wondrously clear atmosphere, have a prettiness all their own. The skies above are as bright, as warm, as cloudless as those of Italy; the waters that wash its shores are clearer and bluer, were that possible, than those of the Bay of Naples; while on the hillsides there is an ever-shifting play of shadows, varying in hue from gray to black, from grayish-blue to deepest purple, which adds not a little to the beauty of the scene. To complete the picture we must add the dusky grayish-green leaves of the olives, with their gnarled stumps, the darker green of the vineyards, and in the early spring, when the foot-hills are covered with green shrubs, and the plains are bright with the young shoots of the grain, the numerous wildflowers, the iris, the cyclamen, anemones, orchids, gorgeous red poppies, the lovely clustering yellow flowers of the gorse, and countless other varieties, which in many places grow in such profusion that it is impossible to take a step without trampling their delicate blossoms under foot. There is probably no other country in Europe where the beauty of the scenery is so largely dependent upon the exquisite colouring of nature, and consequently none of which a photograph gives so imperfect an idea.

C. H. YOUNG.—*Journal of the American Geographical Society*, 1900.

By permission of the American Geographical Society.

A beautiful description of the scenery between Patras and Corinth half a century ago, before the coming of the railway, is given by AUBREY DE VERE, *Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey*, vol. i. p. 36 (Bentley), and an account of the modern railway by J. J. ARMSTRONG, *Two Roving Englishwomen in Greece*. Sampson Low.



## Modern Athens

The Acropolis is the rock on which the old Athens was built; it is still the pride of the new. No palace or dwelling rests on its summit; it is sacred to the gods. But from one end of it, which falls off abruptly, you get a fine bird's-eye view of the new Athens lying on the plain below. The old Turkish city, a reminiscence and bequest of the Athens of the Middle Ages, with its narrow, crooked, dirty streets, and curious old houses, clings to the side of the Acropolis, and one inevitably passes through it on his way to the Propylæa, unless he takes the carriage road for a more gradual ascent. The other slope, which rises opposite the Acropolis across the city, is the sheer hill of Lycabettus. The Monastery of St. George remains in undisputed possession of the summit, from which may be had another panoramic view of the city; and if you go up at sunset you will see the Parthenon, with the sun sinking behind it. A few streets stand towards Lycabettus; but the main part of Athens is built upon the intervening plain. Seen from either hill Athens is a clean white city, its atmosphere unpolluted by smoke or fog. It is not a great manufacturing centre, a vast mart of trade, but the political, social, and intellectual capital of the Greek nation. It sustains the dignity of the present and the glory of the past with a bright-faced attractive grace and elegance which make it one of the pleasantest cities of the East. Pentelicus, whose vast quarries supplied the marble for the Parthenon and the Propylæa, still yields its stores for pilasters and façades in the new Athens, which is laid out with great regularity. The principal streets are broad enough to remind an American visitor of Washington. The wind has a free sweep through them, and the main physical drawback to residence in Athens is the mud when it rains, and the dust when it blows. Otherwise you have little occasion to revile Athens. It has pure air and a good supply of water. There are open squares, and the palace

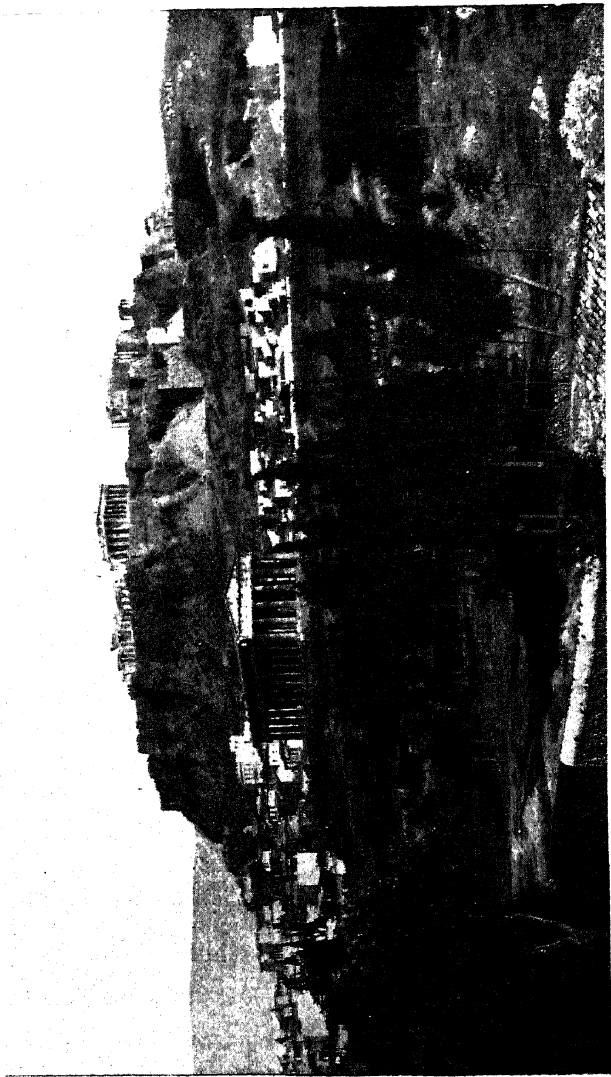
garden furnishes agreeable shade. There is a lack of shade trees in many streets, but Kephisia Street is beautifully flanked with graceful pepper-trees. Modern Athens lacks, to be sure, that picturesqueness, variety, mellowness, and general flavour of antiquity which you find in some of the old Italian cities; but for the average resident, I suspect, it is altogether a pleasanter, more comfortable, and more beautiful city as a dwelling-place than was the old one, except for the wealthy classes. Certainly they did not have the unromantic convenience of street cars, and the brilliant glare of the electric light. When it comes to public buildings, the new Athens is naturally dwarfed by the glory of the old. No one comes here to see its modern structures. Its ancient monuments, its temple-crowned Acropolis, the rich treasures of its museums, constitute the chief attraction to the stranger, joined to the grand old hills and the wine-dark sea.

G. J. BARROWS.—*The Isles and Shores of Greece*. Sampson Low.

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### The Acropolis

It is a tiring, zigzag climb up to the Acropolis, but at last we are mounting a broad flight of steps leading to the Propylæa, or entrance-gateway. The imposing ruins of this great marble structure take up the whole of the upper west side of the Acropolis. The work was begun in 437 B.C. According to the design, it was to have consisted of a central gateway and two wings, but one wing was never completed. In spite of its unfinished condition, the Propylæa was regarded in its time as one of the finest examples of Greek architecture, and even the ruins bid us believe that it was one of the most wonderful of all the wonderful buildings erected by a world-famous race of builders. Through a maze of giant columns we pass into the Acropolis, and find ourselves standing on a levelled hill-top space. Its form, roughly speaking, is elliptical,



MODERN ATHENS

*English Photo Co.*

and on its outline appear remains of the massive fortress walls which guarded the ancient city.

Beside the Propylæa, there are two great buildings now standing on the Acropolis—the Parthenon and the Erechtheum—and they have a small but very beautiful companion in the Temple of Nike Apteros.

EDITH A. BROWNE. — *Greece*, Peeps at Many Lands Series.  
A. and C. Black.

### The Plain of Attica

This wide plain appears almost like a regular semicircle, particularly when we look to the north, towards the mountains of the Bœotian boundary. This semicircle begins in the east, with the high harmonious, yet boldly sweeping outlines of Hymettus; then passing onwards along the mighty ascent of Pentelicus, it bends northwards, into the curve-formed hills on the Attic-Bœotian frontier, and terminates to the west in the ranges of Ægaleos, from the extreme point of which the haughty Xerxes viewed the battle of Salamis. In the plain itself, again, there rise smaller hills and elevations. The most prominent of these is the tall cone of Lycabettus, crowned with a small chapel of St. George. On its left there is a continuation of gentle elevations, which soon disappear in the general level of the plain, but emerge again at a little distance in the two hills of Colonus. In the opposite direction, to the right of Lycabettus, separated from it by the wide low level on which the town is situated, five other isolated eminences appear, none of which is more than 400 feet in height, yet they are all of a most beautiful form, and what lends to them the most peculiar attraction, they are all haunted by magic memories of ancient history and tradition. They are the hills of the Museum, the Pnyx, the Areopagus, the Acropolis, and finally, the hill of the Nymphs.

H. HETTNER. — *Athens and the Peloponnese*. Constable.

The best account of the plain of Attica is given by J. P. MAHAFFY, *Rambles and Studies in Greece*, pp. 131-137 (Macmillan), and is

repeated in the same author's *Greek Pictures*, published by the Religious Tract Society.

"Looking inland, on the north side, as you stand beside the Erechtheum, you see straight before you at a distance of some 10 miles Mount Pentelicus, from which all the splendid marble was once carried to the rock around you. This Pentelicus is a sort of intermediate cross-chain between two main lines which diverge from either side of it, so as to form the plain of Athens. The left, or north-western chain, is Mount Parnes; the right, or eastern, is Mount Hymettus. This latter, however, is only the inner margin of a large mountainous tract, which spreads all over the rest of south Attica down to the Cape of Sunium. There is a gap between Pentelicus and Hymettus, nearly due north, through which the way leads out to Marathon. On the left side of Pentelicus you see the chain of Parnes, which stretches all down the west side of Attica, till it runs into the sea as Mount Corydallus, opposite to the island of Salamis. In this long chain of Parnes, which can only be avoided by going up to the northern chain at Oropus, and passing into Bœotia close by the sea, there are three passes or lower points, one far to the north, that by Dekelea, where Alcibiades planted the Spartan garrison which tormented and ruined the farmers of Attica. This pass leads you out to Tanagra in Bœotia. Next to the south, some miles nearer, is the even more famous pass of Phyle, from which Thrasybulus and his brave fellows recovered Athens and its liberty. This pass, when you reach its summit, looks into the northern point of the Thrasian plain, and also into the wilder regions of Cithæron, which border Bœotia. The third pass, and the lowest, but a few miles beyond the groves of Academe, is the pass of Daphne, which was the high road to Eleusis."—*Ibid.*

"From whatever point the plain of Athens, with its semicircle of greater and lesser hills, may be surveyed, it always presents a picture of dignified and lustrous beauty. The Acropolis is the centre of this landscape, splendid as a work of art, with its crown of temples; and the sea surmounted by the long low hills of the Morea, is the boundary to which the eye is irresistibly led. Mountains and plain alike are made of limestone, hardening here and there into marble, broken into delicate and varied forms, and sprinkled with a vegetation so sparse and slight that the naked rock in every direction meets the light. This rock is gray and colourless; without the sun it is asleep and sorrowful. But, by reason of this very deadness, the limestone of Athenian landscape is always ready to take the colours of the air and sun. In noonday it smiles with silvery lustre, fold upon fold of the indented hills, and islands, melting from the brightness of the sea into the untempered brilliance of the sky. At dawn and sunset the same rocks array themselves with a celestial robe of rainbow-woven hues; islands, seas, and mountains, far and near, burn with saffron, violet, and rose, with the tints of beryl and topaz, sapphire and almandine and amethyst, each in due order and at proper distances. This sensitiveness of the Attic limestone to every modification of the sky's light gives a peculiar spirituality to the landscape. The hills

remain in form and outline unchanged; but the beauty breathed upon them lives or dies with the emotions of the air, whence it emanates."—J. A. SYMONDS, *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece*. Smith, Elder, and Co.

### Currant Culture

Currants dominate the prosperity of Greece. They are her main source of wealth, making up one-half of the total value of her exports. They have given rise to flourishing manufactures in connection with the trade. Directly they affect a large proportion of the population, for the vineyards are not the property of a few rich landowners, but are split up among a great number of moderately well-to-do peasant proprietors. . . .

The currant vineyards of Greece are all in the south of the country. They make a margin round the coast from Corinth to Kalamata, via Patras, and cover part of the small plains in the islands of Zante and Cephalonia close by. The vines are richly productive, but their cultivation is a matter of considerable trouble and expense. . . .

Currant-vines grow in bush form. The bushes, now fully developed, rise only about three feet from the dusty ground, and all their branches are heavily laden with tightly packed bunches, many quite ten inches long. Naturally the dwarf vines want help in supporting such gigantic weights, so here, there, and everywhere they have to be propped up with little canes. After which, for the next few weeks, the burning summer sun of Greece is the chief labourer in the vineyard.

The last week of July finds Nature presenting the magnificent spectacle of the vineyards ripe for harvest. Here is a typical "currant show." Picture a vast amphitheatre spanning a long line of the sea, with an auditorium of the wildest mountains and an arena of luxuriously fertile plains. Cast your eye over the vineyards. What countless clusters of grapes crowd that one glance!

EDITH A. BROWNE. — *Greece*, Peeps at Many Lands Series.  
A. and C. Black.

The very detailed account of the currant culture and harvest given in this book is too long to be quoted in full.

## ITALY

### Types of Italian Scenery

ITALY has two aspects—her inland cities and her shores. We saw her first after crossing the Simplon. We descended into the valleys of Piedmont; we crossed Lago Maggiore, entered the plains of Lombardy, and came to Milan, a noble city indeed, but as much French as Italian in its aspect. From Milan we took one of the usual routes Verona, Venice, Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence. Here Italy was unmistakable; a hot, not beautiful country, fine old cities, decayed by time and burned up with the sun, dusty roads, with a bright red villa perched on one hill, and a ruined keep on the other; little verdure, and that little very dusty, gave to everything a character to remember it by for ever.

The route from Florence to Rome brought us through the Campagna. Another Italy, grand, melancholy, majestic, opened before us. I remember a little lake, with yellow autumn woods bending down the hill to its grassy mirror; wide plains where the buffalo herds chased each other wildly; endless wastes where the shadows of clouds lay like purple stains, where horizons seemed to fade before they reached the sky.

A third aspect of Italy met us on the road from Rome to Naples; the silent Campagna, the sluggish desert of the Pontine marshes, were both left behind. The myrtle, the pomegranate, the laurel were in full bloom, the air was too sweet; the sky was of the most enchanting blue, every-

where southern luxuriance met us. It was a fit approach to Naples, to Sorrento, to the shores and islands of the Sirens.

JULIA KAVANAGH. *A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies.*  
Hurst and Blackett.

### Across the Apennines<sup>1</sup> from Piedmont to the Mediterranean

The railroad from Turin to Genoa, or rather the portion between Arquata and the latter city, is a most interesting piece of engineering. It traverses the whole breadth of the Apennines, just where the lofty summit of the Bocchetta rises. The distance between Arquata and Genoa is about 25 miles. During the whole extent, there is scarcely a piece of level and open ground. A couple of miles from Arquata a gully is crossed by an embankment nearly 100 feet high; then immediately a long tunnel, which leads out into a valley so narrow, that the road overhangs the torrent. The river winds tremendously, and a series of bridges has been found necessary. Abrupt mountains stand athwart the way. Tunnel succeeds to tunnel, each opening into some wild and picturesque valley, surrounded by precipices, down which torrents spin giddily and are lost amidst dense woods. At Busalla we reach the highest point, more than 1000 feet above the sea, pass through a tunnel of nearly 2 miles, and then begin to descend. Travellers by the pass of Bocchetta, far above, talk of the wonderful view, and insist specially on the sudden change of temperature and vegetation—on one side the icy wind of the north, on the other a joyous and perfumed breeze; the rugged firs and larch behind, in front the olive, the orange and the citron trees; the misty plains of Piedmont back yonder, and the ultramarine level of the Mediterranean ahead. The contrast is perhaps more marvellous still to the railway traveller. He leaves the

<sup>1</sup> Appeunines in Italian spelling.



banks of the Po or the Tanora, stretching out their green surfaces, perhaps, beneath a driving rain, dives beneath the mountains, and comes out into a southern summer, in which every object is tipped, as it were, by a golden or purple tint.

BAYLE ST. JOHN    *The Subalpine Kingdom.*    Chapman and Hall.

### Genoa<sup>1</sup>

The enchanting scenery of the Corniche road, on the Riviera di Ponente, is a fitting introduction to the beautifully situated city of Genoa. It is a rival to Naples in point of beauty, and in situation greatly resembles it, for its streets, houses, and churches rise like the seats of an amphitheatre from the shore, and are backed by gentle hills, which are dotted with innumerable villas, the lofty Apennines towering over all and sheltering it from the north. The city lies basking in the sun, surrounded by gardens of orange, myrtle, pomegranate, and oleander trees. The palaces with their terraced gardens, their fine halls, abundant riches possess the charm both of beauty and novelty. We had two views of Genoa that particularly pleased us. The first is from the crest of a hill at the back of the town. On the one hand lies the fine bay, the beautiful Riviera, with Savona and other towns on the shore, the long line of coast ending in the blue hills half-way to Nice; below is the city with its white houses and numerous churches; in front lies the harbour with its forests of masts, and the flags of all nations showing clearly against the blue waters, resplendent in the full sun. We did not know which to prefer—the view from the hills, or that from the sea, when we quitted the harbour. The city looked magnificent in the light of the setting sun. The white houses and churches rising one above the other in the form of a crescent, and the harbour guarded by the two advancing moles, the hills

<sup>1</sup> *Italian, Genova.*

above of a deep purple, and the long line of coast on either hand tinged with the same hue.

MISS CATLOW.—*Nature in the Alps and Apennines*. Hogg and Sons.

Another traveller thus describes the palaces of Genoa :—

“The extent, the grandeur, the polished magnificence of the Genoese architecture has not, perhaps, its equal in the world. Many other cities have individual buildings which Genoa cannot equal, but it has a greater number of palaces than any. The Genoese style of architecture may be not so rich and fanciful as the Venetian, but it has nothing in common with the coarseness of the heavy, gloomy masses of stone that bear the names of palaces in Padua and Bologna; and it is far more tasteful and dignified than that of the residences of the nobility in Rome. In grandeur of design, and in a solidity, whose duration seems calculated for eternity, the houses of the Genoese families resemble the great public buildings. Many of the streets consist of one uninterrupted series of magnificent buildings, to each of which a proud historic name belongs, and which are still the abode of wealth, taste, and art.”

A very vivid description of the splendour of the cathedral of San Lorenzo will be found in HAWTHORNE'S *Notebooks in France and Italy*, pp. 58, 59.

### View of and from Turin

The resident in Turin, when in search of something to gladden his eye, and repose or elevate his mind, has a resource the equal of which is found in few places. He can go to any commanding point of the hill of Turin across the river to gaze at the panorama of the Alps. The best position, perhaps, is the terrace of the convent of the Capucins of the Hill. Therefrom you receive the most agreeable impression of the city of Turin itself. The uniformity of Turin is an uniformity that pleases in a map or a model, and in a bird's-eye view. The church towers and spires rising on all hands break the straight lines. But what makes the scene so pleasing, and really gives a wonderful character to the city, is its magnificent position on the edge of a plain covered with trees and woods, and dotted with houses and villages, and intersected by large avenues stretching out like the ribs of a fan in all directions up to the foot of the Alps, which rise abruptly like stage

mountains from the green level in one wide semicircle from Monte Viso on the left to Monte Rosa on the right.

The Alps do not at first sight appear in all their magnificence. The first impression is that round a rich level valley the ground rises high in fantastic shapes and makes a jagged horizon. These must be lofty hills, certainly, but you have nothing to compare them with. You bring your glances near and look over the parapet down the steep green slope, half concealed by chestnut-trees. There is a road at the bottom on which the people look very small indeed; and after a slip of land with a fringe of houses, there is the broad river. The Valentine palace, out there to the left, among groves and avenues, is already a distant object. The city may be taken in at a glance. All the palaces in the environs though visible seem far off. The great cemetery is reduced to a little enclosure. Where the plain begins to undulate forms have ceased to be distinguishable. Colours, faint and melting into one another, alone are visible. You lift up your eyes, and there close by, as it were within reach of the hand, are wild slopes and valleys, and rocks and woods and white peaks; and then at length you know that these slopes are provinces, those valleys plains, those woods primeval forests, those white peaks measureless expanses of snow and ice.

BAYLE ST. JOHN. *The Subalpine Kingdom.* Chapman and Hall.

### The Duomo of Milan<sup>1</sup>

The Duomo is more interesting than many an entire city. It is a mixture of the Gothic and Romanesque styles, the body of the structure is entirely covered with statues and richly wrought sculpture, with needle-like spires of white marble rising from every corner. But of the exquisite airy look of the whole mass, although so solid and vast, it is impossible to convey an idea. It appears like some fabric of frost-work, which winter traces on the

<sup>1</sup> *Italian*, Milano.

window panes. There is a unity of beauty about the whole which the eye takes in with a feeling of perfect and satisfied delight.

Ascending the marble steps which lead to the front I lifted the folds of the heavy curtain and entered. What a glorious aisle! The mighty pillars support a magnificent arched ceiling, painted to resemble fretwork, and the little light that falls through the small windows above enters tinged with a dim golden hue. A feeling of solemn awe comes over one as he steps with a hushed tread along the coloured marble floor, and measures the massive columns till they blend with the gorgeous arches above. There are four rows of these, nearly fifty in all, and when I state that they are 8 feet in diameter and 60 or 70 in height, some idea may be formed of the grandeur of the building. In the centre of the cross is a light and beautiful dome; he who will stand under this and look down the broad middle aisle to the entrance has one of the sublimest vistas to be found in the world. The choir has three enormous windows, covered with dazzling paintings, and the ceiling is of marble and silver.

The design of the Duomo is said to be taken from Monte Rosa. Its hundreds of sculptured pinnacles, rising from every part of the body of the church, certainly bear a striking resemblance to the splintered ice-crags.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—*Views Afoot*. Wiley and Putnam.

On a clear day the view, from the roof, of the Alps, from Monte Viso to the Ortler Spitze, is a sight neither to be forgotten nor described. The huge mass of Monte Rosa, shining like silver in the sun, is perhaps the most conspicuous feature, with many of the higher peaks round Zermatt. Behind rise the tips of the loftier peaks of the Bernese Oberland. In the middle distance is the plain of Lombardy, with its white towns and villages, each with its church and campanile. In the foreground, surrounding the cathedral, lies the city, with its streets and houses, churches, palaces, and theatres.

One of the best descriptions of Milan Cathedral, both inside and outside, will be found in Miss CATLOW's *Nature on the Alps and Apennines*, vol. ii. p. 135, and following pages. It is unfortunately too long for quotation.

## Verona

I had been half afraid to go to Verona, lest it should put me out of conceit with Romeo and Juliet. But I was no sooner come into the old market-place than the misgiving vanished. It is so fanciful, quaint, and picturesque a place, formed by such an extraordinary variety of rich and fantastic buildings, that there could be nothing better at the core of even this romantic town, scene of one of the most romantic and beautiful of stories.

Pleasant Verona! with its beautiful old palaces, and charming country in the distance, seen from terrace walks, stately balustraded gardens; with its Roman gates, still spanning the fair street; with its marble-filled churches, lofty towers, rich architecture, and quaint old quiet thoroughfares; with its fast-rushing river, picturesque old bridges, great castle and waving cypresses, and prospect so delightful. In the midst of it, a spirit of old time, among the familiar realities of the passing hour, is the great Roman Amphitheatre, so well preserved and so carefully maintained, that every row of seats is there unbroken. Over certain of the arches the old Roman numerals may yet be seen; and there are corridors and staircases and subterranean passages for beasts, and winding ways, above ground and below, as when the fierce thousands hurried in and out intent upon the bloody shows of the arena. Nestling in some of the shadows and hollow places of the walls now are a few small dealers of one kind and another; and there are green weeds and leaves and grass upon the parapet. But little else is greatly changed.

CHARLES DICKENS.—*Pictures from Italy.* Bradbury and Evans.

Readers of Mr. Ruskin's *Lectures on Architecture* will recall his interesting comparison of the sites of Verona and Edinburgh:—

"I remember a city more nobly placed than even your Edinburgh, which, instead of the valley you have now filled by lines of railroad, has a broad and rushing river of blue water sweeping through the heart of it; which, for the dark and solitary rock that bears your castle, has an amphitheatre of cliffs crested with cypresses and olive; which, for the two masses of Arthur's Seat and the ranges of the Pentlands,

has a chain of blue mountains higher than the haughtiest peaks of your highlands ; and which, for your far-away Ben Ledi and Ben More, has the great central chain of the St. Gotthard Alps ; and yet as you go out of the gates and walk in the suburban streets of that city—I mean Verona—the eye never seeks to rest on that external scenery, however gorgeous ; it does not look for the gaps between the houses, as you do here ; it may for a few moments follow the broken line of the great Alpine battlements ; but it is only where they form a background for other battlements, built by the hand of man. There is no necessity felt to dwell on the blue river or the burning hills. The heart and eye have enough to do in the streets of the city itself ; nay, they sometimes turn from the natural scenery to dwell with a deeper interest on the palace walls that cast their shade upon the streets and the crowd of towers that rise out of that shadow into the depth of the sky.”

### Impressions of the North Italian Plain

We were now traversing “that vast tract that lies between the Alps and the Adriatic Sea, and which is still distinguished by the vague appellation of Lombardy. This beautiful plain, fenced, as it were, by its snowy ridges, smiling like a garden, spreading like an ocean, with a hundred rivers rushing from the hills, a hundred towns glittering on the plain, exhibits all the vigour of eternal youth.”

In the distance rose the Alps, sometimes melting into the blue of the sky, sometimes standing out in a sharp bright line of ice and snow. Spurs from these lofty ranges form the beautiful hills and valleys through which we passed on the road between Montebello and Vicenza. The white walls of many a town, with its campanile and battle-mented tower, gleamed from amid the luxuriant growth of corn and figs, mulberries, olives, and peaches that covered the plain. Spires and villas crested the adjacent hills, which were clothed with the chestnut or tulip tree. The bright green leaves of the vine climbed and festooned themselves from rock to rock. The large leaves of the water-melon trailed under the hedges, and the great fruit lay basking in the sun. As we travelled eastward the country became flat. We stopped for a few minutes at a

station and heard the soft name of Padova<sup>1</sup> called out. One or two of the towers was all we could see of the learned old town. And now we rushed along between rows of acacias. Mulberry-trees and elms hedged round the fields of corn which stretched along the plain, and the vine, with its delicate fingers, joined hands from tree to tree and held up the heavy bunches of purple grapes. We could still catch glimpses of Alpine heights, but we were hurrying away from them to the sea, and already felt the fresh breeze from the Adriatic. We passed Mestre, the last station before Venice. The land became marshy, the long coarse grass waved over miniature lakes, and long winding stagnant pools of water lay between banks of sand. We were in sight of the bright waters of the lagoon, and more than 2 miles off, over the blue waves, rose the domes and towers and campaniles of Venice. Then we were rushing over the 222 arches by which railway engineers have linked the city to the land. The smell of sea-weed came to us, and as we got farther from the land, and the water grew brighter and stretched out with a wider horizon, we felt we were about to realise our early dreams of the floating city.

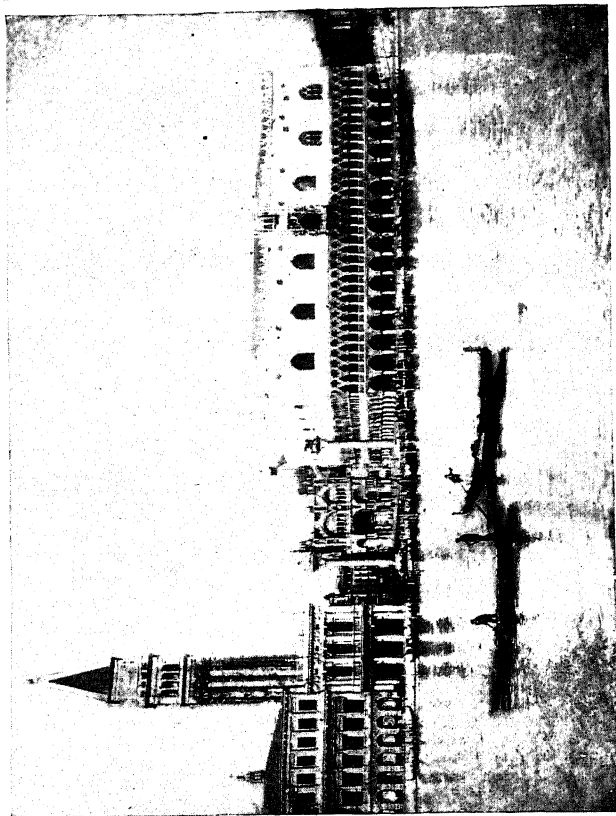
Mrs. NEWMAN HALL.—*Through the Tyrol to Venice.* Nisbet.

### Venice at Night

There stands the city of St. Mark, miraculous, a thing for giants to wonder at, and fairies to copy if they could! The wonder leaps upon the traveller all at once, arriving over the broad plains of Italy, through fields of wheat and gardens of olive, through vineyards and swamps of growing rice, across broad rivers and monotonous flats of richest land, by the Euganean mountains dark upon the pale sky of evening, and the low swamps gleaming under the new-risen moon. The means of arrival, indeed, are commonplace enough, but lo! in a moment you step out of the commonplace railway station into the lucid

<sup>1</sup> In English usually Padua.

stillness of the Water City, into poetry and wonderland. The moon rising above, shines upon pale palaces dim and splendid, and breaks in silver arrows and broad gleams



VENICE

of whiteness upon the ripple and soft glistening movement of the canal, still, yet alive with a hundred reflections, and a soft pulsation and twinkle of life. The lights glitter above and below, every star, every lamp



doubled. Then comes the measured sweep of the oars and you are away on the silent splendid road, all darkling yet alive. Not a sound less harmonious and musical than the soft plash of the water against the marble steps and gray walls, the waves plash against your boat, the wild cry of the boatmen as they round each sharp corner, or the singing of some wandering boatful of musicians on the Grand Canal, disturbs the quiet. Across the flat Lido, from the Adriatic, comes a little breath of fresh wind; and when out of a maze of narrow water lanes, you shoot out into the breadth and glorious moonlight of the Grand Canal, and see the lagoon go widening out, a plain of dazzling silver into the distance, and great churches and palaces standing up pale against the light, what words can describe the novel beautiful scene!

ANON. Quoted by HARE.—*Venice*. George Allen.

Many beautiful descriptions of Venice have been written, notably by RUSKIN, *Stones of Venice* (George Allen), and by THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, *Voyage en Italie*, an excellent translation of which, by Prof. F. C. DE SUMICHRAST, of Harvard, is published by George C. Harrup, 31 Bulwer Road, Leytonstone.

"San Marco stands before you, with its five cupolas, its porticoes gleaming with mosaics on a ground of gold, its immense stained-glass window, in front of which rear the four horses of Lysippus, its gallery of columns, its winged lion, its gothic gables, wreathed with foliage, that bear statues, its pillars of porphyry and antique marbles, its triple aspect of temple, basilica, and mosque, a strange and mysterious, exquisite and barbaric building, an immense heaping up of riches, a pirates' church formed of pieces, stolen or won from every civilisation."—THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, *Voyage en Italie*.

"Nothing can be compared to San Marco in Venice, neither Cologne, nor Seville, nor even Cordova, with its mosque. The effect is surprising and magical. The first impression one has is of entering a golden cavern, studded with gems, splendid and sombre, sparkling and mysterious."—*Ibid*.

"The church is lost in a deep twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments, before the form of the building can be traced, and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars, and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colours along the floor. What else there is of light is

from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames, and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and overhead a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another as in a dream."—JOHN RUSKIN, *Stones of Venice*. George Allen.

"It is the general impression, not the detail of St. Mark's, that makes it so transcendent. The dim effect of shadow, amid which golden gleams here and there illuminate some precious fragment of marble wall, or the peacock hues of a portion of the undulating and uneven pavement, make those who have any artistic feeling care little for the technical details of architecture and sculpture."—A. J. C. HARE, *Venice*. George Allen.

A detailed account of the mosaics in St. Mark's is given in chapter ix. of *St. Mark's Rest* by JOHN RUSKIN. George Allen.

### Scenery between Florence<sup>1</sup> and Bologna

The journey across the Apennines from Florence to Bologna is full of beautiful scenes. We soon began to ascend the lower bases of the Apennines, clothed with olives and vines, and affording splendid views of the vale of the Arno, with its rich cultivation, the city looking placid in the morning light, the sun gilding the Duomo, the Campanile, and the fine tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, while on our right rose the hill on which stands Fiesole, crowned by that picturesque and interesting town. Still ascending, across torrents from the higher mountains, or skirting fine ranges of limestone rock, we gained beautiful views of more distant ranges of Apennines, their tops white with snow, and from one high ridge, amid a scene of wild grandeur, we saw the Mediterranean on one side and the Adriatic on the other. Then we began to descend the northern face of the Apennines, where the scenery is strikingly bold, varied, and beautiful.

Miss CATLOW.—*Nature on the Alps and Apennines*. Hogg.

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<sup>1</sup> *Italian*, Firenze.

**Florence**<sup>1</sup>

The beauty for which Florence is so celebrated is more in its situation and its environs than in itself. It occupies the central point of that longitudinal basin of the Arno which extends from Arezzo to Pisa. This valley of the Arno, which is only about one-sixth of the whole extent of Tuscany, is a middle region between the mountains and the extensive plain of the Maremma which slopes in a south-westerly direction down to the sea; and it partakes of the character of both. Thus Florence lies in the centre of an elevated plain, or gently depressed valley, but the surface in the immediate neighbourhood rises and swells in the most picturesque manner, and the Apennines upon the north and west interpose their brown and wooded crests. From any of the heights around, and especially from the hill of Fiesole, the view is enchanting. The earth here seems to be endowed with something of the soft flexibility of water, so infinitely diversified are the outlines, and so various are the characters of grandeur, picturesqueness, and beauty assumed by the mountain peaks, the gently rounded hills, the long ridges of verdure and the sloping plains.

The streets of Florence are generally narrow, the fronts of the churches in many cases unfinished, and the prevalent architecture massive and frowning. The palaces carry back the mind to a period when a man's house was necessarily his castle. The fronts of many of these edifices, however, are imposing from their simplicity, grandeur, and strength. There are no graceful porticoes, no projecting oriels, no colonnades, nothing to interrupt the lines and distribute the shadows, but on the other hand, there are no incongruous decorations. The façade is not broken by any capricious or irregular inequalities. It is severely simple, but not monotonous, and a deep cornice, always proportioned to the height of the building, gives to

<sup>1</sup> *Italian*, Firenze.

the whole front an impressive meaning, similar to that which a commanding brow imparts to the human face.

One of the first places which a traveller visits in Florence is the Piazza del Gran' Duca, not imposing from its size, but interesting from its historical associations and the works of art which are here assembled. The prominent and central object is the Palazzo Vecchio, a massive and imposing structure with enormous projecting battlements and a lofty bell-tower. Attractive, however, as this square is, few persons linger long in it during the first days of their residence in Florence, for through it they pass to visit the celebrated galleries of the Uffizi. Here for the first time the traveller from the north is made to feel the full power of art, for though Paris, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, Venice, and Bologna are rich in pictures, yet in sculpture there is little till you come to Florence.

The Duomo, a work which occupied one hundred and sixty years in building, owed its origin to the devotional spirit of the people of Florence, while their liberties were yet in their own keeping. Its crowning glory is the dome, the bold conception of Brunelleschi. Rising from the smaller cupolas which cluster round its base, this dome is most imposing when seen from one of the many heights in the neighbourhood of Florence. Then the grandeur of its lines and the symmetry of its proportions disengage themselves from the objects around and are felt in their full force. It seems a presiding presence over the whole city. The interior of the Duomo, imposing from its dim light and great extent, is full of that interest, so common, in Italy, derived from its being a mausoleum of greatness and a museum of art. In the square where the Duomo stands are the Baptistery and the Campanile, structures which so often in Italian towns serve as architectural satellites to the principal church. The Campanile, the celebrated work of Giotto, rises to the height of nearly 300 feet. It is of white and coloured marble, adorned with statues and mosaics, and the whole execution is in the highest degree exquisite.

G. S. HILLIARD.—*Six Months in Italy.* Murray.

J. RUSKIN has described this Campanile as follows: "That bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the Eastern sky, that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea-shell."—Chapter iv. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. George Allen.

A detailed account of the sculptures on this Campanile is given by J. RUSKIN in chapter vi. of *Mornings in Florence*. George Allen.

## Siena

Siena is perhaps too well known to need much description. Those who have not seen it must picture to themselves a walled city, built on three hills, the highest of which holds heavenwards above the olive slopes and rich-hued plain, a superb cathedral of coloured marbles. The narrow streets wind steeply up and down these hills, and in the hollow between them lies, shaped like a shell, the unique Piazza del Campo. On the straight side of this a magnificent thirteenth-century Town Hall or Piazza Palazzo Pubblico spreads its imposing front, and the tall slim tower of the Mangia soars like an arrow into the sky from a painted loggia beneath; facing them are palaces of Italian Gothic, many like the Palazzo Pubblico itself, built of a pale red brick that is peculiarly soft and warm in tone. In the middle is the beautiful Fonte Gaja, and marble fountain with bas-reliefs, the originals of which are by Della Quercia, and nowhere perhaps could be found a more picturesque centre of a city with which the rest is in keeping. Like Florence, every yard of it is packed with gems of art or memories of the great; unlike Florence it is as yet unspoiled, no crowds of resident *forestieri* have wiped out its characteristic features, leaving it to a bald cosmopolitanism; no steam tram, indeed no tram or omnibus of any kind, destroys the illusion that one is still in mediæval Italy. Those who have seen Siena, however superficially, are not likely to forget its dark streets with its stately palaces and the Duomo towering above, its

lovely frescoes in Palazzo Publico and Cathedral Library, nor the lovely view from the old fortifications, and the many vignettes of exquisite landscape which unexpectedly present themselves. If they should have chanced to see the cathedral with its mosaics glittering in the moonlight or changing in the sunset to an edifice of pearl and gold that almost seemed to have dropped from the New Jerusalem, they will more especially turn to the memory of the city of Santa Caterina, as to something remote from the modern world.

KATHERINE COLLINS.—*College Echoes*, St. Andrews.

By permission of Miss COLLINS.

## **Tuscan Landscapes**

### **(a) Between Florence and Siena**

After we left the Florentine plain we ran between lines of reddish hills, sometimes thickly wooded, sometimes showing on their crests only the stems and tops of scattering pines and poplars, such as the Tuscan painters were fond of putting in their Judæan backgrounds. There were few tokens of life in the picture; we saw some old women tending sheep and spinning with their distaffs in the pastures, and in the distance there were villages cropping out of the hill-tops and straggling a little way down the slopes. At times we whirled by the ruins of a castle, and nearer Siena we caught sight of two or three walled towers which had come down from the Middle Ages apparently with every turret in repair. Our course was south-westward, but we were continually mounting into the cold, thin air of the volcanic country, at the summit of which the old city still sits capital.

### **(b) Around Siena**

In drives about Siena the peculiar character of the volcanic landscape made itself continually felt. There is a desolation in the treeless hills, and a wildness and strange-

ness in their forms which I can best suggest by repeating that they have been constantly reproduced by the Tuscan painters in their backgrounds. The soil is red, and but for the wine and oil with which it flows, however reluctantly, I should say it was poor. The beauty of the scenery is wilder and ruggedger than at Florence. The variety of timber which one sees in Tuscany is very small—pines, poplars, oaks, walnuts, chestnuts. Its beauty impressed us particularly in our drive to Belcaro. It is approached through a landscape, wild and sometimes almost savage, like all that around Siena, but of more fertile aspect than that to the southward. Belcaro itself however afforded a satisfying image of a mediæval castle, walled and fossed about, and lifting its mighty curtains of masonry just above the smooth-level of the ilex tops that hedged it in. The waving sunshine cast a sad splendour on the city on her hill, 7 miles away. A delicate rose light began to bathe it, in which the divine cathedral looked like some perfect shape of cloudland, while the clustering towers, palaces, and gates, and the wandering sweep of the city wall seemed the details of a vision too lovely for waking eyes.

### (c) Around Lucca

We drove out of Pisa into the green plain beyond the walls. Beside us swept the great level to the blue-misted hills on our right; before us it stretched indefinitely. What enchanting villas our driver whirled us by, and what gay châteaux, what old wayside towers, what little stony picturesque villages! But he could not snatch the broad and constant features of the landscape from us so quickly, the green expanses, the peach-trees, pink in their bloom, the plums and cherries putting on their bridal white; the gray road followed its whole length by the vines trained from trees to tall stakes, across a space which they thus embowered continuously from field to field. Everywhere the peasants were working the soil—spading, not ploughing their acres, and dressing it to the smoothness of a garden.

Pisa seemed hardly to have died out of the horizon before her ancient enemy Lucca began to rise from the other verge. The plain narrowed as we approached, and hills hemmed us in on three sides, with snow-capped heights in the background, from which the air blew cooler and cooler. Lucca lies as flat as Pisa, but in shape it is as regularly oblong as that is square, and instead of the brick wall, which we had grown fond of there and in Siena, it has a girdle of gray stone, deeply moated without and broadly levelled on top, where a lovely driveway winds round the ancient town. The wall juts in a score of angles, and the projecting spaces thus formed are planted with groups of forest trees, lofty and old, giving a charm to the promenade exquisitely wild and rare. The clustering city towers and roofs promised a picturesqueness which she kept in her own fashion.

W. D. HOWELLS.—*Tuscan Cities*. David Douglas.

This volume describes the cities of Tuscany with Mr. Howells' well-known charm.

## Pisa

An hour's journey from Carrara brought us to Pisa, the line passing through a lovely country, with numbers of little towns among the hills. Then quite suddenly and unexpectedly we came in sight of the wonderfully beautiful group of the Duomo, the Campo Santo, the Baptistery, and the Campanile. They stood apart on the wide plain that lay brightening in the long level rays of the sun, their lengthening shadows falling sharp and clear upon the sward.

We were a long time in reaching the open space on which the four great buildings stand. I cannot tell you how curious it was really to see the Leaning Tower, quite as strange and wonderful as anything one had imagined. When we had climbed the 300 steps to the top, one of the great bells echoing down through the hollow centre, as we mounted higher and higher, there was no doubt that we were



out of the perpendicular either to the eye or foot. From the uppermost circle or platform we had a very fine view over Pisa and the rich country round it, with the Arno winding away to the sea, and in the distance the towers of Leghorn,<sup>1</sup> and far away an island which we hoped was Elba, but which turned out to be only Gorgona. Then down the 300 steps again and into the Duomo, and here I stop bewildered by all the richness and beauty and interest which it is vain to attempt to describe. The church itself is exceedingly grand and rich, from the great abundance of white and coloured marble, and the gilded and elaborately decorated roof. Every little corner and capital is rich in carving and beauty.

ANON.—*Beaten Tracks in Italy.* Longmans.

Another traveller gives the following details:—"This tower, which stands alone at a short distance from the cathedral, is undeniably a curiosity of art. As is well known, it is a round tower, or more properly, a hollow cylinder of masonry, raised to a height of 179 feet; its outer surface being composed of tiers of pillars and arches from bottom to top. Inside it resembles a tube, and casting our eyes upward we seem as if looking up a deep well, a peal of huge bells hanging near the top. The wall or shell of the cylinder is so thick as to admit a stair, which winds round within it all the way up. The circumference of the tower at the bottom is 53 feet. Owing to the insufficient foundation the tower leans over towards one side to the extent of 13 feet. As it now stands, after a lapse of 600 years, the tower seems strong and durable."

## The Site of Rome<sup>2</sup>

And now what was Rome, and what was the country around it which have both acquired an interest such as shall cease only when Earth itself shall perish? The hills of Rome were such as we rarely see in England, low in height, but with steep and rocky sides. Across the Tiber the ground rises to a greater height than that of the Roman hills, but its summit is a level unbroken line, whilst the heights, which opposite to Rome itself rise immediately from the river under the name of Janiculus

<sup>1</sup> *Italian*, Livorno.

<sup>2</sup> *Italian*, Roma.

and Vaticanus, then sweep away to some distance from it, and return in their highest and boldest form at the Monte Mario, just above the Milvian bridge and the Flaminian road. Thus to the west the view is immediately bounded, but to the north and east the eye ranges over the low ground of the Campagna to the nearest line of the Apennines, which closes up as with a gigantic wall the Sabine, Latin, and Volscian lowlands, while over it are still distinctly to be seen the high summits of the Apennines covered with snow for more than six months in the year. South and south-west lies the wide plain of the Campagna, its level line succeeded by that of the sea, which can only be distinguished from it by the brighter line reflected from its waters. Eastward, after 10 miles of plain, the view is bounded by the Alban hills, a cluster of high bold points rising out of the Campagna, like Arran, from the sea. Immediately under the highest point lies the crater-like basin of the Alban lake. Farther to the north on the edge of the Alban hills, looking towards Rome, was the town and citadel of Tusculum, and beyond this a lower summit seems to connect the Alban hills with the line of the Apennines, just at the spot where the citadel of Praeneste high up on the mountain side marks the opening into the valleys of the streams that feed the Liris. Nearer to Rome the lowland country of the Campagna is broken by long green swelling ridges, the ground rising and falling as in the heath country of Surrey and Berkshire. The streams are dull and sluggish, but the hillsides above them constantly break away into little rocky cliffs, where on every ledge the wild fig now stretches out its branches, and tufts of bloom are clustering, but which in old times formed the natural strength of the citadels of the numerous cities of Latium. Except in these narrow dells the present aspect of the country is bare and desolate, with no trees or any human habitations. But anciently, in the time of the early kings of Rome, it was full of independent cities, and in its population and the careful cultivation of its little garden-like farms, must have

resembled the most flourishing parts of Lombardy or the Netherlands.

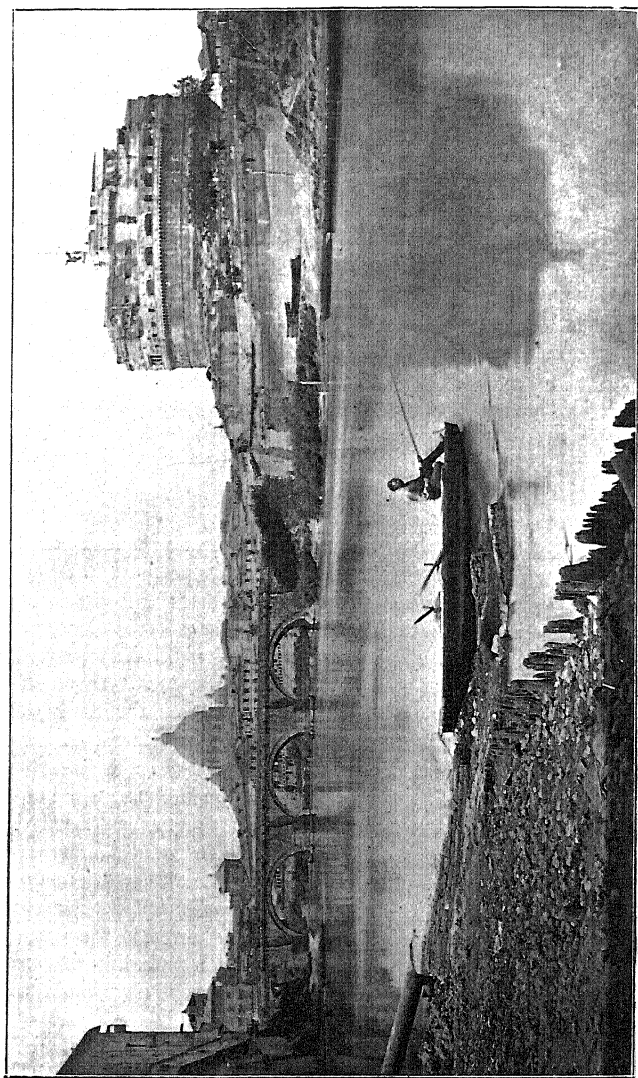
Dr. ARNOLD.—*History of Rome.*

### A Walk through Rome

One day's walk through Rome, how shall I describe it? The Capitol, the Forum, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, what few hours' ramble ever took in places so hallowed by poetry, history, and art?

Hearing that it was better to visit the ruins by evening or moonlight, we started out to hunt St. Peter's. We turned to the right on entering the Corso, expecting to have a view of the city from the hill at the southern end. It is a magnificent street, lined with palaces and splendid edifices of every kind, and always filled with crowds of carriages and people. On leaving it we became bewildered among the narrow streets, threaded many by-ways between dark old buildings, saw one or two antique fountains and many modern churches, and finally arrived at a hill. We ascended many steps, and then descending a little towards the other side, saw suddenly below us the Roman Forum. Those three Corinthian columns, what could they be but the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Stator? We stood on the Capitoline Hill. At the foot was the Arch of Septimus Severus, brown with age and shattered. Near it stood the majestic front of the Temple of Fortune, its pillars of polished granite glistening in the sun, while on the left rank grass was waving from the arches and mighty walls of the Palace of the Cæsars. In front ruin upon ruin lined the way for half a mile, where the Coliseum towered grandly at the base of the Esquiline Hill.

Returning at hazard through the streets, we came suddenly upon the column of Trajan standing in an excavated square below the level of the city, amid a number of broken granite columns, which formed part of the Forum dedicated to him after the conquest of Dacia. The column is 132 feet high, and entirely covered with



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bas-reliefs representing his victories, winding about it in a spiral line to the top.

Finding our way back again, we took a fresh start, happily in the right direction, and came out on the Tiber at the Bridge of St. Angelo. The river rolled below in his muddy glory, and in front on the opposite bank stood the pile which Hadrian reared on high, now the Castle of St. Angelo. Knowing that St. Peter's was to be seen from this bridge, I looked about in search of it. There was only one dome in sight, large and of beautiful proportions. I said, "*That cannot surely be St. Peter's.*" On looking again, however, I saw the top of a massive range of building near it which corresponded so nearly with pictures of the Vatican, that I was forced to believe the mighty dome was really before me. It appeared so much smaller when viewed from a greater distance, that I was quite deceived.

It seemed a long time before we arrived at the Square of St. Peter's. When at length we stood in front, with the majestic colonnade sweeping round, the fountains on each side sending up their showers of silver spray, the mighty obelisk of Egyptian granite piercing the sky, and beyond, the great front and dome of the cathedral, I confessed my unmingled admiration. The façade of St. Peter's seemed close to us, but it was a third of a mile distant, and the people ascending the steps dwindled to pigmies. I passed the obelisk, went up the long ascent, crossed the portico, pushed aside the heavy curtain, and stood in the great nave. I need not describe my feelings at the sight, but I will tell you the dimensions, and you may then fancy what they were. Before me was a marble plain 600 feet long, and under the cross 417 feet wide, 150 feet above sprang a glorious arch, dazzling with inlaid gold, and on the centre of the cross there were 400 feet of air between me and the top of the dome. The sun-beam, stealing through the lofty window at one end of the transept, made a bar of light on the blue air hazy with incense, one-tenth of a mile long, before it fell on the

mosaics and gilded shrines of the other extremity. The grand cupola alone, including lantern and cross, is 285 feet high, and the four immense pillars on which it rests are each 137 feet in circumference. It seems as if human art had outdone itself in producing this temple, the grandest which the world ever erected for the worship of the Living Good.

We took a run through the endless halls of the Vatican. The extent and magnificence of the gallery of sculpture is perfectly amazing. The halls, which are filled to overflowing with the finest works of ancient art, would, if placed side by side, make a row more than 2 miles in length. You enter at once into a hall of marble, with a magnificent arched ceiling a third of a mile long. There is scarcely a form of beauty that has ever met my eye which is not found in this gallery. The adjoining gallery is filled with masterpieces of sculpture, but we will keep our eyes unwearied and merely glance along the rows. At length we reach a circular court with a fountain flinging up its waters in the centre. Before us is an open cabinet. There is a beautiful, manly form within. We recognise Canova's Perseus. Another cabinet. This is the far-famed Antinous. I absolutely trembled on approaching the cabinet of the Apollo Belvidere. What shall I say of it? How make you comprehend its immortal beauty? I gazed on it, lost in wonder and joy.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—*Views Afoot*. Wiley and Putnam.

## The Coliseum

It is no fiction, but plain, sober, honest truth, to say: so suggestive is it at this hour that, for a moment, actually on passing in, they who will may have the whole great pile before them, as it used to be, with thousands of eager faces staring down into the arena, and such a whirl of strife and blood and dust going on there as no language can describe. Its solitude, its awful beauty, and its utter desolation strike upon the stranger the next moment with a softened

sorrow, and never in his life perhaps will he be so moved and overcome by any sight not immediately connected with his own affections and afflictions. To see it crumbling there an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green; its corridors open to the day; the long grass growing in its porches; young trees of yesterday springing up on its rugged parapets, and bearing fruit—chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds who build their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see its pit of fight filled; to climb into its upper halls and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimius Severus, and Titus, the Roman Forum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the temples of the old religion fallen down and gone, is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked, wonderful old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight conceivable. Never in its bloodiest prime can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart, as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin, God be thanked! a ruin.

CHARLES DICKENS.—*Pictures from Italy*. Bradbury and Evans.

A fine description of the Campagna, with its impressive ruined aqueducts stretching for miles, is given by Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) in *A Year of Consolation* (Moxon).

The crater lakes of Nemi and Albano in the Alban mountains are described by, among others, Mrs. Elliott, *Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy* (Chapman and Hall).

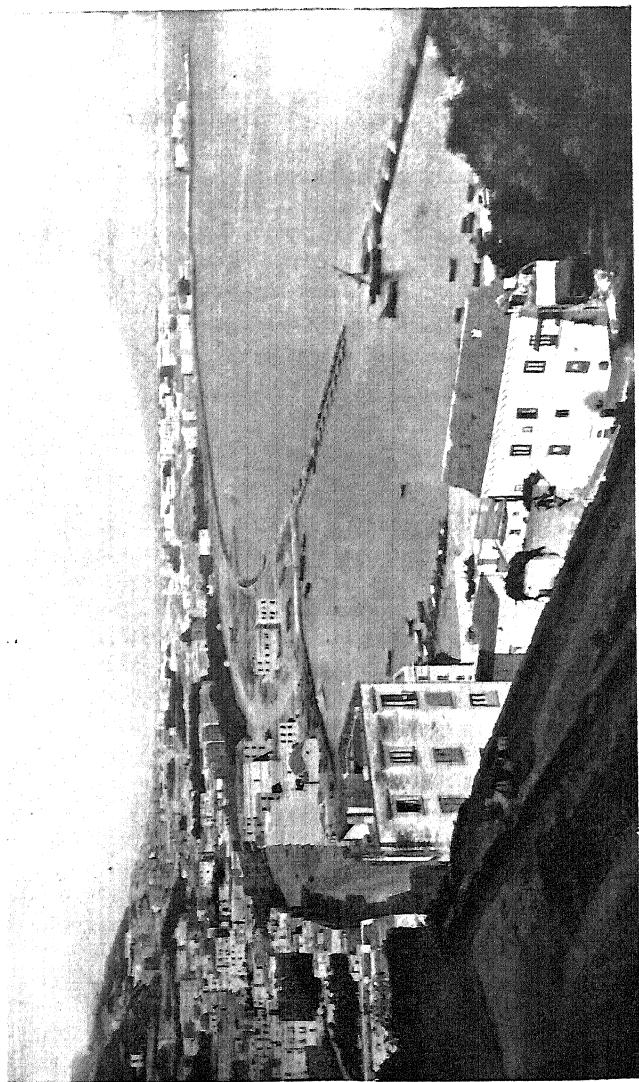
## Naples

The beauty of Naples and its environs can as little be described as exaggerated. The extreme points of the two projecting arms which enclose the bay on the north-west and south-east are about 20 miles distant from each other. The southern promontory stretches farther out to sea; but the balance is restored by the island of Ischia, in the north, which is much larger and more distant from land than its southern sister Capri. The curve of the gulf lying

between them is not regular, but the line of the coast makes nearly a right angle at Naples and also at Castellamare, the intervening space being nearly straight. Vesuvius occupies a point about half-way between the projecting headlands. The whole space is crowded with human life, and comprises nearly every form of beauty into which earth and water can be moulded. On one side, from a sea of the most dazzling blue, a range of mountains, the peaks of which are for many months covered with snow, rise into the air. Forests of oak and chestnut encircle them midway. Between them and the sea is hardly a terrace of level land, and the cliffs that line that tideless shore are often crowded with luxuriant vegetation. In another direction the primitive features are less grand; but the action of volcanic agencies has given great variety of surface within small compass. Numberless points are crowned with villas, monasteries, and houses linked together by a glowing succession of orange groves, vineyards, orchards, and gardens. Over all the unrivalled scene towers Vesuvius, forming the point of convergence in which all the lines of beauty and grandeur meet. I have never seen a mountain that so impresses the mind as this. Although not quite 4000 feet high, it produces the effect of a much greater elevation, because its whole bulk, from the level of the sea to the summit, is seen at a glance. It is remarkable for its flowing and graceful outline, and for the symmetrical regularity of its shape.

In respect to situation the cities of Naples and Edinburgh have an element in common. In both the town and the buildings are subordinate to the grand and commanding features of nature around and above them. Naples is not only stretched along a winding coast, but scattered over the terraces and spurs of a range of semi-circular hills, and is brought into immediate proximity with commanding heights and a grand expanse of water. Thus when it is seen from the sea, which is the finest point of view, the magnificent lines and sweeps of the landscape fairly wipe out the city itself. What words can analyse the





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details of this matchless panorama and unravel that magic web of beauty into which palaces, villas, forests, gardens, vineyards, the mountains, and the sea are woven! What pen can paint the soft curves, the gentle undulations, the flowing outlines, the craggy steeps, and the far seen heights which in their combination are so full of grace! No skill can catch the changing hues of the distant mountains, the playing waves, the films of purple and green which spread themselves over the calm waters, the sunsets of gold and orange, and the aerial veils of rose and amethyst which drop upon the hills from skies of morning and evening.

G. S. HILLIARD.—*Six Months in Italy.* Murray.

The outline of Vesuvius is much changed by the eruption of 1906, which blew away much of the old cone.

### The Crater of Vesuvius

The suddenness with which you come upon it is quite startling. One moment you are clambering up the side in a profound silence; the next moment, as your head rises above the crater lip, you are in presence of a roar and a blaze which make you shrink back a little. It is the formation of the crater which produces this singular surprise. The crater is a huge bowl which comes up to quite a sharp lip, about half a mile in diameter, and some hundred yards in depth, and towards the bottom of this bowl, on the opposite side to where we stood, there is a great hole, from which all the projectiles of the eruption were being shot up, the surface of the bowl being composed of lumps of lava, stones, and cinders, all smeared with sulphur, precisely similar to those upon which we were standing. The obvious consequence of this formation is that, as you are mounting the cone, there is between you and the source of the phenomenon an enormous wall which effectually veils everything alike from eye and ear. A single step seems almost enough to transfer you from the most deathlike stillness to the very grandest exhibition of force it is possible to conceive.

You are standing, observe, on a narrow lip of earth ; behind you is the steep declivity of the mountain ; before you is the equally steep curvature of the bowl. On every side the surface is of the roughest and hardest, but it is gay with colour. It is no longer monopolised, as it was at lower levels, by the dull black of congealed lava alone, but the deep brick-red of stones that have been under the action of fire, the brightest vermilion, and every imaginable shade of orange and yellow that the sulphur is capable of depositing. The ground is so hot that you cannot keep your foot on the same spot for many seconds together. Between the chinks of the stones you can see that a few inches below the surface it is actually red-hot. You thrust in the end of your stick for a moment and you pull it out charred. Over all the farther half of the crater there hangs a dense cloud of smoke and vapour ; all about you there is an atmosphere of sulphur which sets you coughing ; from numberless small holes about your feet there issue with a hiss sulphureous jets of steam which nearly choke you ; and then, as you look down into that seething abyss, you are face to face with the most appalling phenomena both of sight and sound which the whole of Europe has to offer. It is a moment of infatuation. You try to penetrate the lurid curtain of vapour, in order if possible to get a little more directly over the hole, and at every attempt you are driven back nearly suffocated with sulphur before you have advanced 20 yards.

The eruption is not exactly what the imagination paints it. It does not consist of a continuous shower at all, still less does it consist of a shower of black ashes shot out from a fire blazing on the top of the mountain. It consists rather of a series of explosions. The only thing that is unintermittent is the roar and glare of the great abyss. You look into that, and though you see no actual flame, yet its sides are in a state of continuous incandescence ; from the mouth of it there roars up incessantly a dense cloud of steam, and in the depths of it below you hear the crashing of the mighty preparations for the coming outburst.

Then there comes a sharper crackle, and without further warning a loud explosion, which shoots into the air a shower of white-hot missiles of every size and shape. This has a duration of perhaps a minute, and then there is a cessation of some seconds, with the noise only of the internal preparations once more, after which the whole process is repeated again and again as long as the eruption continues. The noise that accompanies these enormous projectiles, which from below seem to be shot up in such profound silence, is something quite without a parallel in ordinary experience. Throw together all the shipwrecks, bombardments, cataracts, earthquakes, thunderstorms, railway accidents, and all terrors of the sort you can think of, and you have some representation of the phenomena of sound, which the eruption of a volcano offers. Take them in conjunction with the phenomena of sight, and the aggregate effect is nothing short of appalling. Take them together when the daylight is over, and the lower world can no longer be distinguished; when the varied colouring of the ground has disappeared in the darkness, and you can see nothing but the gleam of the burning earth up between the minerals at your feet, the white-hot glare of the ribbon of molten lava which is gliding languidly down the mountain at your side, and in front of you the flashing of the internal fire upon the cloud of vapour overhanging the abyss, and you have a scene which is rather different from what you picture as you read that Vesuvius is once again in a state of eruption.

A visit to the source of one of these lava rivers is calculated to modify one's ideas of what lava is and does. There were two singularities specially observable in it. One was the marvellous slowness of its motion. In the early part of its descent the incline over which it had to pass was precipitous, yet so slowly did this mass of liquid fire move within its bed, that its current was only just perceptible. Perhaps in some degree connected with the same internal coherence was the other peculiarity of the lava stream, the impenetrableness of its surface. In

appearance as we stood above it, it was in a perfectly liquid state. The very largest masses of mineral that we could raise we dashed down from above on the burning stream; but they simply bounded across its face like a ball upon a floor without making the faintest apparent indentation. Further, it is commonly supposed that lava is projected from the crater. The streams of lava which have issued forth and cooled at the several epochs of the past are quite distinguishable by their differences of structure and colour. We saw many such, but I saw no indication of any one of them having come over the lip of the crater. In every instance the source of the lava stream seemed to be lower down the mountain. Certainly this was the case with the very fine one which had burst out just before our visit. As we stood upon the lip of the crater it was below us in its whole length. It was issuing from a great fissure which it had made for itself in the side of the cone just below us. It was being poured forth evenly and continuously from this fissure; it descended for a short distance in a broad stream, when a bifurcation took place, and the burning mineral went down to the base of the mountain in two streams of perhaps 20 feet wide each, looking in the darkness like two broad rivers of fire stretching down into the plain.

Rev. T. H. ARMFIELD.—Originally published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and republished in pamphlet form in 1872.

## Pompeii

We entered the town from the side towards the sea, and first saw two theatres; one more magnificent than the other, strewn with the ruins of the white marble which formed their seats and cornices, wrought with deep bold sculpture. You then pass through the ancient streets; they are very narrow, and the houses rather small, but all constructed on an admirable plan, especially for this climate. The rooms are built round a court, or sometimes two, according to the extent of the house. In the midst

is a fountain sometimes surrounded by a portico supported on fluted columns of white stucco ; the floor is paved with mosaic, sometimes wrought in imitation of vine leaves, sometimes in quaint figures, and more or less beautiful according to the rank of the inhabitant. There were paintings on all, but most of them have been removed to decorate the royal museums. Little winged figures and small ornaments of exquisite elegance yet remain. In one house you see how the bedrooms were managed—a small sofa was built up, where the cushions were placed ; two pictures, one representing Diana and Endymion, the other Venus and Mars, decorate the chamber ; and a little niche, which contains the statue of a domestic god. The floor is composed of a rich mosaic of the rarest marbles, agate, jasper, and porphyry ; it looks to the marble fountain and the snow-white columns, whose entablatures strew the floor of the portico they supported. The houses have only one story, and the apartments, though not large, are very lofty. A great advantage results from this wholly unknown in our cities. The public buildings whose ruins are now forests as it were of white fluted columns, and the supported entablatures, loaded with sculptures, were seen all sides over the roofs of the houses. This was the excellence of the ancients. Their private expenses were comparatively moderate : the dwelling of one of the chief senators of Pompeii is elegant indeed, and adorned with most beautiful specimens of art, but small. But their public buildings are everywhere marked by the bold and grand designs of an unsparing magnificence. In the little town of Pompeii (it contained about twenty thousand inhabitants) it is wonderful to see the number and the grandeur of their public buildings. Another advantage, too, is that, in the present case, the glorious scenery is not shut out, and that the ancient Pompeians could contemplate the clouds and the lamps of heaven ; could see the moon rise high behind Vesuvius, and the sun set in the sea, tremulous with an atmosphere of golden vapour between Inarime and Misenum. We next saw the temples.

Of the temple of Æsculapius little remains but an altar of black stone, adorned with a cornice imitating the scales of a serpent. His statue too, in terra-cotta, was found in the cell. The temple of Isis is more perfect. It is surrounded by a portico of fluted columns, and in the area around it are two altars and many ceppi for statues, and a little chapel of white stucco, as hard as stone, of the most exquisite proportion; its panels are adorned with figures in bas-relief, slightly indicated, but of a workmanship the most delicate and perfect that can be conceived. Thence through other porticoes and labyrinths of walls and columns (for I cannot hope to detail everything to you) we came to the Forum. This is a large square, surrounded by lofty porticoes of fluted columns, some broken, some entire, their entablatures strewn under them. The temple of Jupiter, of Venus, and another temple, the Tribunal, and the Hall of Public Justice, with their forests of lofty columns, surround the Forum. This is a magnificent spectacle. Above and between the multitudinous shafts of the sun-shining columns was seen the sea, reflecting the purple heaven of noon above it, and supporting, as it were, on its line the dark lofty mountains of Sorrento, of a blue inexpressibly deep, and tinged towards their summits with streaks of new-fallen snow. Between was one small green island. To the right was Caprae, Inarime, Prochtya, and Misenum. Behind was the single summit of Vesuvius, rolling forth volumes of thick white smoke, whose foam-like column was sometimes darted into the clear dark sky, and fell in little streaks along the wind. Between Vesuvius and the nearer mountains as though a chasm was seen the main line of the loftiest Apennines to the east. The day was radiant and warm. Every now and then we heard the subterranean thunder of Vesuvius; its distant deep peals seemed to shake the very air and light of day, which interpenetrated our frames, with the sullen and tremendous sound.

From the Forum we went to another public place—a triangular portico, half enclosing the ruins of an enormous temple. It is built on the edge of the hill overlooking the

sea. In the apex of the triangle stands an altar and a fountain, and before the altar once stood the statue of the builder of the portico. That black point is the temple. Returning hence, and following the consular road, we came to the eastern gate of the city. The walls are of enormous strength, and enclose a space of 3 miles. On each side of the road beyond the gate are built the tombs. How unlike ours! They seem not so much hiding-places for that which must decay as voluptuous chambers for immortal spirits. They are of marble, radiantly white, and two especially beautiful are loaded with exquisite bas-reliefs. I have forgotten the amphitheatre, which is of great magnitude, though much inferior to the Coliseum. I now understand why the Greeks were such great poets; and, above all, I can account, it seems to me, for the harmony, the unity, the perfection, the uniform excellence of all their works of art. They lived in a perpetual commerce with external nature, and nourished themselves upon the spirit of its forms. Their theatres were all open to the mountains and the sky. Their columns, the ideal types of a sacred forest, with its roof of interwoven tracery, admitted the light and wind; the odour and the freshness of the country penetrated the cities.

P. B. SHELLEY.—*Essays and Letters*. Walter Scott.

Excavations have proceeded much further since the time of Shelley, but the extract has been selected, in preference to many others, in the hope of calling attention to the many other beautiful descriptions of Italian scenery to be found in these letters. *Baedeker* or *Murray* will supply the details of the sights of Pompeii.

### Messina, Taormina, and Etna

From the middle of the strait we had a magnificent view. Before us was Messina, with its harbour full of vessels; behind us Reggio, brilliantly illuminated by the afternoon sun, and backed by the barren mountains of the interior, while on the left rose the immense Etna, its



summit clothed with glittering snow and vomiting forth a portentous smoke.

Our first impression of Messina was most favourable. The splendid quay was covered with elegant equipages; the uniformity of the houses, the arcades, the regular well-built streets, the cleanliness, and above all the air of life and gaiety were well calculated to strike travellers who had been a month wandering in the Calabrias.

The Duomo has much of the Roman character, blended with enough of the Saracenic to give it a rich effect. The outside rather reminded me of the Duomo at Florence, being cased in different-coloured marbles.

. . . . .

Across a wide bay we discovered, far stretching into the sea, a range of rocky hills, their summits fantastically crowned with villages and castles, while Etna, visible everywhere, towered like a giant over all. Many a weary step did we take, many a torrent descending to the sea from some romantic mountain valley did we cross, many an ascent and descent accomplish, before we reached the base of this long-seen range. At last a sudden turn disclosed Taormina seated aloft, with its ruined churches, convents, and venerable stone pines, mingled with palms and orange-trees, glowing in the rich western light; whilst the mouldering castle, perched upon a domineering eminence above the town, numerous other commanding summits, crowned in the same manner, and above all Etna, softened by distance into a deep violet colour, testified the magic influence of the sun's departing rays.

A. J. STRUTT.—*A Tour in Calabria.* Newby.

Other glimpses of the Sicilian landscape will be found *ibid.* pp. 256-357.

Sicily is noted for the variety of its buildings of architectural interest: Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Saracenic, and Norman. Some account of these is given by W. A. PATON in *Picturesque Sicily*. Harper and Brothers.

## LOW COUNTRIES AND FRANCE

### Wallony and Flanders

THE Kingdom of Belgium consists of two strongly contrasted parts, the hills and the plain, with Limburg and Brabant grading between them. The hill country is Wallony; it is French-speaking, and was until the industrial revolution what would be called a poor and somewhat backward country. . . .

The plain country is Flanders, including north and north-west Brabant and most of Limburg. It is the open way for commerce and war from the long European plain towards the Straits of Dover, after crossing the Rhine and Meuse. Flanders is thus placed between the Paris basin and the Long Plain. . . .

As a plain area on the sea-board, its language is of the Low Germanic group, but it is on the hither side of the Rhine and in sufficient historic contact with the Paris basin to be tenaciously Catholic. Moreover, Protestant elements were to a considerable extent pressed out over the Rhine in days of Spanish persecution. Of its great past little need be said—the stories of Bruges and Ypres are well known; but it is wrong to imagine that Flanders is in a state of decay. The old wool industry decayed long ago, but the dampness promotes growth of flax and aids the spinning of flax and cotton; the water of the Lys is specially suitable for retting.

Prof. H. J. FLEURE.—*Human Geography in Western Europe in The Making of the Future Series.* Williamis and Norgate.

This book deals with historical geography in an inspiring manner.

### The Plain of West Flanders

To the west of Bruges the wide plain of Flanders extends to the French frontier. Church spires and wind-mills are the most prominent objects in the landscape;

but though the flatness of the scenery is monotonous, there is something pleasing to the eye in the endless succession of well-cultivated fields, interrupted at intervals by patches of rough bushland, canals, or slow-moving streams winding between rows of pollards, country houses embowered in woods and pleasure-grounds, cottages with fruitful gardens, orchards, small villages, and compact little towns, in most of which the diligent antiquary will find something of interest.

G. W. T. OMOND.—*Belgium*. A. and C. Black.

### Brussels

Brussels lies in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, and is picturesquely built on the top and sides of a hill, which slopes down to the Senne. The general contour of the old town of Brussels is pentagonal, and is well defined by the boulevards, which occupy the site of the old fortifications; but extensive additions have been made, especially to the east and south, and present a very irregular outline. Brussels may be considered to consist of two parts, each presenting characteristics peculiar to itself. The new town or upper part of the city is dry and healthy, and contains a very large number of handsome buildings, both public and private. The lower part is the more ancient and interesting of the two, but is damp, and in summer unhealthy, from the exhalations of the river and the numerous canals. In the former are situated nearly all the public offices, the royal palace, the chamber of deputies, the residences of the foreign representatives, and the principal hotels. The latter contains the Hôtel de Ville, and some of the best remains of the old Gothic architecture, and is the seat of nearly all the trade and commerce of the town. The facilities for commerce are very considerable. The streets are for the most part well paved, well lighted, and abundantly supplied with excellent water. There are in the town innumerable fountains, some of which are handsomely ornamented with sculptures in stone and bronze. In the new town some of the streets are remarkably handsome; they contain a considerable

number of shops and cafés similar to those of Paris, and form the chief promenades of the inhabitants. In the old town they are for the most part narrow and sombre. There are fourteen squares in Brussels, many of which are used as market-places. In the Grande Place before the Hôtel de Ville, surrounded for the most part with houses that date from the time of the Spanish possession, the Counts Egmont and Horn were beheaded in 1568, by order of the Duke of Alva, who surveyed the scene from the windows of the Brood-Huys (otherwise Maison du Roi), a remarkable specimen of Gothic architecture still extant. In the Place de la Monnaie are the Mint, the Exchange, and the great theatre. In the Place des Martyrs, the heroes who fell in the Revolution of 1830 are interred. In front of the Palace is the Public Park, a fashionable summer promenade, which covers an area of about 14 acres. It is beautifully laid out with walks, adorned at moderate distances with groups of sculpture; and as it is planted with trees which shade it from the sun, the grass is always fresh and green. In the lower town is the Allée Verte, an equally fashionable promenade, which runs parallel with the Mechin canal, having a triple row of linden trees on each side, and leads towards the village of Lacken, where the King has a suburban castle.

Of the public buildings of Brussels the most remarkable are the Cathedral Church of St. Michel et Ste. Gudule, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Palace of Justice, a modern erection. The cathedral was built in 1010, and in it was held the first chapter of the order of the Golden Fleece in 1535. It contains a remarkable pulpit, and some splendid specimens of stained glass. From its towers a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained. The Hôtel de Ville, built in 1400, is profusely ornamented; it has a tower 360 feet in height. The other public buildings of Brussels are for the most part handsome, but are quite uninteresting.

*Encyclopædia Britannica.* A. & C. Black.

By permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.

## Amsterdam

The best approach to Amsterdam is from either the Zuider Zee, through the massive locks at Schellingwonde, or by way of the North Holland or North Sea canals. Then from across the waters of the Y, which is here a broad river, the traveller gets his first view of the great city, and sees it stretched out before him in the form of a vast semicircle. Seen under a clear sky and in a soft golden sunset light, with shipping in the foreground, buildings, towers, and churches receding into the far distance, it presents as charming an appearance as the most fastidious eye could desire. Few views are more pleasing than that seen when the steamer, after a two or three hours' sail along the narrow waterway of the North Holland canal, passes beyond the great entrance locks and swings out upon the broad bosom of the Y, with the dome of the Lutheran Church, the cupola of the Palace, and the tall, antique spires of the Old and New churches rising high above the multitudinous roofs of the great city. The peculiarities of the site have, even more markedly than in the case of most great European capitals, determined the method of the city's expansion beyond the more ancient part. It has grown outwards in semicircles ever larger and larger from the central point, the Dam. Each semicircle is formed by a broad canal, bordered on both sides by a paved street, in many cases lined with double rows of trees. At right angles to these canals, and all converging towards the central point, the Dam, run the smaller streets, in very many cases with canals passing through the centre. In fact, visitors eager for statistics are soon informed that there are from 70 to 80 of these canals, that they are spanned by nearly 300 bridges, and that they divide the city into upwards of 90 islands. The outlying parts of the town are laid out more in accordance with modern practice. The houses which line the sides of the canal streets are tall, often gabled and picturesque,

and well calculated to catch the eye and attract the interest of the stranger.

A well-organised system of tramcars connects all quarters of the city. Along the bigger canals small steamboats ply, and along all, big or small, canal boats. Streams of animated pedestrians pass along the streets, well-dressed ladies who have long since discarded all national peculiarities of dress as unfashionable; men intent on business; trim, white-capped, bare-armed servant-maids; 'here and there a typical peasant, with his broad, baggy trousers, or a Friesland woman, with her glittering gold skull-cap. Everywhere are signs of comfort and prosperity. The shining windows, the dazzlingly clean brass door-plates, and the spotless steps all please the eye.

RICHARD LOVETT.—*Pictures of Holland*. Religious Tract Society.  
By permission of the Religious Tract Society.

### The Inhabitants of France

In order to realise the heterogeneous composition of the French nation, we must study its members from life—the monosyllabic, self-contained Breton; the hot-tempered, vivacious Southerner; the Angevin, gentle of manner and disposition; the Auvergnat, once set down as the personification of sordidness, rehabilitated by the picture, veritable Dutch painting with pen, of Mr. Borham Zincke; the Franc-Comtois are hard-headed, one and all, born mathematicians; the Bourguignon, affable, convivial, of the world worldly, with whom life runs smoothly; the mountaineer of the Cevennes, in whose veins flows the all-enduring Huguenot blood, dignified, reserved; the Gascon, light-hearted, affectionate, of sunny mood,—these are but a few of the long category. Nor are physical distinctions less marked than moral and intellectual idiosyncrasy.

MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS.—*France of To-day*, Introductory. Percival.

Similarly Miss LYNCH has laid stress on the immense provincial differences that are to be found in the people of France, in *French Life in Town and Country*. Newnes. J. RUSKIN alludes to the same fact in par. 16 of the *Bible of Amiens*. G. Allen.

## In the Fruit-growing Districts of Normandy

The journey from Caen to Vire, at the southern extremity of the department of Calvados, leads the traveller through the most beautiful sylvan scenery of the province ; through verdant mountain sides, rich pastures, orchards, and dense timber forests, alternating with cornfields, gardens, cottages, châteaux, and churches. The road we entered upon would lead to Falaise, and a royal road it appeared—70 feet wide, and kept in most perfect and serviceable condition. . . . I soon perceived the frequency of thickets, verdant with the foliage of many trees, oak and elm chiefly, to which this line of country owes the name of the *bocages*. These contributed not that beauty to the landscape which it derived from deeply shaded glens, continually darkening the region intermediate between the road and the hill country on our left. In some of the villages I noticed on the fronts of several cottages abundant crops of the finest ripe apricots and pears. It was surprising to observe in the midst of four or five acres of barley a number of pear-trees so heavily laden as to require several poles to sustain the bending branches, the grain, nevertheless, full in the ear, and apparently unimpoverished by the concomitant growth of the tree. The village clock had not yet struck seven ; yet, in front of many a cottage door were seated women and girls busily at work on the lace pillows. The well-trimmed quick-set hedges skirted the roads for several miles, enclosing fields in which tobacco, flax, coleseed, hemp, beetroot, and buckwheat gave a foreign aspect to the cultivation. . . . Apple growth seems to be a paramount consideration in every part of central Normandy.

G. M. MUSGRAVE.—*A Ramble through Normandy*. Bogue.

A good description of the orchard and meadow scenery between Vire and Falaise is given *ibid.* pp. 385-398.

“Normandy is full of interest. It is remarkable for varied outline of swelling hills waving with corn, for beautiful valleys, abounding in orchards, and in rich pasturages, on which large herds of cattle

are reared, and traversed by winding rivers; for richness and careful cultivation; and above all for remains of mediæval antiquity; venerable cities, noble cathedrals, abbeys, and churches, not confined merely to the larger towns, but scattered over the country, so that every village, in some parts, possesses a fine specimen of architecture. Parts of the upper country are certainly a flat monotonous table-land; but in the joyous sunny slopes and winding dales of Lower Normandy, in its hedgerows, orchards, thatched cottages with gardens, frequent village spires and chalk cliffs, an Englishman recognises with pleasure the features of his own country."—MURRAY'S *Handbook to France*. Stanford.

For the sights, as distinguished from the scenery of Normandy, one of the best books is Mrs. MACQUOID'S *Through Normandy*. Ishister.

### In the Manufacturing District of Normandy

Two steep hills, another smiling valley, a considerable extent of orchards, were the only features interspersed in a dead level of well-farmed arable land, and through this lay our road to Elbeuf. We came upon the town quite on a sudden, after climbing a steep acclivity, and at once confronted the drying-grounds of this Leeds of Normandy. The hills in the immediate vicinity of the factories are hung with thousands of yards of cloth, stretched on frames and strong posts to dry. Elbeuf stands on either side of the Seine, and bears all the appearances of a prosperous community.

The most remarkable feature in this locality is the range of chalk cliffs, to the left, on leaving the town, the Orival rocks, the strata of which are separated by layers of enormous masses of flint, mostly horizontal, but occasionally jutting upward. At one part these natural steeples attain an altitude of 200 feet. The most singular effect was the presence of the river Seine on the right hand, and on the left during the remainder of our journey to Rouen. It was not visible till we emerged from the forest of Londe, when we saw it on either side of us. The fact is, that the whole tract of land between Elbeuf and Rouen is a peninsula, formed by one of the frequent windings of the Seine between



Paris and Havre, and we were now travelling through it in a direct line. The grassy sides and wood-crowned cliffs make this river exceedingly beautiful. The frequently recurring islands, on which grow the loftiest of poplars, that characterise its course, presented themselves at intervals on the skirts of the forest of Rouvray, producing the most lovely effect. The railway runs along the right, or eastern side of this peninsula, crossing the river and giving a station to Pont de l'Arche, with its bridge of twenty-two arches, on the bank opposite that town, 30 miles from Rouen.

At length we came in sight of that city. The groups of high chimneys appeared to have increased twenty-fold since my first visit, indicating a vast increase of manufacturing labour and prosperous trade in this Manchester of France. Approach the town from whatever quarter you will, its aspect is eminently beautiful and attractive. The quays are superb. The custom-house, with the principal suspension bridge, a magnificent structure, as the foreground, the numerous towers and steeples of the city on the left, and the white cliffs crested with the most brilliant verdure, with Notre Dame de Bon Secours and its elegant spire overlooking the largest panorama in Normandy, constitute a *tout ensemble* to which France hardly affords a parallel. As a mercantile city Rouen will eventually become one of the most highly embellished in the country.

G. M. MUSGRAVE.—*A Ramble through Normandy.* Bogue.

"It is quite possible to enter Rouen and to remain for several hours blind to its wonderfully picturesque beauty. The approach to the city from the Rue Verte station down the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, in spite of occasional glimpses of towers and spires is so intensely modern that it is hard to believe that the Rouen extolled by so many travellers is still in existence. Much of the ancient city has been removed to make room for the large modern streets which run northwards from the Seine, and for others which intersect these, traversing the city from east to west. But the traveller who starts from the Gare d'Amiens will find enough to take him back centuries and to enable him to picture Rouen to himself, much as she must have appeared in the Middle Ages."—K. S. MACQUOID. This charming volume,

with its illustrations, gives a complete and picturesque account of the city (pp. 18-99). The view from the heights on the opposite bank, the city with its towering spires, set between a semicircle of boulevards, and the river with its forests of masts and funnels, the green plains beyond bounded by the forests of Rouvray and La Londe, are well described (pp. 92-95).

"The glory of the old town is its splendid cathedral, which rises like a tall rock above the sea of quaint gables, roofs, and towers which hem it round. . . . In one of the streets is still to be seen an ancient tower, where the brave and noble French girl, Joan of Arc, was tried in May 1431. A little later this great heroine and martyr was burned to death in an open place in the city, and her ashes were cast into the Seine.

J. FINNEMORE.—*France*, Peeps at Many Lands. A. and C. Black.

### The Prehistoric Monuments of Brittany<sup>1</sup>

As I drove to Carnac, amid glowing gorse, purpling fern, and mellow woods, I said to myself, "This is the time to see Brittany!" The wild gorge at the beginning of the Carnac road reminds me of Haslemere, in Sussex, and all through my Breton journey I find myself saying, "How like Wales! how like Sussex! how like Cornwall!" So greatly does La Petite Bretagne resemble La Grande! Wild sweeps of heath, with low-lying pastures, herds of little black and white Breton cows, magpies, jays, and crows, flying about the hedges, quaint stone windmills, low thatched, one-storied cottages, pine woods, pools, and marshes, and lastly the sea. Such is the scenery of the 9 miles' drive from Auray to Carnac.

The stones of Carnac, like the pyramids of Egypt, are indescribable, and like the pyramids superhumanly grand, monotonous, and imposing. What giant precursors of the human race raised these obelisks of unknown stone, these stupendous altars, untouched by hammer or chisel, these gloomy temples, rude and stupendous as the cyclopean walls of Mycenæ. "There is nothing in history and hardly anything in tradition that throws any light on the mystery," writes one author, and another concludes his

<sup>1</sup> *French*, Bretagne.

speculation by the observation that of all the hypotheses projected each may fall far short of the truth.

The fancy cannot picture a wilder, more grandiose scene than the consecrated ground of barbaric races beside the sea. A little girl, wild as an Arab, and speaking only Breton, led me across heath and brushwood to "The Stones," as these monuments are called by the poor people, and there leaving me, I wandered about the strange scene alone. There were magpies chattering on the low tamarisk bushes, and rooks cawing overhead, and cattle grazing close by; but otherwise how savage it was, how solitary, how silent! Beyond a ridge of sombre pines, gaunt windmills, and scattered farm-buildings, lay the wide stretching sea, to-day pale blue and monotonous, whilst all round, amid flaming gorse, and fading fern, heather, mixed bronze and reddish purple, rose by hundreds the mysterious granite tombs, monuments, symbols, we know not what. From the summit of Mont St. Michel the wide-stretching moor of Carnac, with all its countless *menhirs*, forming avenues, miles in length, can be seen, but it is necessary to visit and examine carefully each separate group before making a general survey. I left my carriage at Kermaria, on the left of the Auray road, and visited first the smaller stones. Then I walked on foot to the far more stupendous remains of Le Bal and Kerkscaut, on the other side of the village of Carnac. In the first the *menhirs*, which are of no great height, are scattered about *pêle-mêle*; in this last, order is gradually perceived and the stones increase in height, till, at last, are beheld waving lines and phalanxes, terminating in rows from 10 to 18 feet high. It is impossible to convey any idea of such a scene, especially on a gray afternoon, when the surging wind and the sombre colouring of the desolate plain lent added majesty and gloom to these innumerable monoliths, hoary with long white lichens, the growth of ages.

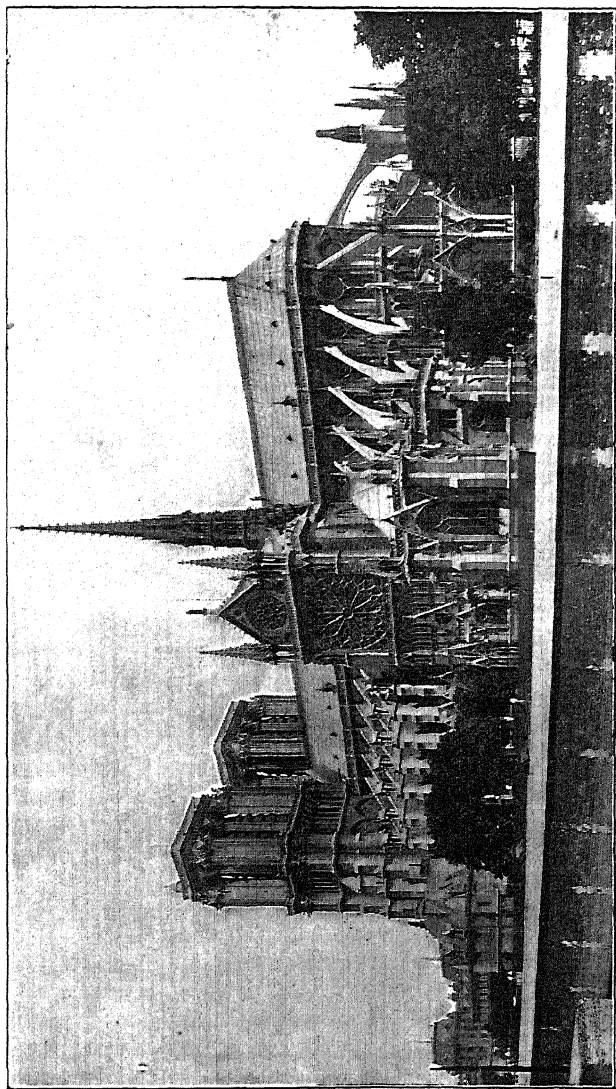
M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.—*A Year in Western France*. Longmans.  
By permission of Miss Betham-Edwards.

In the succeeding pp. 235-251 are given further details of the prehistoric remains of Brittany. The whole volume will be found useful for the study of Western France north of the Loire. See also *France of To-day*, by the same author, vol. ii. part iv. for Brittany; and vol. i. part ii. for the Loire district.

“The quaint and antique aspect of the buildings adds much to the picturesque character of the country. Some, as in Dinan, Morlaix, Quimper, etc., are framed of timber, with projecting stories resting on grotesquely carved brackets, but generally the houses, both in the towns and villages, are of gray granite, with massive, round, or arched imposts to the doors and windows, and often enriched with Gothic mouldings. The churches again are features of great interest and beauty.”—MURRAY'S *Handbook to France*. Stanford.

## Paris

Historically speaking, the site of Paris was determined, like that of so many ancient cities, by the advantages for defence presented by the islands of the Seine, on which the original settlement was founded. In this case, as in so many others, the builders builded better than they knew. The site possesses natural advantages of a permanent character which have fitted it to become the metropolis of France. The conditions of the world have changed since the remote days when a Gallic tribe made the river islands their fastness, and a strong defensive position is no longer the first requisite for a capital. Yet how strong a defensive position the city has, though it has for centuries outgrown its island nucleus, and spread on to both banks of the Seine, may be judged from the long and desperate resistance offered thirty years ago to the besieging German army. This is due to its position on the broad plain of the Seine, bounded on either side by heights, which, when strongly fortified, make a position of considerable strength. It was to famine and internal strife that Paris ultimately yielded. But Paris occupies much more than a strong defensive position; its site marks it out in a pre-eminent degree to be the centre of a prosperous and peaceful France. A glance at the map shows how all the roads of Northern France necessarily converge upon it. The Seine



*Notre-Dame, Paris. Phot.*

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL

links it with Normandy and the sea to the north, and with the fertile districts of Burgundy on the south, while its tributaries stretch like the fingers of a hand over the richest provinces of northern and central France, bringing them into ready touch with the capital. It is true that Paris lies considerably north of the centre, but this very eccentricity is in itself significant, though its significance is largely disguised in many maps. Looking at a good contour map and comparing it with a vegetation map, a large area of southern France is seen to consist of unproductive *landes*, of *causses*, of volcanic *débris*, and of lofty and barren mountains. Subtract this compact and relatively poor area, and Paris is seen to be but little removed from the centre of the wealthiest and most homogeneous portion of France, in which the absence of natural barriers and the abundance of natural waterways go far to minimise distance.

From four spots, at least, within the city itself can the whole panorama be seen—from the galleries of the Eiffel tower, itself so conspicuous a feature to the traveller approaching Paris from the north by the Seine valley; from the towers of Notre Dame; from the top of the Arc de Triomphe; and from the terrace of the great unfinished church of Montmartre, the only conspicuous height that breaks the level of the plain on which the city stands. The view extends over the broad and fertile valley of the Seine, shut in by its fortified wooded heights, and over a sea of roofs, diversified by splashes of green, the site of gardens and boulevards, broken up by towers and spires and domes, and cut in twain by the river, which may be traced winding like a silver thread till it loses itself in the distance.

Paris itself, without any striking beauty of situation, is one of the most attractive, and in a certain sense, one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. It is at once the most modern, the most cosmopolitan of cities, and the most ancient, and the most typically French. On the right bank lies the city of commerce and finance, of cosmo-

politanism and the tourist, of triumphal arches and columns of victory, of broad boulevards, of parks and gardens, and of spacious streets, whose shops set the fashions of half the world. To its trees and its rivers Paris owes half at least of its beauty. It is an imposing sight to stand in the vast Place de la Concorde, with the long vistas of the Champs Elysées converging to the Arc de Triomphe on one hand, and on the other the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries, with their fountains and statues; while in front the broad river flows beside its quays and beneath its bridges to the woods of Sevres and Saint Cloud. As Paris is the focus of France, so is the river the focus of Paris. You cross and recross it perpetually, you saunter along its quays, you take the steamer from pier to pier, you use it, in fact, as what it is, the main street of Paris. Less broad than the Thames at London, it adds a picturesqueness to the city which the greater river fails to give. The quays of Paris, notwithstanding the Hôtel de Ville, the beautiful Gothic tower of St. Jacques, and the long and splendid façade of the Louvre, are not perhaps so fine as the Victoria Embankment, but how different is the view of the opposite shore from the squalid chaos of the Surrey side. The eye rests on tall and dignified old houses, or on historic buildings such as the Conciergerie, or the Institut de France, or, it may be, catches the towers of Notre Dame, or the domes of the Panthéon, the Sorbonne, or the Invalides. Bridge after bridge spans the stream, and whichever you cross, the view up and down the river is one to arrest the eye. When you cross the river you find yourself in a Paris so different from the Paris of the right bank as to be almost a separate city. You step back into the Paris, if not of the Middle Ages, at least of a century ago. The city of the left bank has its boulevards too, and its garden of the Luxemburg, one of the most beautiful in Paris, but what give it its distinctive character are the narrow, winding streets, each name a landmark in history, the tall, quaint houses, and the difference in the type of face you mark on its crowded streets. It is the

Paris of the student, the thinker, the lawyer, the artist ; of the Sorbonne, where many a great man is moulded, and of the Panthéon, where "a grateful country" commemorates its illustrious dead. Between the two cities, on the historic Ile de la Cité, washed by the river on either side, a stone's throw from the city of learning, a stone's throw from the city of pleasure, linked to both, apart from both, rise the stately double towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Its great choir soars upward, sustained and borne up, as it seems, by the sweep of its flying buttresses, till it towers above and looks down on the city at its feet, a witness to higher things, a symbol of eternity among the preoccupations of a day, adding, with its spiritual beauty, the last touch to the many beauties of the city of the Seine.

F. D. HERBERTSON.<sup>1</sup>

"The natural centre of this Seine and Somme basin is Paris. The Seine and Marne converging just above the islands which form the nucleus of the city, give the directing line for the transport of goods in all directions. The Seine connects, by the Loing, with the valley of the Loire, south-west France and Spain ; by the Yonne with the upper Loire ; by the Armançon (through the Ouche) with the Saône, and so with Switzerland, Italy, south-east France, and last, but greatest of all, with Marseille, the emporium of the Mediterranean. The Marne allows communication with the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy through the upper waters of the Saône eastwards through the Burgundian Gate, as well as south-eastwards across the Jura ; moreover, its tributary, the Ornain, gives access to the Plateau of Lorraine and the Rhine Valley by a canal which crosses the Meuse, reaches the Moselle at Toul, follows the Meurthe a considerable distance below Nancy, and then proceeds eastwards, by tributary valleys, to cross the Rhine and Saar, divide and fall into the Ill (and so the Rhine) at Strassburg. Again, the Oise as a waterway, and through its valley, taps the great manufacturing centres of north-eastern France, and the position of St. Quentin marks the end of the great artery canal which connects the Scheldt, Deule, and Lys with Dunkirk<sup>2</sup> and Calais, and also with the Somme, the Oise, and Paris. The Oise is also in close communication with the manufacturing towns of Southern Belgium and north-west Germany by the Sambre, and through the Aisne with the Middle Meuse. Add to all these convergent lines the river and valley communication afforded by the Seine itself with the seaports and manufacturing centres of Rouen and Le Havre, and the chain of evidence is

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<sup>1</sup> Written for the present volume.

<sup>2</sup> *French*, Dunquerque or Dunkerque.



complete. Mr. Grant Allen, in his guide-book, claims for Rouen a commercial position superior even to Paris ; but great as Rouen is as a seaport and as a manufacturing centre, it fails in this one important point, the stream of traffic, instead of pouring in by a dozen or more different lines, is necessarily compressed into three, or at most four."—B. B. DICKENSON, *Geographical Teacher*, June 1902.

An excellent account of the Plain of Paris is given in H. BELLOC, *Paris*, Heinemann, in the chapter bearing that title.

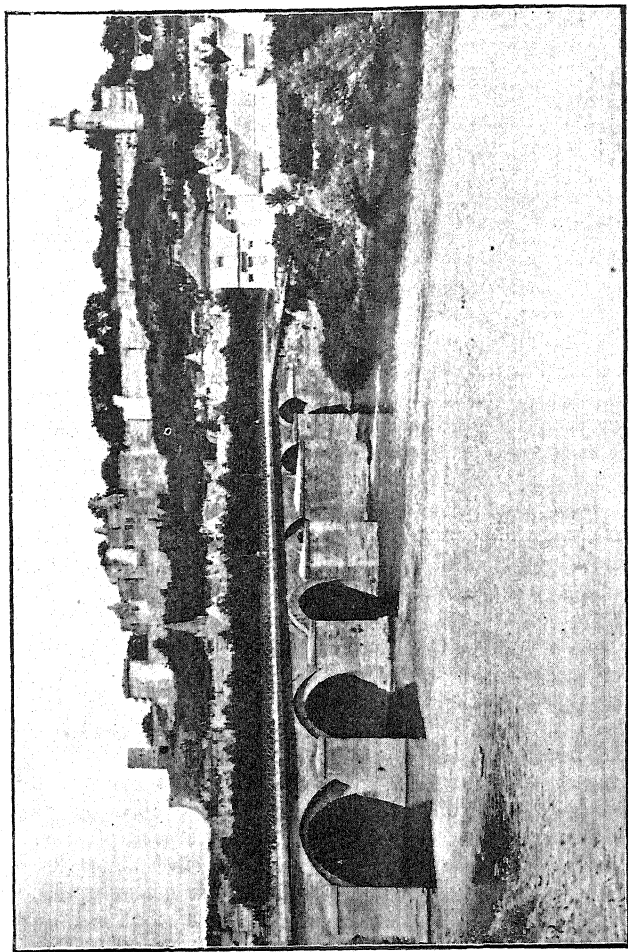
Miss E. M. SANDERS, B.A., has well described the geological structure of this area in an article entitled "The Basin of Paris" in the *Geographical Teacher*, No. 42, Summer 1915.

## In the Loire Country

The entrance into Blois, as the traveller descends the hill, approaches the river and then follows its course, must at all times be beautiful, and was especially beautiful this evening, all on the one side of the river lying in deep shadow, while all on the other side was lit up by the bright gleam of sunset. Blois is not extensive, but at each end of it there are very commanding edifices—the well-known ancient castle or palace of the French kings and the church of St. Nicolas at one end, and the cathedral at the other. Midway on the hill extend rows of fine trees, which have a fine effect among the houses of the town hanging before you on the steep ascent. We proceeded next day by the northern bank of the Loire, along that great work the *levée*, or artificial dyke, by which this river is restrained from overflow, and an excellent dry flat road provided for 100 miles. The river was without any striking features until we came within sight of the small old town of Amboise, which lies under the castle of the same name, built on the top of a perpendicular cliff. Amboise is one of those royal residences in Touraine, each of which seems to have met with peculiar favour from the different kings of France, for the banks of the Loire were formerly the scenes of royal habitation.

Tours is situated on the south side of the Loire, in a widely extended flat, composed of a black, unctuous,

and most fertile soil. United to the town by a long



CHINON ON THE LOIRE

and magnificent bridge lies the beautiful suburb called

St. Symphorien, on a sloping declivity looking down on the broad waters of the Loire, and adorned by country houses scattered among vines, terraces, and gardens.

After many rainy days we chose one of better promise for Loches, on the Indre. The country we traversed was devoid of interest until we arrived within a few miles of that town, when the scene was diversified by hill and dale, and the river Indre appeared on our left. As we approached the town a tall solitary belfry stood conspicuously before us. Behind this another church, the old palace, and the gloomy prison of Loches rose boldly and abruptly into the air on a dark and precipitous rock. The view is very grand, and each approach to the town presents it to the traveller's eye in an equally imposing character.

Having gone to Saumur previously by Chinon, on the southern bank of the Loire, we now chose the northern side. As we advanced, the Loire became much wider, and at the same time far more beautiful. The islands were more numerous, and more marked in feature; here and there castles and churches rose from the topmost edge of the cliff, and along its side, houses, cellars, caves, and all kinds of hollow receptacles were scooped out of the rock, while terraces, walls for vines, and various other buildings were hung and thrown about in the most varied profusion. The evening was just closing in as we reached Saumur.

REV. T. TRENCH.—*Travels in France and Spain.* Bentley.

“The Loire and Touraine have been far too highly praised. The Seine is much more beautiful than the Loire; Normandy is a much more charming garden than Touraine. A broad yellow stretch of water, flat banks, with poplars everywhere—that is the Loire. The poplar is the only tree that is uninteresting. It clothes all the horizons of the Loire. Along the river, on the islands, along the edge of the dyke, and in the far distance nothing but poplars are to be seen. The Loire has not, like the Seine and the Rhine, a crowd of pretty towns and villages built on the very edge of the stream, and reflecting their gables, spires, and fronts in its waters. The Loire flows across a great alluvial flood plain called La Sologne, from which it carries away the sediment with which its waters are loaded, and which often obstruct and encumber its bed. Hence the frequent risings and inundations on these low plains, which have pushed the villages farther from the river. On the right bank they are sheltered behind

the dyke, where they are almost lost to sight, so that the traveller does not observe them. Yet the Loire has its beauties. Its most picturesque and imposing feature is an immense limestone wall, mixed with sandstone, millstone, and potters' clay, which encloses its right bank, and stretches from Blois to Tours with an inexpressible variety and beauty, now wild rock, now like an English garden covered with trees and flowers, crowned with ripening vines and smoking chimneys, perforated like a sponge, teeming with life like an ant-heap. There are the deep caverns, once the hidden lairs of the false coiners. To-day the rude embrasures of these caves are filled with pretty casements, neatly set into the rock, and from time to time you catch a glimpse through the glass of some young lass packing boxes of aniseed, angelica, and coriander. The coiner is replaced by the confectioner."—VICTOR HUGO, *Alpes et Pyrénées*.

"A fairy scene is the Loire on a warm July day. As the traveller slowly steams from Angers to Nantes, amid flowery banks and low-lying meads, it is difficult to believe that a few months later all may disappear, only the loftiest tree-tops being visible above the engulfing waters. An unforgettable, unimaginable sight is an inundation of the Loire—Nantes, the Liverpool of Western France, suddenly turned into a second Venice; locomotion in its busy streets only possible by boat; far away, looking seaward, the terrified townsfolk behold vista upon vista of gradually vanishing islets; holiday haunts in summer, riverside villages and verdant hills; church bells are set ringing, brave sailors haste to the rescue, no power is able to stem the deluge."—MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS, *France of To-day*. Percival and Co.

"Normandy is Normandy, Burgundy is Burgundy, Provence is Provence, but Touraine is essentially France. Touraine is a land of old châteaux, a gallery of architectural specimens, and of large hereditary properties. It is, moreover, the heart of the old French monarchy; and as that monarchy was splendid and picturesque, a reflection of the splendour still glitters in the current of the Loire. Some of the most striking events of French history have occurred on the banks of that river."—H. JAMES, *A Little Tour in France*. Heinemann.

The historic scenes of the Loire country are described *ibid.* pp. 1-132.

## In Anjou

It would be easier nowadays to say what Anjou does not produce than to give a list of its products. The astounding country! Corn, fruit, and flowers seem to have here their home. Nowhere else through the length and breadth of France do you feel more overwhelmed with the plenty of common things, more conscious of the spell wrought by possession.

Alike rich and poor can dispense with the shop and the market in the Maine and Loire. Everything for comfort and grace is at their doors in larder and clothes-presses. At my friend's house no more shopping was done than if she were living on a desert island. Besides the stores of home-grown wine, spirits and liqueurs and essences, the delicate orange flower among them, there were jams and jellies enough to stock a grocer's shop, walnut oil, raisin vinegar, honey, home-made medicines, stimulants, ointments, homespun linen, everything for use but shoes and stationery. Of course there were cows, affording cream and butter; a well-stocked poultry yard; calves and sheep; in addition to these fish from the neighbouring streams; and of course fruit and vegetables in abundance. Everything flourishes—strawberries, peaches, figs, mulberries, grapes, peas, asparagus, salads of all kinds; none of these good things being mere dainties for elegantly appointed tables. Many of the very small holdings here may indeed be described as orchards, fruit trees and bushes being planted amid the crops and by the wayside, no one pilfering his neighbour. In my native Suffolk a tree standing in a cornfield was regarded by the occupant as an enemy. The French farmer, on the contrary, avers that a tree earns its own living. The walnut, the service berry, and the apple are allowed to overshadow the wheat and barley undisturbed on account of their own valuable crops. The oil made from the walnut is excellent; a wholesome drink is produced from the service berry; apples are generally sold for cider. The field crops show the same variety, and dazzling indeed is the peasants' patchwork from April till November. Sky-blue flax, dark green hemp, crimson clover, bright yellow colza, golden wheat, the stately Indian corn, with its deep-hued waxen-green leaves and rich orange-coloured seeds, the creamy blossomed buckwheat,—all these flourish side by side, and often on a farm of 2 or 3 acres.

The beauty of the Angevin landscape is made up of little nothings. In summer-time the country is a mosaic of

green, purple, and gold, the pale tints of ripening corn mingling with the richer hemp and dark-leaved beetroot. Ofttimes our way lies through one vast orchard, fruit trees bordering the wood, walnut-tree, service berry, plum, pear, and apple. In another direction we may come upon some huge monolith of granite, rude stone monuments here keeping fine old churches company. Summer is tropical through Anjou, and the intense transparence and luminosity of the air enhance the beauty of the landscape. The fields are abandoned during the meridian heat of the day, the labours of the farmer often beginning at 4 A.M. Towards sunset the cornfields are flooded with amber radiance, and every object is bathed in vapoury gold.

Miss M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.—*France of To-day*. Percival and Co.

By permission of Miss Betham-Edwards.

These volumes are a mine of valuable information and picturesque detail of all that concerns rural life in France. Every page is worth reading, and references are too numerous to be given in detail.

### **In the Volcanic Country of Auvergne**

On entering the department of Puy de Dôme, the traveller finds himself on the border of a vast level plain, the Limagne, which geologists judge from the deposited marls and sands which form its surface to have been once a freshwater lake in the course of the Allier. It was clothed with all the splendour of the autumn, covered with vineyards, in the gold and purple tint of their decaying foliage, while here and there meadows of rich green were a refreshing contrast to the parched brown herbage of the lower levels. On the border of the plain irregular hills, little more than mounds, began to appear; soon these became loftier and more numerous, but still forming no connected chain. The crater-like form was very apparent in several, with here and there the peculiar scooped-out shape of the interior of the volcano, broken down at one side. Nor was it difficult to trace broad sloping streams

of lava, hardened now and covered with soil for ages, with sheep and cattle peacefully grazing where the fiery floods had rolled.<sup>1</sup> On the bolder hills ruined castles were seen, or villages built of dark lava blocks. The rounded heights of the Puy de Dôme now appeared, and at Clermont-Ferrand we had entered the heart of the volcanic country. Clermont itself, except the very noble cathedral and the Church of St. Jean du Pont, notable for its pure Romanesque, has little worth the attention of the traveller. Of the many excursions to be made from it, by far the most interesting are those to the highest peak of the district, the Puy de Dôme, and to Mont Dore. It was a stiff climb up to the barren tableland, from which the cone of the Puy de Dôme towers to the height of about 1700 feet, being 4842 feet above the sea-level. There are few more unique and striking views than that from the summit. North and south the volcanic peaks rise in wide disorder from the granite level, which is broken into numerous plateaus more or less covered with foliage and verdure. In many places it is easy to trace the form of craters, the bowl shape being very evident, with the edge or lip fractured at one side by the descending stream of lava. East and west the immense and fertile plains afford a smiling contrast to the wildness of the volcanic ranges. A fine observatory has been erected on the summit.

But the finest drive indisputably is that to Mont Dore. The drive, ascending steeply for the greater part of the distance, 27 miles, abounds with the most diversified scenery. The brown bare sides of the Puys, the amphitheatre of craters, the ruined towers, the picturesque villages, with the great blocks of granite and basalt, which lie in wild confusion about the fields, form a succession of ever-changing pictures, the dark gray of the hills, and the almost black lava dust of the roads, being relieved by the rich autumn tints, first of the vineyards, then, as we ascend, of the chestnut, ash, and beech, while the fir

<sup>1</sup> These lava streams are locally called *cheïres*.

forests on many a height form a background of sombre green. At length a turn on the road discloses the village of Mont Dore in a broad valley, girdled with mountains, and dominated by the Pic de Sancy, the highest peak in Central France. In this great circus-like gorge, with its wall of rock intersected by ravines, scaurs, and cascades, the mountain climber will find himself at home.

Rev. S. G. GREEN.—*French Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil*.  
Religious Tract Society.

By permission of the Religious Tract Society.

“It is a singular spectacle to see a herd of cattle quietly grazing above the orifice where such furious explosions once broke forth. Their foot-tracks round the shelving side of the basin [of the Puy de Pariou], in steps rising one above the other, like the seats of an amphitheatre, make the excessive regularity of its circular basin more remarkable.”—POULETT SCROPE, *Volcanoes of Central France*. Murray.

“A short but very steep ascent brought us to the top of the Pic de Sancy, 6258 feet above the level of the sea. The view was grand in the extreme. Our feet trod the mossy grass, in which a thousand flowers opened their delicate petals, mingling their glowing tints with the deep purple of the violets which covered the ground. Around us, in wild confusion, were jagged peaks and riven rocks, their red-brown sides contrasting grandly with the rich vegetation of the tableland and the dark blue of the sky. Thus lay in view this region of extinct volcanoes, enclosing the valley of Mont Dore to the north; to the south looking on a vast undulating plain, not unbroken by mountains, terminating in the volcanic range of the Cantal. Beyond to the north-east rose the Puy de Dôme, then a vast expanse like an ocean. East and west the eye lost the earth in a horizon like that of a misty sea.”—ANON, *Summer Days in Auvergne*. Bentley.

## From the Garonne to the Dordogne

I suppose no one would call the country between Toulouse and Montauban beautiful. But for such as love nature the country in its spring garb can never be ugly. Wildflowers in profusion exhaust the catalogue of colours and shades—the pink and scarlet May, here as common as the white in England, fill the air with fragrance; is not this enough to redeem the flatness of the Languedoc plains from monotony? I cannot say that we found Montauban



an interesting place. Arthur Young, in his account of his travels through France a century ago, speaks of the glorious and extensive view from the ramparts of Montauban, a view which includes the Languedoc plains and the Pyrenean range. Alas! no view was for us; a cloudy sky forbade all hope of one more view of the Pyrenees.

*May 8.*—A long day's drive we have had, nearly 40 miles. For the first few miles our way led us again through flat country; on each side of us were fields of hay and sainfoin, the latter bursting into the rich brilliancy of its crimson blossom; whilst mingling with the grass were patches of wildflowers of every hue and variety. We were rapidly leaving the valley of the Tarn, as before we had left the valley of the Garonne. Presently a little ridge was before us, which looked so slight that we thought we should soon clamber over it into the plain below; but as we rose so did the ridge; and ever on and on we toiled—very gradually, but none the less surely—leaving behind us the rich soil of the Tarn country, and finding instead the glaring, dusty, limestone district of Quercy. Castelnau, our half-way halt, is like many another French town, large and small, built on one of those inland peninsulas, if I may use the term, which by their conformation give such enormous advantages for purposes of defence. On every side, save one, the steep rocky sides of the headland on which the town stands form a natural fortification, enabling the inhabitants to concentrate their forces and hold the enemy in check, along the narrow ridge which joins the peninsula to the plains below. Long after we saw Castelnau apparently within a stone's throw, we were still toiling along under the southern sun, and following the vagaries of the twisting and twining white chalky way, which at last brought us to the neck of the peninsula, and so on into the little town. We had another 15 miles between us and Cahors, and I think the first 8 took us through the most wearisome country I have ever traversed. The country was arid to a degree, especially in the lower levels, which, in the hot afternoon haze, through which

the white soil seemed to quiver and swim, it was easy to take for still water reflecting the sun's rays. But all things must end somewhere, and so our chalky plateau, with its dried-up levels below, was at last left behind. Our way lay down a gentle decline, and through a shady valley, till we approached Cahors and the river Lôt, which winds its way here between steep banks, sometimes not too steep to admit of cultivation, but in other places taking the form of precipitous limestone cliffs. Glancing up at the cultivated parts, devoted chiefly to the culture of the vine, we were struck by what seemed enormous bluffs and ridges of gray rock cropping up through the soil. It was only on nearer inspection that we found that they were really heaps and piles of stones gleaned off the surface of the vineyards by these toiling industrious tillers of the ground.

*May 9.*—Another glorious day, and a drive of 37 miles, among the most delightful we have had yet. Only we have been haunted by regrets that we had not allotted more time to Cahors, which seems to be better worth seeing than Toulouse and Montauban put together. It is most picturesquely situated on precipitous limestone cliffs, at whose base flows the Lôt, almost encircling the town in one of its frequent windings. A narrow street led us down to the river's bank, and we found ourselves on a road which would take us for some miles in company more or less close with the Lôt. On our left rose the steep limestone cliffs on which the town is built. Above us we could see the walls of some of the fine old buildings which Cahors possesses, conspicuous among them being the square tower belonging to the palace of Pope John XXII., a native of Cahors. Presently the valley opened out into rich level meadows, where the whole countryside seemed hard at work in the brilliant sunshine, turning up the rich red alluvial soil, the fruit of many a destructive inundation when the Lôt has come down in its swollen wrath and fury. Once more the valley narrowed, hemmed in by rising cliffs, whilst, here

and there, more gently sloping ground gave place for vineyards. We should have been content to follow its capricious twistings and twinings back to its birthplace, but after 10 miles of meandering through this fertile country, we turned up a tributary stream, still through limestone cliffs, whose silvery tints were in beautiful contrast to the fair young green of the oak scrub, which half hid the rocky sides. Leaving the valley we wound upwards to the high plateau on which stands La Bastide, at an altitude of nearly 2000 feet. Our afternoon drive to Gramat was an easy one, mostly downhill.

*May 10.*—We were off at ten on a road which led us again through a tract of bare rocky country of limestone, arid and stony, to Rocamadour, a pilgrimage church of the twelfth century. One wonders how it ever occurred to any one to build a church in such a position, and how a village came to plaster itself on to the face of a bare, glaring, limestone cliff, on the side of a ravine, in the heart of a stony arid plain, such as is this *Causse de Gramat*.

*May 11.*—We began by a steep track to the edge of the plateau. We had still several miles of the same arid stony *causse*, when suddenly we found ourselves on the brow of a hill overlooking the valley of the Dordogne, and in a moment the whole face of the country seemed to change. The trees and rich verdure were a welcome change after the heat and glare of the limestone country.

C. E. ACLAND-TROYTE.—*From the Pyrenees to the Channel in a Dogcart.* Swan Sonnenschein.

By permission of Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein.

The preceding description illustrates in the happiest manner the graphic summary of Causse scenery by a distinguished French geographer: "Trop de soleil, si le causse est bas: trop de neiges, s'il est élevé: toujours et partout le vent, qui tord des bois chétifs: pour lac, une mare, et pour rivière un casse-cou; des champs caillouteux d'orge, d'avoine, de pommes de terre, rarement de blé; des vignes, si l'altitude ne défend pas; un sol rouge ou blanc, qui part de roches, qui finit à des roches, et que la roche transperce; des pierres ramassées une à une depuis tant et tant siècles pour débarrasser ou pour enclore les domaines, pierres rangées en murs secs, ou amoncelées en tas, presque en collines, . . . des buis, des pins, des

chênes, quelques arbustes, débris isolés de l'antique forêt ; de nombreux dolmens qui rappellent des races disparues. Le caussenard seul peut aimer le causse, mais tout citoyen du monde admire les gorges de puissante profondeur, qui coupent ou contournent cette gigantesque acropole. En descendant, par des sentiers de chèvres, du plateau dans les précipices de rebord on quitte brusquement la blocaille altérée pour les prairies murmurantes ; les horizons vastes, vagues et tristes, pour de joyeux petits coins du ciel et de la terre. En haut, sur la table de pierre, c'était le vent, le froid, la nudité, la pauvreté, la morosité, la laideur, le vide,—car très peu de villages animent ces plateaux ; en bas, dans les vergers, c'est la tiédeur, la gaité, l'abondance. Le contraste inouï que certains cañons font avec leur causses est une des plus rares beautés de la belle France.”—ONÉSIME RECLUS, *La France et ses Colonies*. Hachette.

M. Marcel, the great authority on the Causses of Languedoc, thus describes the cañon scenery of the region :—

“Here we find extraordinary valleys as profound as they are wide, between precipices that measure 1500 feet in vertical height. The rocks are purple and the waters pellucid. There are more forests of rock needles than of pines, and these natural obelisks have been hewn and sculptured by ancient deluges into astounding forms. Finally, one has to travel on tortuous rivers, where the ravines are so contracted that no space is afforded for a road. Look into the bowels of the earth, and there you see a revelation of its greatest marvels. Caves with immense stalactites, stretching for many miles into untraced subterranean rivers, unmapped underground lakes, walls clothed in the glittering veil of crystallisation, a hidden sombre world, which at the gleam of the magnesium wire is transformed into a fairy palace.”—E. A. MARCEL, *Les Cévennes et la région des Causses*. Paris. Charles Delagrave.

“In parts the only mode of advance is by boat. One might fancy that it was sad and sombre in these formidable ravines, but it is not so. Light plays freely there and converts them into sunlit wells. In places the walls seem almost to meet, so there is scarce room for the river to run, yet soon after they fall apart and give place to green fields, vineyards, and orchards. . . . What gives a peculiar beauty and quaintness to these ravines are the dolomitic ramparts which wall them in—ramparts hacked about by frost, rain, and lightning into crenellations, turrets, and donjons. They are streaked with ferruginous salts of every tinge, from vivid red to yellow and orange. Nowhere, save in dolomitic formations, can one find such an orgie of colour, and shapes so fantastic and imitative of ruins of human work. The gorge of the Tarn is the finest. For 48 miles this river flows through a narrow, sinuous cleft, 1500 feet in depth, between walls flaming like a setting sun.”—*Ibid.*

*The Deserts of Southern France*, by BARING-GOULD (Methuen), and *The Roof of France*, by M. BETHAM-EDWARDS (R. Bentley), contain descriptions of the Causses and gorges of the Tarn.

## Bordeaux

Bordeaux is a big, rich, handsome, imposing commercial town, with long rows of fine old eighteenth-century houses which overlook the Garonne. The quays of Nantes are fine, but those of Bordeaux have a wider sweep and a still more architectural air. The appearance of such a port makes the Anglo-Saxon tourist blush for the sordid water fronts of Liverpool and New York. Bordeaux gives a great impression of prosperous industries, and suggests delightful ideas, images of prune-boxes and bottled claret. As the focus of the distribution of the best wine in the world, it is indeed a sacred city. The country all about it is covered with precious vineyards, sources of fortune to their owners and of satisfaction to distant consumers; and as you look over to the hills beyond the Garonne, you see them, in the autumn sunshine, fretted with the rusty richness of this or that immortal *clos*.<sup>1</sup> But the principal feature within the town is that of the vast curving quays, bordered with houses that look like the *hôtels* of farmer-generals of the eighteenth century, and of the wide tawny river, crowded with shipping, and spanned by the largest of bridges. Some of the types on the waterside are of the sort that arrest a sketcher. Stalwart, brown-faced Basques, with their loose circular caps, their white sandals, their air of walking for a wager. Never was a tougher, a hardier race. Such a place has indeed much to say of the wealth, the capacity for production of France, the bright, cheerful, smokeless industry of the wonderful country, which produces above all the agreeable things of life. The whole town has an air of almost depressing opulence, an appearance which culminates in the great *place* which surrounds the Grand Théâtre, an establishment of the highest style, encircled with columns, arcades, lamps, and gilded cafés.

HENRY JAMES.—*A Little Tour in France*. Heinemann.

By permission of Mr. W. Heinemann.

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<sup>1</sup> See page 257.

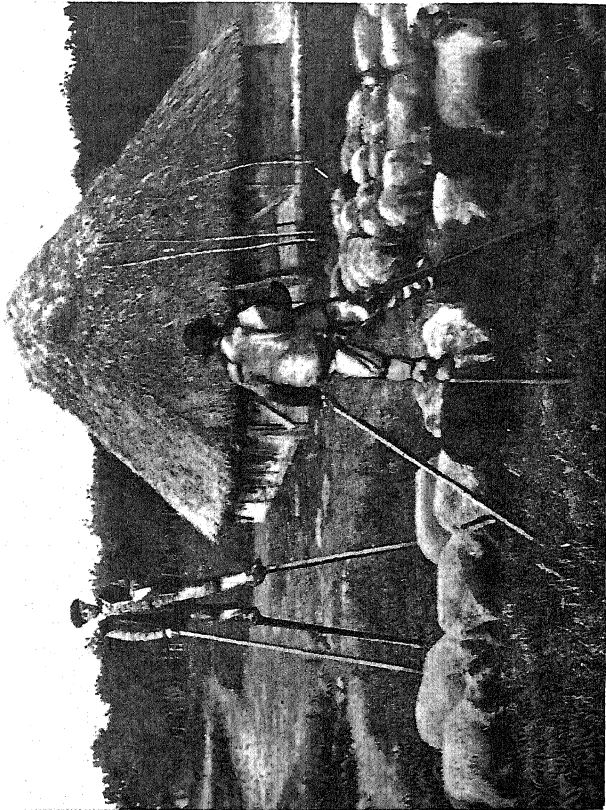
A picturesque account of the claret vintage in the Bordeaux wine district is given by A. TAYLOR, *Guienne*, pp. 77-86. Kegan Paul.

## The Landes

From Bazas to Mont de Marsan the Landes are nothing but an interminable pine forest, dotted here and there by great oaks, and cut by vast clearings, covered as far as the eye can reach by green moors, yellow broom, and purple heather. The presence of man makes itself felt in the most solitary depths of the forest, by the long strips of bark torn from the boles of the pines to let the resinous sap run off. There are no villages, but at long intervals are seen two or three houses with big roofs, covered with hollowed tiles, Spanish fashion, and sheltered by clumps of oaks and chestnuts. Elsewhere the landscape takes on a bleaker aspect; the pines disappear on the horizon, and all is heath or sand; some low cottages, buried beneath a sort of fur of dry fern fastened to the walls, appear here and there, then they too disappear, and nothing is seen along the road but a mud cottage, or a circle of charred turf and black ashes, marking the scene of some nocturnal bivouac. Herds of all kinds graze on the heath, flocks of geese and swine driven by children, herds of black sheep kept by women, and droves of big-horned oxen driven by mounted herdsmen.

Between Roquefort and Tartas the pine gives place to a host of other trees. A varied and flourishing vegetation takes possession of the plains and hills, and the road intersects a delightful garden country. Charming rivers are constantly crossed by old bridges with pointed arches: first the Douze, then the Midou, then the Midouze, formed by the Douze and the Midou, then the Adour. All are steeply banked, limpid, green, and bright. Young girls are beating their linen at the water's edge; birds sing in the thickets; it is a scene of peaceful, happy life. Yet, fitfully, between the branches of some tree rustling in the breeze, far on the horizon you catch a glimpse of the

heaths and pine woods, ruddy in the light of the setting sun, and you remember you are still in the Landes.



THE LANDES

Beyond this smiling garden, sprinkled with pretty towns, intersected by rippling streams, lies, only a few leagues away, the forest, and beyond the forest the heath, the lande, the desert, that gloomy solitude, where only the

chirp of the grasshopper is heard, where the birds are hushed, where no human habitation is to be found, crossed at long intervals by silent teams of oxen. Beyond these solitudes again are the marshes, and beyond these marshes the dunes, hills of sand, changing their shape with every storm, creeping steadily inland, devouring the marshes, engulfing the pine woods, the villages, the church spires, and beyond the dunes the ocean.

The landes, the marshes, the sand-dunes, the sea—fancy wanders over these four zones. You picture them to yourself, each wilder than the other. In the mind's eye you see the vultures hovering over the lands, the cranes over the lagoons, and the sea-birds over the ocean. Strange and fantastic scenes rise like a mirage before the eye. Men mounted on stilts, and propped on long sticks, pass, like gigantic spiders, over the crest of the hills on the dim horizon. Those journeys which the *diligence* leaves unattempted, imagination makes for itself.

VICTOR HUGO—*Alpes et Pyrénées*. Paris.

A good translation is published by Bliss, Sands, and Co.

"In order to traverse the sands and marshes the inhabitants of the Landes have adopted the custom of walking on stilts, 4 to 6 feet high, supporting themselves by a pole which serves as a walking-stick. It was formerly no uncommon sight to see the natives, often clad in sheepskins, traversing the Landes with the speed of a horse at full gallop, or supported on the end of their long poles, tranquilly watching their flocks, and knitting the footless stockings peculiar to the district. Nowadays, however, the railway traveller at least will see nothing of this kind, for there are fewer marshes and fewer pasturages, and many roads have been made."—*BAEDEKER'S Guide to France*.

Judicious planting, begun in 1786, has done much to reclaim the landes, and check the encroachment of the dunes.

### View from the Pic du Midi

The whole range of the Pyrenees, from east to west, lay spread out before us like a raised map. The view was perfection. The near ranges with their graceful slopes, here green with herbage, there russet with fern, a special ornament of the Pyrenees, crowned with a rampart of



broken rock, stood out sharp as steel, the whole landscape being suffused with an exquisite tinge of mellow colouring; while at a greater distance the monarchs of the range—Vigne Mate, Mont Perdu, and Maladetta, the latter in Spain—towered above all in unapproached supereminence. On the



THE BRÈCHE DE ROLAND

side of France, sleeping in chequered sunshine, an unbroken plain stretched out, dotted with many a town and village. Had the heat of the day been less glowing we should have seen Toulouse. We now commanded a cloudless view of the precipices that hem in the Cirque de Gavarnie, and the Brèche de Roland lifted itself against the clear blue sky, a clean workmanlike cut.

Rev. R. ROBERTS.—*An Autumn Tour in Spain.* Saunders, Otley, and Co.

“The chain of the Pyrenees has in a considerable degree the character of a vast wall drawn from sea to sea, notched by frequent passes or cols, rarely more than 1000 feet lower than the summit of the crest that surmounts them. Only four are practicable for crossing

the chain by carriage, but at least fifty are known to shepherds and mountaineers. They are called Ports, a very expressive name, for in many instances they are literally doors cut in the crest of the mountains leading from France to Spain. The most striking of these are the Brèche de Roland and the Port de Venasque, the passage of which reveals one of the grandest views of Maladetta, the giant of the Pyrenees."—MURRAY'S *Handbook to France*. Stanford.

### The Cirque de Gavarnie

From Luz I visited Gavarnie, a village about 12 miles distant, and noticed the singular formation of the mountains, 3 miles farther on, called the cirque. Of these cirques there are several in the Pyrenees.<sup>1</sup> They are abrupt heads of valleys, and being, with the exception of the entrance, of a circular form, and composed of the loftiest perpendicular natural walls, they make very striking objects. The valley, or gorge, by which Gavarnie is reached, is one course of delightful scenery throughout. After passing the village of Gédre, where another valley branches to the left, ending also in a fine cirque, the road leads through a large mass of loose fragments of rock, which at some time, long out of memory, fell from the adjoining mountains. The Brèche de Roland is visible in the remote distance, an enormous gap in the topmost ridge of the great mountain chain. The Cirque is curiously regular in its proportions. So is the Brèche de Roland; the long wall of crowning rock which contains it, making a vast horizontal line against the sky, and the Brèche itself being cut down on each side in an accurately straight line, with the exception of a small ledge on the left. The straight wall of rock at the point where the Brèche extends is 300 feet in height, and the wondrous gate itself stretches from top to bottom. A multitude of cascades fall precipitously down the wall on every side; but one from its great superiority of height and volume of water is by far the most remarkable. It is very beautiful, falling abruptly more than 1300 feet. A triple range of perpendicular

<sup>1</sup> Many cirques occur in the Highlands of Britain, in the Alps, and other glaciated regions.

mountain walls and triple ranges of glacier snow above each form the other distinguishing features of this curious stream.

REV. T. TRENCH.—*Travels in France and Spain*. Bentley.

“What is this inexplicable object which cannot be a mountain, but has the loftiness of one; which cannot be a wall, but has the form of one. It is both at once. It is the Coliseum of Nature—Gavarnie. Picture to yourself this magnificent silhouette as it makes its first appearance at a distance of three leagues. It is a long, dark wall, every projection and indentation of which is marked by snow, every platform of which is covered by a glacier. Near the middle are two great towers. One of these, which is towards the east, is square, and turns one of its corners towards France. The other, nearer the west, seems to be less a tower than a sheaf of turrets. Both are covered with snow. Towards the right are the breaches, deep notches cut into the wall. Finally, at the western extremity, and still towards the right, is a kind of enormous border, puckered by a thousand tiers, and presenting to the eye, in monster proportions, what would be called in architecture the section of an amphitheatre. Picture this to yourself, as I saw it—the black wall, the black towers, the dazzling snow, the blue sky. The impression is at once so strange and so powerful that one is rendered indifferent for a time to all else but this magic vision, even after it has disappeared round a turn in the road. Meanwhile, the landscape about you is exquisite. You enter a valley in which you are surrounded by every magnificence and every grace. Gédre-Dessus, and Gédre-Dessous, villages in two stories, with their stairway-like gables, and their old Church of the Templars, are clustered and strewn over the flanks of two mountains, by the side of a torrent white with foam, beneath the delightful vegetation of brilliant, fantastic thickets. It is Switzerland and the Black Forest suddenly mingled with the Pyrenees.”—VICTOR HUGO, *Alps and Pyrenees*. Bliss, Sands, and Co.

“The pride and chief charm of the Pyrenees are the vast forests, which clothe their sides and tops, not merely of dark monotonous firs, but oaks and beech.”—MURRAY’S *Handbook to France*.

The geography of the Pyrenees is well described in *The Pyrenees*, by H. BELLOC. Methuen.

The towns and buildings of architectural interest in this area are fully dealt with in *Rambles in the Pyrenees*, by F. HAMILTON JACKSON. J. Murray.

## Landscapes of Southern France

### (a) From Bordeaux to Toulouse

A flat country, all under cultivation. . . . There are frequent glimpses of the Garonne on the right, yellow or reddish from the sand it carries. Colourless osier beds

line the banks. Then, between two raised banks, the Canal du Midi. Its utility is very great, but it is nothing to look at. The most interesting features are the houses, which show the influence of the proximity of Italy, and the genial climate. The roofs are almost flat, as little snow falls in winter.

(b) **From Toulouse to Cette**

Another arid plain, as between Toulouse and Bordeaux. First maize, then vines. Maize gleams in the sunshine with a deep reddish or yellow colour. Each ear is enclosed in a dry sheath, giving a curious effect. The vines creep along the ground without supports, for the plant is here in its native land and needs no support. The leaves are very green and fresh, which makes them beautiful in the strong sunlight. The buildings are square, often with square towers, as in the Italian mills. Many of the barns are open, and rest on arches. There are signs on every side of a rainless climate and of a life passed in the open air. Towns are passed on the hillsides to right and left—Carcassonne, Castelnaudary, Narbonne, half-feudal and half-Roman. Most of them are set high for defensive reasons; some retain their ramparts and girdle of towers. They are tawny and bronzed; they speak of centuries of sunshine. Stones piled on rocks—an unfamiliar sight for northern eyes. Towards evening the bare hills which undulate to right and left, and the old, sunburnt houses, take on something of splendour in the brilliant purple of the setting sun. To the right, on the horizon, rise the Pyrenees.

(c) **Cette**

I climbed the hill of Saint Clair, a true southern landscape; a bare stretch of land, strewn with stones, and intersected by long walls of stone piled on stone. Stones everywhere, and heaps of stones, all at hazard and neglected. Behind these enclosures are terraced gardens, in which there gleams the red and gold foliage of a vine, or where great fig-leaves,

shaped like a hand, have crept to the edge of the wall, or a clump of pines gives out its penetrating odour to the burning sun. From the summit of the hill you catch a sudden glimpse of the magnificent blue stretch of sea, the soft and tender blue of morning. The Sun, as it climbs higher, makes a lake of shimmering gold on the azure surface of the motionless water. All is tender azure, the wide sea, the vault of sky, and little gray boats move imperceptibly over its surface like sea-birds in the distance. The descent is by a long winding lane in which the piles of red and brown stones are further reddened by the sun. There is nothing displeasing in the aridity. The long lines of wall cut out patches of glowing sky. It is a country that calls the instinct of the painter into life. At a turn of the road you see long, high ranges of undulating misty hills, softened by distance, arid, but yet how beautiful! At their base the lagoon of Thau, a little sea left behind by the sea, shines like a mirror of burnished steel. What a paradise the south offers to senses which can comprehend it! The plants have a strange aromatic odour; the fruits are luscious, the enormous grapes are rich in hue and bloom; they are so abundant that the poorest children in the streets eat them by handfuls. For half an hour I remained there alone, filled with an intense and complete happiness to which I had long been a stranger. In front the boundless sea, of a heavenly blue, beside which the sky seemed almost colourless. Nearer the harbour, some thirty small vessels were approaching the entrance; the three jetties show as sharply-cut black lines; the lighthouse stands out against the sky; an old deep-coloured fortress rises on a height to the right. Ruddy-coloured roads wind down the hill; and glancing back you see the abrupt escarpment of the yellow arid mountain, and beyond on the distant horizon the chain of the Pyrenees, blue and golden, floating in a violet mist upon the motionless azure.

You enter the town once more; it seems squalid and ill-cared-for. The children are dirty and barefoot. It stretches along its canals, a miniature Venice; it too is

built on lagoons, between an enormous *étang*, an inland arm of the sea, and the sea itself. It is the great port for the wines of the South—casks and hogsheads are everywhere.

(d) From Cette to Marseille

For the first few leagues the train crosses a narrow strip of sand, between the great salt lagoon and the sea. The water reaches to within 10 feet of our carriage wheels. It is 6 inches deep over a floor of shining sand, and it shines brown and clear, with iridescent gleams beautiful to behold. The sea is blue, the sky is white. Slender waving tamarisks begin to appear in long lines; on the horizon are the beautiful mountains in the violet distance. Around us are barren plants, born of the sea and the sand; then the vines begin, reaching down to the sea. What a beautiful, fertile land, fruitful to the very water's edge! These vast plains are magnificently verdant; only the vine could grow so fresh and luxuriantly under such a sun. The black clusters hang down; the husbandmen with their travelling vats are buried waist-high amid their foliage. The country rises towards Frontignan, Lunel, and Montpellier. The plain is a veritable garden of vineyards intersected by orchards of almond and peach, with an occasional country-house of neat appearance. Near Nîmes olives begin to be seen, and the landscape looks dry and white. Rows of olive trees cover it with their pale foliage; and there is something mournful in their short, twisted, stunted shape. Then we descend again. This is real Provence. First the Crau, a vast sterile plain, strewn with stones; then broken, ill-shaped mountains, bare or poorly covered with scanty patches of dark green, stunted pines, heath, or lichens, all burnt up by the fierce sun, without a spring or a trickle of water, exposing to view the bare, rounded, whitened rocks of which they are composed. No trees, except in the hollows; on the gentler slopes miserable rows of almonds and olives. At last we reach the Étang de Berre, a veritable inland sea. For more than half an hour we had

it on our right. I could talk for ever of this wonderful sheet of motionless blue enclosed in its frame of white mountains. A dark tunnel, more than a league in length, then, on a sudden, the open sea. Marseille and its rocky shore. I uttered an exclamation at its beauty.

H. TAINE.—*Carnets de Voyage*. Paris.

“Marseille is monumental and grandiose ; its life is more active and on a larger scale than in Paris. They have dug out and carried away entire hills ; their City Hall cost twelve million francs ; the barracks of St. Charles is an immense pile, with a dome and wings, and the carvings alone cost 300,000 francs. The Durance Canal is carried over an aqueduct vaster than those of the Romans, and cost forty million francs. All the town is watered by it, and it pours streams of running water along the sides of every street and along the hills. The country round is green beneath a burning sun, and after four months without rain, the very Crau is being brought under cultivation. From the Canebière, which is bordered by enormous houses, may be seen a forest of masts. It is the most flourishing and magnificent of the Latin towns. Since the splendid days of Alexandria, Rome, and Carthage, nothing to equal it has been seen on the shore of the Mediterranean. It is a true southern maritime city, such as the ancient colonies founded. It is a harbour enclosed by naked rocks, without water or trees ; its only beauty the sparkling blue of the sea, and the hard lines of the mountains bathed in light. Within, it is an ant-heap, full of life and amusement ; superb and splendid mansions, splendid cafés adorned with plate-glass and pictures ; luxurious carriages, drawn by fine, high-mettled horses. At night a score of broad boulevards lined with plane trees, and embellished with fountains, and brilliantly lighted, are filled by a densely packed crowd, talking and gesticulating among the casinos, cafés chantants, and open theatres. Luxury, gambling, and pleasure are the three dominant ideas of Marseille ; their only aspirations are to make money and to enjoy themselves.”—*Ibid*.

## The Rock Villages of the Riviera

The situation of the rock villages of the Riviera was chiefly influenced by considerations of security and mutual protection. For centuries the Mediterranean was swept by pirates and freebooters of varying nationality and unvarying rapacity, and their frequent marauding descents upon the Ligurian coast caused the inhabitants of that district to select for their little towns or villages a class

of sites such as would hardly have been chosen had the conditions of existence been less unfavourable. Sometimes a commanding hill-top was chosen, sometimes a steep sheltered slope hidden among woods, where the presence of a hamlet would not readily be suspected; but the preference was always given to a position difficult of access, and lending itself to defence against numbers. Every other consideration seems to have been subordinated to these, and though in most cases a torrent ran by at no great distance, yet even the chances of a regular water supply were relegated to a position of secondary importance. Even to-day, in many of the villages, there is no water supply beyond that which is brought up patiently in portable vessels of copper or earthenware, along the steep winding paths, from some spring which sparkles a hundred feet below.

The rocky nature of the situation was another advantage, as it provided, close at hand, an abundance of suitable building material, and the pebbles from the stream were burnt into lime, as they still are to-day. Very little clearing and levelling were done, and all the works were of the simplest. The foundations were on the solid rock itself; the inequalities of the surface were taken advantage of to the fullest extent; and instead of cutting away the rock to form an even platform for each house, it was levelled up by walling, and vaulted over, thus forming store places and stabling for the mules. This is why scarcely any of the houses are entered directly from the street level, but there is nearly always a flight of steps leading to the living rooms, thus providing accommodation for the animals, so essential for transport where carts are not available, without extending the area of each dwelling, which was necessarily very limited. It was not a case of land being costly, but of the necessity for limiting the space to be defended, and, in many cases, as, for instance, at Bordighera, the outer walls of the dwellings formed the boundary or enclosing walls of the village, while the "fronts" of the houses faced inwards towards a sort of



central court. In considerable proportions the streets themselves were sooner or later vaulted over, and the space thus gained thrown into the houses, leaving openings only here and there for light and ventilation. There was, in this system, an additional advantage of mutual support by which the whole village resembled one large castle, or complicated single structure, rather than an accumulation of simple and independent dwellings. The general aspect of these villages is one of great picturesqueness. The irregular lines of the low-pitched roofs; the many dark unglazed openings; the *loggie*, where the tall vines clamber, and the pale hortensia flowers are blooming; the spots of colour where worn garments are hung out to dry; the sunshine blazing on a painted wall, and the deep shadows under the archways that seem so cool and restful, make us content to enjoy the beauty of the whole without caring to analyse the details of the composition. In spite of its mountainous character the district is almost entirely under cultivation, though fields, as we understand the term, are unknown. Nearly all even of the very steep slopes of the hills are planted, but for the purpose are stepped into terraces, with a patient labour in which these peasants excel; and they are mostly covered with olives. For ages the income of the district has been mainly derived from the export of oil, and there seems a peculiar fitness in the association of this industry with the production of wine, for which the neighbourhood has long been famous. Vines grow well and abundantly, and at the present time there is a tendency to extend the cultivation of flowers, especially roses, which are exported in immense quantities. Vegetables of various kinds are produced with little or no difficulty, and some fruits, such as pears, peaches, cherries, plums, but the quality of these latter leaves a good deal to be desired. Another and more profitable fruit which ripens well is the lemon, and tons are annually sent away. The oil-mills or *frantoj* are of course placed where a little stream of water can be conducted from some neighbouring torrent to turn the wheel; and as the production of oil takes place during

the winter and early spring, there is usually a sufficient supply.

W. SCOTT.—*Rock Villages of the Riviera*. A. and C. Black.

By permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.

The characteristic beauties of the Riviera, the combination of mountain and coast scenery at their finest, with the added beauty of a semi-tropical vegetation, in which tall date-palms tower above the orange groves, and the air is scented with flowers, are well summed up in the late Grant Allen's description of Antibes.

"To look at it from the outside, the Cap d'Antibes is just a long low spit of dull olive-gray land, but within, it has sea and mountain views, most gloriously beautiful. To the east you see everything you can see from Nice; to the west you see everything you can see from Cannes; to the north a gigantic range of snow-covered Alps; to the south, and all around, the sky-blue Mediterranean. For the cape is a promontory made up of little promontories, each jutting into the sea at all possible angles, and with endless miniature bays, mimic islets, their white rocks jagged and worn by the dashing waves, that break over them in ceaseless spray, even in glassy weather. To sit among oranges, olives and palms, as at Algiers or Palermo, and yet look up from one's seat under one's own vine and fig tree, to see the snow-clad Alps glowing pink in the sunset, as at Zermatt or Chamouni, is a combination of incongruous delights nowhere else to be met with in Europe."

For the olive harvest see Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS, *France of To-Day*, Percival, vol. ii. pp. 237-240.

## A Walk up the Rhone Valley

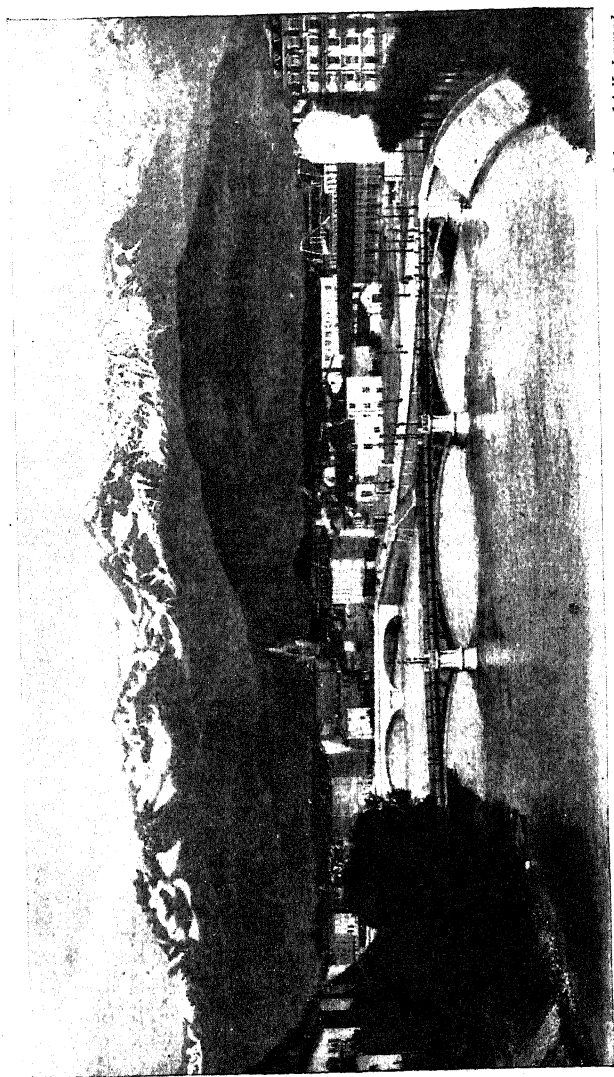
We left Marseilles about 9 A.M. for Avignon and the Rhone, intending to take in on the way the glen of Vaucluse. We wound among bleak stony hills, continually ascending, for nearly three hours. The country is wild and barren, and would have been tiresome except for the pine groves, with their beautiful green foliage. But discomforts were forgotten when we reached Aix and saw the statue of Good King René, who held at Aix his court of shepherds and troubadours, the dark Cathedral, the ancient walls and battlements, and gazed down the valley at the dark precipitous mass of Mont St. Victor, at whose base Marius obtained a splendid victory over the barbarians.

Leaving Aix next morning we saw at some distance to

the south the enormous aqueduct for the canal from the Rhone to Marseilles. The shallow elevated valleys we passed in the forenoon's walk were stony and barren, but covered with large orchards of almond trees, the fruit of which forms a considerable article of export. This district borders on the desert of the Crau, a vast plain of stones, reaching to the mouth of the Rhone, and almost uninhabited. We caught occasional glimpses of its sea-like waste, between the summits of the hills. At length, after a high ascent, we saw the valley of the Durance below. The sun, breaking through the clouds, shone on the rocky wall, which stood on the opposite side, touching with his glow the bare and rocky precipices which frowned far above the stream. Descending to the valley we followed its course towards the Rhone, and crossed its muddy waters to Cavaillon. A road led across meadow land to L'isle, so named because it is situated on an island formed by the crystal Sorgues, which flows from the fountains of Vaucluse. It is a very pretty and picturesque place. Great mill-wheels, turning slowly and constantly, stand at intervals in the stream. The bare mountain, in whose heart lies the poet's solitude, now rose before us at the foot of the lofty Mont Ventoux, whose summit of snows extended beyond. We entered the green valley of the Sorgues running up into the mountain. The sides of the dell were covered with olive trees. It grew more hidden and sequestered as we approached Vaucluse. The mountain towers far above, and precipices of gray rock, many hundred feet high, hang over the narrowing glen. On a crag over the village are the remains of a castle; the slope below, now rugged and stony, was once graced by the cottage of Petrarch. At the end of the glen is the fathomless well which gives birth to the Sorgues. It was the most absolute solitude. The rocks towered over and above us to the height of 600 feet, and the gray walls of the wild glen below shut out all appearance of life. It was with actual sorrow that I turned away. I never visited a spot to which the fancy clung more suddenly and fondly.

Next morning, on climbing a long hill, we experienced a delightful surprise. Below us lay the broad valley of the Rhone. The clouds were breaking; clear blue sky was visible over Avignon, and a belt of sunshine lay warmly over the mountains of Languedoc. Villages, with their tall picturesque towers, dotted the landscape, and groves of green olive. Two or three hours' walk over the plain, by a road fringed with willows, brought us to the gates of Avignon. We climbed up to the massive palace, which overlooks the city from its crazy seat, attesting the splendour it enjoyed when for thirty years the Papal court was held there. After leaving Avignon we took the road up the Rhone for Lyon. The road passed over broad, barren ranges of hills, and the landscape was destitute of interest till we reached Orange. This city is built at the foot of a rocky height, a great square projection of which seemed to stand in its midst. As we approached nearer, however, arches and lines of cornices could be discerned, and we recognised it as the celebrated amphitheatre, one of the grandest Roman relics in the South of France. The exterior wall, 334 feet in length, and rising to the height of 121 feet, is still in excellent preservation, and through its rows of solid arches one looks on the broken ranges of seats within. On the crags above is a massive fragment of the fortress of the Princes of Orange. Passing through the city we came to the beautiful Roman triumphal arch, supposed to commemorate the victory of Marius over the barbarians near Aix. These Roman ruins, scattered through Provence and Languedoc, equal in architectural beauty many of those in the Eternal City itself.

Near Montélimar we lost sight of Mont Ventoux, whose gleaming white crest had accompanied us all the way from Vaucluse. Next morning we reached the river Drome, and from the bridge over its rapid current we gazed at the Alps of Dauphiné, piled along the sky far up the valley. By breakfast time we had made some distance of the way to Valence. The road, which does not approach the Rhone, is a scene of great beauty, under a summer sky,



THE ALPS AT DAUPHINÉ

*Underground & Underwood.*

when the hills are latticed over with vines, and the fruit trees are covered with blossoms and foliage. In the afternoon we crossed the Isère, a swift muddy river which rises in the Alps of Dauphiné. We saw their icy range, among which is the icy solitude of the Grande Chartreuse, far up the valley; but the thick atmosphere hid Mont Blanc, whose cloudy outline, 80 miles distant, is visible in fair weather. At Tain we came upon the Rhone again, and walked along the base of the hills which contract its current. Rocky castellated heights frown over the rushing waters. Winding round the curving hills the scene is constantly varied, and the little willowed islets, clasped in the embrace of the stream, mingle a touch of softened beauty. At sunset next day the spires of Vienne were visible, and the lofty Mont Pilat, the snows of whose riven summits feed the springs of the Loire, stretched majestically on the opposite bank of the Rhone. Our road next day led over the hills, avoiding the westward curve of the Rhone, directly towards Lyon. About noon we came in sight of the broad valley in which the Rhone clasps his Burgundian bride, the Saône, and a cloud of smoke showed us the location of Lyon.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—*Views Afoot*. Wiley and Putnam.

A charming article on the Old Towns of Provence is included in J. A. SYMONDS, *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece*, Smith, Elder, and Co., vol. i. pp. 68-82.

A good account of the southern portion of the Rhone valley, its history and features of architectural interest, is given in *Old Provence*.—T. A. Cook. Rivingtons.

### In the French Jura

We soon perceive the peculiar characteristics of the Jura range, which so essentially distinguish it from the Alps. The mountains do not take abrupt shapes of cones and sugar-loaves, but stretch out in vast sweeps with broad summits and lateral ridges, features readily seized and lend-

ing to the landscape its most salient characteristics. Not only are we entering the region of lofty mountains and deep valleys, but of numerous industrial centres, also the land of mediæval warfare and legend. Our journey of four hours takes us through a succession of grandiose and charming prospects, and lonely little villages. Gorge, crag, lake and ravine, valley, river and cascade, pine forests crowning sombre ridges, broad hill-sides alive with the tinkling of cattle bells, pastoral scenes separating frowning peaks, all these we have to rejoice the eye and much more. All this valley of the Ain might, indeed, detain the tourist several days. There is nothing to see in Champagnole but the saw-mills, the click-click of which you hear at every turn. But if the town itself is uninteresting, it offers a variety of delicious walks and drives. I went a little way on the road to Les Planches, and nothing could be more solemnly beautiful than the black pines pricking against the deep blue sky, and the golden light playing on the ferns and pine stems below; before us, a vista of deep gorge and purple mountain chain, on either side the solemn serried lines of the forest. No less delightful, though in a different way, is the winding walk by the river. The Ain here rushes past with a torrent like thunder, and rolls and tosses over a stony bed, having on either side green slopes and shady ways. Travellers like myself, contented with a bit of modest mountaineering, will delight in the climb of Mount Rivot, a broad pyramidal mountain, dominating the town. So steep are these mountain sides, that it is like scaling a wall, but after an hour and a half we are rewarded by finding ourselves on the top of a broad plateau covering many acres, richly cultivated, with farm buildings in the centre. Here we enjoy one of those magnificent panoramas so beautiful in the Jura. On one side we have the verdant valley of the Ain, the river flowing gently through green fields and gently dimpled hills; on another Andelot, with its bridge and the lofty rocks bristling round Salins; on the third side the road leading to Pontarlier, among pine forests and limestone crags, and above this, a sight

more majestic still, the vast parallel ranges of the Jura, deepest purple, crested in the far-away distance with a silvery peak, whose name takes our very breath away. We are gazing on Mont Blanc.

Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS.—*Holidays in Eastern France*. Hurst and Blackett.

By permission of Miss Betham-Edwards.

For the scenery round Salins see *ibid.* ch. viii. ; for that round Lons-le-Saunier, ch. ix. ; for Morez, ch. x. ; and for other districts, chs. xi. and xii.

For the industrial activity of the Jura see Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS, *France of To-day*, Percival, vol. i. pp. 288-292.

### In the Wine Districts of Eastern France

Rheims had been to us a great object of attraction, and we were rejoiced to enter the ancient and renowned city where the kings of France received their crowns from the earliest period of Christianity. We hurried to the famous cathedral, and we saw enough at the first glance to convince us that there was an endless store of interest in the magnificent towers, covered with figures to the very top, the forest of spires elaborately ornamented, the fretted doors and glowing windows. The eye is dazzled in tracing the exquisite patterns of the open galleries, the buttresses, the finials, crockets, and canopies. The interior is amazingly vast and grand, immensely long, of enormous width, the pillars and arches stupendous, the painted glass magnificent, and the form of the windows exquisite: their numbers extraordinary, and their colours gorgeous. The great rose window, however, eclipses all the rest by its excelling radiance: molten rubies, emeralds and sapphires seem glowing through the rich stonework, and when the setting sun shines full upon that window it is impossible to conceive anything so lustrous and splendid. The walks beyond the town are not interesting, though at the time we were there the vines were in bloom, and extensive fields of scarlet poppies blazed in the sun. There is not inequality



enough in the ground to afford picturesque sites, and the heat in summer prevents the broad plain from being agreeable to walkers.

We quitted Rheims for Epernay on a fitful day in June. Large orchards border the route, and the whole country has a fertile and luxuriant aspect, improving in beauty the farther we left Rheims behind. Epernay is situated at the entrance of a smiling valley near the banks of the Marne. Finding that Epernay had no beauties to offer beyond its neighbourhood, we made up our minds to stay no longer than to see the church and the caves, which are famous as containing the celebrated champagne wine which supplies all Europe, and extend their labyrinths to an incredible distance in the chalk hills. Millions of bottles are always kept there, which remain three years before they are sent out. It would take a whole day to walk to the end of these wonderful cellars, the boast of the whole country ; but we thought it far more interesting to walk into the very midst of the beautiful vines themselves, which at that early hour of the morning sent forth a perfume like orange flowers, scenting the air for miles round. We reached the highest hill above the town, and were rewarded by a delightful prospect, the fine valley, filled with picturesque-looking buildings running partly up the opposite hill, a circle of downs and woods and hills, covered with soft green vines, rising above it, fields striped with red poppies, golden buttercups, and bright blue cornflowers and white daisies, and the wheat waving in the fragrant air. The drive from Epernay to Château Thierry, our next destination, was constantly varied and picturesque, and glowing with abundance ; corn, vines, and fruit heaping the earth with riches ; gardens of roses, orchards of cherries, with every here and there villas belonging to the wine merchants peeping from their shrubberies, and prospects of extreme beauty opening from the summits of the hills, with the bright Marne winding at their feet. The celebrated coteau of Ay, which produces the well-known sparkling

champagne, was pointed out to us, and every hill we passed had its peculiar claim to attention, all yielding wine of superior kind. Yet although this part of Champagne is so pleasing, the largest portion of the ancient province is arid and sterile. Nothing can be more dreary than its wide uninterrupted plains, without a tree, subject to fog, and exposed to every wind. But the banks of the Marne present many scenes as beautiful as those we now delighted in, and which continued till we arrived at Château Thierry. From thence to Provins, after leaving the Marne, the scenery is of a monotonous character, and our route from that town to Troyes furnished little to admire in the wide green marshes where herds of cattle were feeding. Troyes struck us as one of the most ancient towns we had seen in France since Rouen, and abounds in places of interest. We left Troyes for Auxerre, whose beauties we were told would compensate for the long extent of ugly country we had passed, and we had not travelled many leagues before we found an agreeable change. Instead of the interminable plains of Champagne, the coteaux of Burgundy were beginning with all the riches of their famous wines. Auxerre is built in the centre of the famous vineyards which produce the wine bearing its name. The town is on the summit and slope of the broad and clear Yonne, whose quays, planted with trees, form delightful promenades. Shady islands, covered with willows, poplars, acacias, and limes, make the river look as charming as the Thames at Twickenham. Towers and spires appear above the houses, trees, and gardens; the extreme irregularity of the ground allows of continual changes in the view.

The perfume of the vines was quite intoxicating, and before us fields of red poppies and waving corn spread far away towards the richly-wooded hills. From Auxerre we set out for Tonnerre. The country is beautiful; the coteaux are covered with short clustering vines of the greatest richness. We passed the famous growth of Chablis, whose white wines are known throughout Europe. Every coteau we came to seemed to rival the last in rural

beauty. From Tonnerre our route took us to Montbard, enclosed by a vast basin of surrounding hills, and in which occasional openings permit the far-off blue mountains of Burgundy<sup>1</sup> to be seen. All the valley, and all up the steep coteaux is cultivated with vines, which love a rocky soil. Masses of gray rock appear now and then among the green and give a solemn aspect to the landscape. Our road to Dijon from Montbard was through St. Seine, as we were anxious to arrive by the Val de Suzon, of which we had heard so much. Nothing can be grander or more imposing than the entrance to this deep gorge. Beside the high road, which is extremely good, rise immense masses of rock, jagged and pointed, and taking the shape of castles and towers of gigantic proportions. On one side, starting from the profound ravine beneath, is a steep, flat rock, entirely perpendicular, crowned with a thick forest of dark foliage; this extends its long uninterrupted wall for a great distance, closing in the valley. In some parts of the road the rocks are so high that the eye can scarcely reach their summit.

The position of Dijon is very advantageous, at the foot of a chain of mountains, and in the midst of a fertile plain extending as far as Franche Comté and Savoy. The streets are wide and open, the houses well built of stone, and the public walks remarkably good and of extraordinary extent.

MISS COSTELLO.—*A Pilgrimage to Auvergne.* Bentley.

Condensed from an interesting narrative by an experienced traveller at a date when people travelled more slowly and saw more.

"We passed the frontier of Burgundy about half-way between Langres and Dijon. The road became more and more white, the peculiar shingly soil prevailing on either side, which I had observed to be generally the precursor of vine growth, and here, sure enough, the grape of grapes began to appear. I observed the large stone-walled enclosures within which, to the extent occasionally of 15 acres, such grapes are grown as produce first-class wines. These enclosures are called *clos*. The abundance of rock in this district, swelling forth in huge boulders out of the soil appropriated to vines, is very remarkable. Having quitted Dijon, the traveller, proceeding towards Macon, crosses a plain, skirted at the distance of a mile by villages at the base of cultivated hills, till he arrives at Chambertin.

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<sup>1</sup> French, Burgoyne.

This place enjoys no ordinary repute as a contributor of the choicest juice of Burgundian grapes. The vintage is very limited. The soil of the hills, which seemed to attain an altitude of 1200 feet, and whose sloping sides are covered with parti-coloured crops of every description, is of a deep Roman ochre tint. Some of the terraces seemed to uplift the grapes to genial ripening heat, but the majority of the vines were growing on the rise of ground, where the plains begin to form a base to the acclivities. I observed in this instance, as in all other wine districts, that wherever a long range of gentle slope was attainable, there was the widest cultivation of grapes. The *côtes*, or hill-sides, exhibited numberless serpentine paths of communication with the villages that abound in the district, on either side of them, in the proportion, as I understand, of nearly two villages to every mile of distance; the population of which find ample employment in the combined labour connected with corn and vine growth; for though the latter is the standard crop, there are vast breadths of wheat and barley in the plain, besides sainfoin, lucerne, clover, and mangel, the general aspect of which indicated a rich productive soil, that might prefer as just a claim to be called the Golden Fields as the hills beyond to their ancient title of the Golden Slopes (*Côtes d'Or*).”—Rev. G. M. MUSGRAVE, *A Pilgrimage into Dauphiné*. Hurst and Blackett.

“These villages of the Côte are well built, and, for the most part, clean; there are vines and flowers in every garden, and every house possesses an excellent cellar. On every side are vineyards, and as we gaze we are reminded of the indomitable thrift and laboriousness of the peasant owner. Not an inch of soil between vine and vine is wasted. Where room is not to be had for a fruit tree we see a black currant bush, and where a black currant bush would be cramped, potatoes or salad. Anything and everything is planted between the vines, asparagus, gooseberry bushes, artichokes, fruit trees, the great object being to waste no fraction of soil.”—Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS, *France of To-Day*. Percival and Co.

Scenery of the same kind, one celebrated *clos* succeeding another, continues to Beaune, the chief centre of the Burgundy wine trade, “the headquarters of vintners, cellarmen, and coopers,” and beyond towards Chalons-sur-Saône, which lies beyond the confines of ancient Burgundy. Much of the country between Chalons and Macon produces excellent wine.

### Bibliography

A list of works in modern French literature, describing the country, life, and people of the various regions of France, is given in the *Geographical Teacher*, No. 51, Summer 1918.

## SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

### Some Characteristics of Spanish Scenery

MANY are apt to picture Spain as a soft southern region, decked with the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern melancholy country, with rugged mountains, and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees and indescribably silent and lonesome. What adds to this silence and loneliness is the absence of singing-birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain cliffs and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with but in few provinces of Spain, and in those chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man. In the interior provinces the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts, cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sunburnt, but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil. At length he perceives some village on a steep hill or rugged crag, with mouldering battlements and ruined watch-tower, a stronghold, in old times, against civil war or Moorish inroad. But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of

ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery is noble in its severity and in unison with the attributes of its people, and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal, abstemious Spaniard since I have seen the country he inhabits. There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and of La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and possess in some degree the grandeur of the ocean. In ranging over these boundless wastes the eye catches sight here and there of a straggling herd of cattle, attended by a lonely herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long slender pike tapering up like a lance into the air; or beholds a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste like a train of camels in the desert; or a single horseman, armed with blunderbuss and stiletto, and prowling over the plain. Thus the country, the habits, the very looks of the people have something of an Arabian character.

The muleteer is the general medium of traffic. He lives frugally and hardily. His saddle-bags of coarse cloth hold his scanty store of provisions; a leathern bottle, hanging at his saddle-bow, contains wine or water, for a supply across barren mountains and thirsty plains; a mule-cloth spread upon the ground is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle his pillow. It has a picturesque effect to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules breaking with their simple melody the stillness of the height; or perhaps the voice of the muleteer chanting at the full stretch of his lungs some traditionary ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the craggy defile sometimes descending precipitous cliffs, so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky, sometimes toiling up the deep arid chasms below you. As they approach you descry their gay decorations of worsted stuffs, tassels, and saddle-cloths, while, as they pass by, the ever-ready

*trabuco* slung behind the packs and saddles gives a hint of the insecurity of the road.

The ancient kingdom of Granada is one of the most mountainous regions of Spain. Vast *sierras*, or chains of mountains, destitute of shrub or tree, and mottled with variegated marbles and granites, elevate their sunburnt summits against a deep blue sky; yet in their rugged bosoms lie engulfed verdant and fertile valleys, where the desert and garden strive for mastery, and the very rock is, as it were, compelled to yield the fig, the orange, and the citron, and to blossom with the myrtle and the rose. In the wild passes of these mountains the sight of walled towns and villages, built like eagles' nests among the cliffs, or of ruined watch-towers perched on lonely peaks, carries the mind back to the chivalric days of Christian and Moslem warfare, and the romantic struggle for the conquest of Granada. In traversing these lofty *sierras* the traveller is often obliged to alight, and lead his horse up and down the steep and jagged ascents and descents, resembling the broken steps of a staircase. Sometimes the road winds along dizzy precipices, without parapet to guard him from the gulfs below, and then will plunge down steep and dark and dangerous declivities. Sometimes it struggles through rugged *barrancos*, or ravines, worn by winter torrents. Sometimes, in winding through the narrow valleys, he is startled by a hoarse bellowing, and beholds above him, on some green fold of the mountain, a herd of fierce Andalusian bulls, destined for the combat of the arena. These terrific animals, clothed with tremendous strength, and ranging their native pastures in untamed wildness, strangers almost to the face of man, know no one but the solitary herdsman that attends upon them, and even he at times dares not approach them. The low bellowing of these bulls, and their menacing aspect as they look down from their rocky height, give additional wildness to the savage scenery.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—*The Alhambra*. Macmillan.

This edition is recommended for Mr. Pennell's charming drawings.

### The Cantabrian Mountains

The real interest of this range consists in the fact that it forms the barrier between Central and the Atlantic portion of Southern Europe. The Cantabrian range of



THE GORGE OF LLÁNAVES

mountains is a continuation of the Pyrenees. Everything—fauna and flora, rivers and commerce—is affected. In fact, the Western and Eastern Pyrenees form part of that backbone of the Old World to which also belong the Alps and the Balkans, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas which



lose themselves in, or begin with, the Central Asiatic highlands. Of course here in Spain everything is in miniature, but the difference between the north and south slopes is nevertheless striking enough. The northern spurs are much cleft, well wooded, steep, and close to the sea, extend from south to north, and are fully exposed to the prevailing winds, which sweep over the Atlantic. Towards the south the mountains slope down more gently, form parallel ranges from east to west, and instead of continuing to sea-level, they end in the Castilian plain, which at Burgos and Leon is still nearly 3000 feet high. The slopes and the plain are fully exposed to the sun, which for many months in the year produces a sky of fire. Owing to the east and west direction of the Cantabrian range, the rain, which always comes from the northern and western quarters, is interrupted; consequently the climate on the northern side is moist, with an enormous annual amount of rainfall, while the southern districts suffer from May to October from drought. The Castilian plateau, north of the Duero,<sup>1</sup> would be an arid, unfertile desert if it were not watered by the numerous streams which spring from the high and long range. This receives more than its fair share of water, because the clouds, being intercepted and held by the mountains, pour down their contents on the lee, that is, on the southern side. But the hot Sun, shining vertically upon the southern slopes, is not favourable to the creation of forests and meadows, which might help, sponge-like, to retain the water. Thus it comes to pass that, with perhaps the same annual amount of water, the whole of the northern counties are moist, and the southern slopes dry, while the adjoining plains suffer from drought.

We passed through a fine oak forest, the branches of the trees were covered with moss and with long streamers of green, beard-like lichen, indicative of the moisture produced by the clouds, which even in midsummer wrap these

<sup>1</sup> Portuguese, Douro.

regions in dripping fogs. In this oak forest was a large space fenced in with felled trees, and well palisaded; here the cattle are collected at night, especially when wolves are plentiful, the herdsmen keeping watch outside the fences.

We left the wooded ravines of the river to our left, and a few miles farther on came to stonier ground, where numerous rude low stone huts had been erected, covered with sods and strongly barricaded, in which primitive-looking buildings the milk and cheese are stored before they are taken down to the village. These huts were already deserted, at the end of August, the nights being too cool for the cattle.

We were standing on a huge moraine, 4600 feet above sea-level; towards the north arose in brilliant sunshine the highest central peaks of the Picos de Europa.

The same afternoon we made an excursion around the western side of the central mass. Turning the corner we beheld a new world. The whole scene reminded one of certain photographs of the moon, with a huge crater-like hollow, surrounded by barren, jagged peaks, and strewn with rock and boulders, the sharp black shadows of which enhanced the weirdness of the district. Near the very summit of the peaks tiny specks could be seen moving about. These were the miners carrying the loads of ore (oxide of zinc) down on their backs. Next morning we made for the high mountains, scrambling up the Canal del Vidrio, so called from the vidrio or crystallised oxide of zinc which is found there in abundance. For many years this rich ore, which contains about 60 per cent of the metal, had been shot down the steep slopes, with the result of smoothing away most of the much-needed foothold. In fact, at several turns of the zigzag foot track it was hopeless to get along without the pulling and tugging of my companions. We escaped from the canal by an artificial cut around an overhanging spur of the mountain, and then the next 1000 feet were rougher and consequently easier to climb, although sandy and grassy slopes came in as little diversions. At last we reached the cumbre or

backbone which divides the province of Leon from the Asturias.

The mountains appeared in the shape of a huge horse-shoe, the two arms enclosing a vast cauldron which drains north-east, past Sotres and Tresviso, into the Bay of Biscay, while the centre of the horseshoe is formed by the Pena vieja itself, still towering 2000 feet above us, who stood some 6000 feet above the level of the sea.

HANS GADOW.—*In Northern Spain.* A. and C. Black.

By permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.

### A Journey in Old Castile<sup>1</sup>

We rode forth from Madrid by the gate of San Vincente, directing our course to the lofty mountains which separate Old from New Castile. After crossing the mountains the route to Salamanca lies almost entirely over sandy and arid plains interspersed here and there with thin and scanty groves of pine. About noon on the third day, on reaching the brow of a hillock, we saw a huge dome before us, upon which the fierce rays of the sun striking produced the appearance of burnished gold. It belonged to the cathedral of Salamanca, and we flattered ourselves that we were already at our journey's end; we were deceived, however, being still 4 leagues distant from the town, whose churches and convents, towering up in gigantic masses, can be distinguished at an immense distance.

A melancholy town is Salamanca! The days of its collegiate glory are long since passed by, never more to return. Its halls are now almost silent, and grass is growing in its courts, which were once daily thronged by at least 8000 students. Yet with all its melancholy, what an interesting, nay, what a magnificent place is Salamanca! How glorious are its churches; how stupendous are its deserted convents; and with what sublime but

<sup>1</sup> *Spanish*, Castilla.

sullen grandeur do its huge and crumbling walls, which crown the precipitous bank of the river, look down upon the lonely river and the venerable bridge!

I left Salamanca for Valladolid. The day was exceedingly hot, and we wended our way slowly along the plains of Old Castile. With all that pertains to Spain vastness and grandness are associated; grand are its mountains, and no less grand are its plains, which seem of boundless extent, but which are not tame, unbroken flats like the steppes of Russia. Rough and uneven ground is constantly occurring; here a deep ravine and gully worn by the wintry torrent; yonder an eminence not infrequently craggy and savage, at whose top appears the lone solitary village. There is little that is blithesome and cheerful, but much that is melancholy. A few solitary rustics are occasionally seen toiling in the fields—fields without limit or boundary, where the green oak, the elm, or the ash are unknown, and where only the sad and desolate pine displays its pyramid-like form.

Late in the afternoon we reached Medina del Campo, formerly one of the principal cities of Spain. Immense ruins surround it in every direction, attesting the former grandeur of this City of the Plain. The great square or market-place is a remarkable spot, surrounded by a heavy massive piazza, over which rise black buildings of great antiquity. Departing early next morning we passed through much the same country as the day before, until we reached the Duero. The banks of the Duero in this place have much beauty; they abound with trees and brushwood, amongst which, as we passed along, various birds were singing melodiously. A delicious coolness proceeded from the water, which in some parts brawled over stones, or rippled fleetly over white sand, and in others glided softly over blue pools of considerable depth. I rode on through the *pinares* or scanty pine forests which skirt the road to Valladolid in this direction.

Valladolid is situated in the midst of an immense valley,

which seems to have been scooped by some mighty convulsion out of the plain of Castile. The eminences which appear in the neighbourhood are not properly high grounds, but rather the sides of this hollow. They are jagged and precipitous, and exhibit a strange and uncouth appearance. Valladolid abounds with convents, at present deserted, which afford some of the finest specimens of architecture in Spain.

GEORGE BORROW.—*The Bible in Spain.* Ward and Lock.

Castile is, properly speaking, not a plain but a plateau, with a scarped rim, so that the traveller approaches it uphill, and on arriving at the summit finds not a valley but a plain extending before him.

### The Site of Madrid

Madrid only began to be a place of importance under Charles V., who, gouty and phlegmatic, felt himself relieved by its brisk and rarefied air. Consulting only his personal comfort, he deserted Valladolid, Seville, Granada, and Toledo, to fix his residence on a spot which Iberian, Roman, Goth, and Moor had all rejected. Declared the court by Philip II. in 1560, the city rapidly grew at the expense of the older and better-situated capitals. The gross mistake of a position which has no single advantage except the fancied geographical merit of being in the centre of Spain was soon felt. Philip II. had neglected the opportunity of making his capital at Lisbon, which is admirably situated on a noble river and the sea. Had this been done, Portugal never would or could have revolted, or the Peninsula been thus dissevered.

Madrid is built on several mean hills that overhang the Manzanares, which, being often dry in summer, can hardly be called a river. The elevation is about 2400 feet above the sea, although in an apparent plain, which, however, is much cut up by gullies that the torrents from the Guadarrama have worn away, and in which some 200 villages pine unseen, concealed in the hollows. The basin is

bounded by the Sierra de Guadarrama, and the mountains of Toledo and Guadalupe.

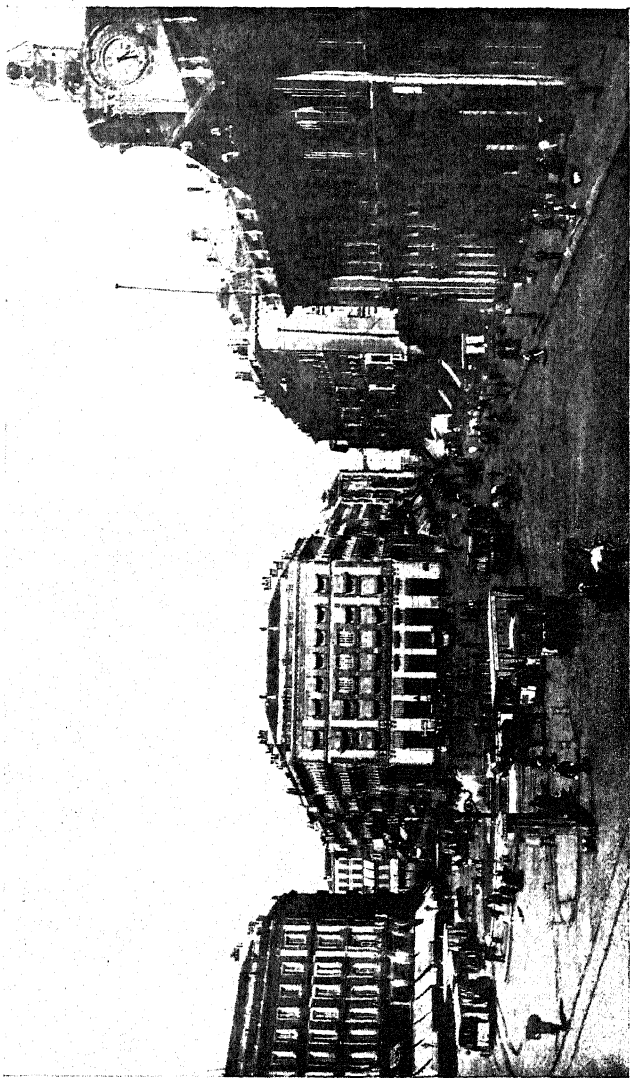
Madrid, as a residence, is disagreeable and unhealthy, alternating between the extremities of heat and cold, according to the adage, "three months of winter, and nine months of hell." The mean temperature of the three summer months is  $76^{\circ}$ , or  $15^{\circ}$  higher than London, but during the *Solano*, the south-eastern wind, it frequently rises to  $90^{\circ}$ , or even  $100^{\circ}$ , in the shade, while in the sun the heat and glare are African. To this, as if in mockery of climate, are added the blasts of Siberia, for being placed on a denuded plateau, it is exposed to the keen winds which sweep down from the snowy Guadarrama. The summer is the most dangerous period, when the pores are open, for often during a north-east wind the difference of temperature from one side of the street to the other reaches  $20^{\circ}$ . Dry, searching, and cutting, "the subtle air which will not extinguish a candle, puts out a man's life." Hence the careful way in which the natives cover their mouths.

R. FORD.—*Handbook for Travellers in Spain*. Murray. (1st edition.)

The first edition of Mr. Ford's well-known handbook (1845) is one of the most entertaining of volumes, and is still by no means out of date in essentials.

An American traveller writes: "Spain's capital might be roughly described as a composite photograph of Paris and Washington, with two distinctive features of its own—the Court and the Puerta del Sol. The houses, the streets, the life of Madrid are essentially Parisian, on a somewhat reduced scale, while the general aspect of the city is like Washington. Like Washington, too, it is a capital of deliberate creation, not of circumstance, and it is merely a capital. Without the court, the host of government officials, and idle people with money to spend whom the court attracts, it could not exist. It is essentially a city of government and pleasure. This brightest and gayest of Spanish towns rises crisp and new in the centre of a plain almost as barren as the great American desert."—H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, *The Land of the Castanet*. Gay and Bird.

Many travellers, however, describe themselves as "agreeably" disappointed.



MADRID. PUERTA DEL SOL

## Toledo

We left Aranjuez at eight in the morning. Nothing can be more uninteresting than the drive to Toledo. Except the first 4 miles, through the magnificent avenue of elms, a splendid approach to a royal residence, the rest of the way was little better than a desert. On the arid hills, at a distance, we saw occasionally a few villages. The Tagus might be traced from the vegetation on its banks and was sometimes visible. Toledo looked imposing, even when first we distinguished it at a great distance, and the approach to it is remarkably fine. The general view of the city, with its lofty cathedral, is splendid; the buildings picturesque in their appearance, rising terrace-like one above another on the slope of the steep hill, the Alcaza crowning the summit; the view crossing the bridge across the Tagus, the Moorish castle and other ruins, and then the Plaza, the most picturesque in all Spain, were all intensely interesting and fully realised our great expectations of this celebrated city. Well, indeed, might the Arab poet exclaim, "Toledo surpasses in beauty the most extravagant descriptions."

G. A. HOSKINS.—*Spain as it is*. Colburn.

A very fine account of Toledo and its churches is given in Mr. STREER's *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, pp. 209-258, Murray. Of the situation he writes: "The situation is indeed most wild and striking. The Tagus, winding almost all round the city, confines it in much the fashion in which the Wear surrounds Durham. But the town is far larger, the river banks are more rocky, precipitous, and wild, whilst the space enclosed within them is a confused heap of rough and uneven ground, well covered with houses, churches, monasteries, and intersected everywhere by narrow Eastern and Moorish-looking streets and alleys, most of which afford no room for any kind of carriage, and but scanty room for foot passengers. It is consequently, without exception, the most difficult city to find one's way in that I have ever seen. Few cities can compete with it in artistic interest, and none perhaps come up to it in the singular magnificence of its situation, and the endless novelty and picturesqueness of its every corner. It epitomises the whole strange history of Spain." GAUTIER, in his *Travels in Spain*, gives many vivid touches, especially of the colour of the scene; "the yellow Tagus," "the brown, shining roofs of the houses, and the steeples of the convents and churches, with their green and white tiles



arranged checkerwise"; "the reddish hills and bare slopes that form Toledo's horizon."

Miss HANNAH LYNCH's *Toledo* (Dent) is well written and illustrated.

### From Madrid across the Sierra Morena

The environs of Madrid are dreary, bare, and burned up, though less stony on this side than coming by Guadarrama. The landscape, which is broken rather than hilly, stretches on every side with a uniformity unbroken, save by the dusty, chalky villages, interspersed here and there in the general aridity, and which would hardly attract attention but for their square church towers. The noonday sky is of the colour of molten lead; the soil, of a powdery gray, scintillating with light, rarely shows blue even on the most distant horizon. Not a clump of trees, not a shrub, not a trickle of water in the dry beds of the torrents, nothing to rest the eye or refresh the imagination. To find a little shelter from the cruel rays of the sun you must keep to the narrow line of scanty blue shade thrown by the walls. It is true that we were well into the middle of July, which is not exactly the season for cool travelling in Spain.

From Aranjuez to Ocaña, the scenery is picturesque though in no sense remarkable. Hills of fine contour and lighted up to advantage diversify the sides of the route, when the clouds of dust permit you to see them. Harvest was just ending at the time when, in France, the grain is only beginning to colour, and the sheaves were being carried to large threshing-floors of beaten earth, to be trodden out beneath the hoofs of horses and mules. The sky that night was of a milky blue, with hints of rose. As far as the eye could reach the fields stretched like a vast sheet of pale gold, with here and there, like islands in a sea of light, ox-carts almost hidden beneath their load of sheaves. A picture without shade, the ideal of Chinese art, was realised. Everything was in full light; the lowest tone was only pearl gray.

A little beyond Puerto Lapiche we entered La Mancha. We will not weary the reader by describing this monotonous route across a stony, dusty, level country, diversified only by an occasional miserable olive, with its gray-green foliage, and by miserable villages. Sleep crept over us, and we did not waken until we were entering Val de Peñas, a place famous for wine. The ground and the hills, which were strewn with rocks, were of a strange hard red, while on the horizon could be made out a line of mountains, toothed like a saw, and standing out clearly against the sky, in spite of their great distance. Val de Peñas is a very ordinary place. It owes its reputation entirely to its vineyards, and well deserves its name, the Valley of Stones.

The undulations of the ground were now becoming more marked and more frequent, and we were continually going up or down. We were approaching the Sierra Morena, the boundary of the kingdom of Andalusia. Behind that line of violet mountains lay the paradise of our dreams. Already stones were giving place to rocks, the hills rising line above line; thistles six or seven feet high bristled beside the road like the lances of an invisible army. Now and then we saw, amid the neighbouring fields, great yellowish patches, as if sacks of chopped straw had been emptied on to them, but when we came nearer the straw rose in a whirl and noisily flew away. They were swarms of locusts.

The road was still ascending by a series of zigzags. We were about to pass the Puerto de los Perros (the Dog's Gate), a narrow gorge where the river has broken through the mountain wall, leaving just room enough for a road along its brink. The Dog's Gate is so called because the conquered Moors made their escape from Andalusia through it, carrying with them the happiness and the civilisation of Spain. It is impossible to imagine anything more picturesque and imposing than this Gate of Andalusia. The gorge is cut in huge rocks of red marble, the gigantic courses of which rise one above another, with a sort of architectural regularity. To the crevices cling live

and enormous cork oaks, which yet seem no larger than tufts of grass on an ordinary wall. In the depths of the gorge below the vegetation becomes denser, forming an impenetrable jungle, through which is caught an occasional glimpse of the sparkling waters of the torrent. The precipice falls away so sheer at the edge of the road that a parapet has wisely been added, without which a carriage at full speed might at any corner perform a perilous leap of 500 or 600 feet at the least.

The Sierra Morena once crossed, the character of the landscape undergoes a complete change. It is as though we had passed, at a step, from Europe to Africa.<sup>1</sup> Vipers, making for their holes, leave their curved tracks on the fine sand; aloes begin to brandish their great stony swords. Their large clusters of broad, fleshy, gray-blue leaves at once give an entirely different aspect to the landscape. The laurels, the live oaks, the cork oaks, the fig-trees with their glossy metallic-looking foliage, have a freedom, a vigour, a wildness which mark a climate where nature is stronger than man, and can do without his aid. At our feet was spread out, in an immense panorama, the beautiful kingdom of Andalusia. The view had the grandeur of the ocean. Chains of mountains, their height disguised by distance, extended in soft undulating lines, like long azure billows. All was bathed in floods of splendid scintillating light; sunshine streamed over that sea of mountains like liquid gold and silver. Aloes, more and more African in size and shape, continued to appear along our road, and to the left a long line of flowers of the most vivid red, shining out of emerald foliage, marked the course of a dry torrent bed. They were rose-laurels of incomparable freshness and beauty. To them succeeded great forests of olive, the pale leaves of which recall the whitish foliage of the willows of northern climes and harmonise well with the ashen colour of the ground.

Next day we started early to avoid the heat. Soon

Africa here means Northern Africa; Mediterranean is a better term.

the brawling yellowish waters of the Guadalquivir stopped our way; we crossed it by a ferry and took the road to Jaen. It was not long before we made out the quaint silhouette of Jaen, the capital of the province of that name. A great hill, ochre in colour, tawny as a lion's skin, rises abruptly in the middle of the town. Massive towers and long zigzags of fortifications break up its bare sides with quaint and picturesque lines. The cathedral, a huge mass of architecture which, from a distance, seems larger than the town itself, rises proudly, an artificial mountain beside the natural one. On leaving Jaen we entered a valley which extends as far as the Vega of Granada. At first it is arid; bare mountains, crumbling away with dryness, burn you with their white glare; a few colourless tufts of fennel are the only trace of vegetation. Soon, however, the valley contracts and deepens. Burns begin to flow, vegetation reappears, and with it shade and coolness. The Jaen river flows at the bottom of the valley, and the road keeps close to it and follows its windings, for, among the mountains, rivers are the most cunning of road engineers. At one place the valley contracts and its walls approach, until there is only room for the stream. Here the rock has been blasted in places, and a tunnel cut. Then the valley expands again, and the road presents no difficulty. Here comes a break in my remembrances. I fell asleep, and when I awakened, the night, which comes on so quickly in southern climates, had fallen. A furious wind was raising clouds of burning dust; that wind must have been a near kinsman of the scirocco, and we were nearly suffocated. The shapes of things were lost in this cloud of dust; the sky, so brilliant as a rule, on a summer night, looked like the vault of an oven; we could not see two steps ahead. We entered Granada at 2 A.M.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.—*Travels in Spain*. Charpentier, Paris.

The best English translation of Gautier's incomparable book is by Prof. F. C. de Sumichrast, of Harvard, published by Harrap, London.

### View of the Sierra Nevada from the Comares Tower of the Alhambra

At length we reached the terraced roof, and cast an eye over the splendid panorama of city and country ; of rocky mountain, verdant valley, and verdant plain ; of castle, cathedral, and Moorish towers, and Gothic domes, crumbling ruins, and blooming groves. On this side we have the whole Alhambra immediately below, and can look down into its courts and gardens. That belt of battlements, studded with square towers, straggling round the whole brow of the hill, is the outer boundary of the fortress. Let us look on this northern side of the tower. It is a giddy height ; the very foundations of the tower rise above the groves of the steep hillside. The deep, narrow glen below us, which widens as it opens from the mountains, is the valley of the Darro ; you see the little river winding under embowered terraces and among orchards and flower gardens. It is a stream famous in old time for yielding gold, and its sands are still sifted occasionally in search of the precious ore. The airy palace, with its tall white towers and long arcades, which breasts yon mountain, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is the Generalife, a summer palace of the Moorish kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months, to enjoy a still more breezy region than that of the Alhambra. A murmuring sound of water now and then rises from the valley. It is from the aqueduct of yon Moorish mill, nearly at the foot of the hill. The avenue of trees beyond is the Alameda, along the banks of the Darro, a favourite resort in evenings. At present you see none but a few loitering monks there, and a group of water-carriers.

I see you raise your eyes to the snowy summit of yon pile of mountains, shining like a white summer cloud in the blue sky. It is the Sierra Nevada, the pride and delight of Granada ; the source of the cooling breezes and perpetual verdure ; of her gushing fountains and perennial streams. It is this glorious pile of mountains which gives

to Granada that combination of delights so rare in a southern city, the fresh vegetation and the temperate airs of a northern climate, with the vivifying ardour of a tropical sun, and the cloudless azure of a southern sky. It is this aerial treasury of snow, which, melting in proportion to the increase of southern heat, sends down rivulets and streams through every glen and gorge of the Alpuxarras, diffusing verdure and fertility through a chain of happy and sequestered valleys. These mountains may be well called the glory of Granada. They dominate the whole extent of Andalusia, and may be seen from its most distant parts. The muleteer hails them, as he views their frosty peaks from the sultry level of the plain; and the Spanish mariner, far, far off on the bosom of the blue Mediterranean, watches them with a pensive eye. To the south, at the foot of those mountains, a line of arid hills. Here was the closing scene of Moslem domination. From the summit of one of them the unfortunate Boabdil cast back his last look upon Granada, and gave vent to the agony of his soul. Farther this way these arid hills slope down into the luxurious *vega*, a blooming wilderness of grove and garden, with the Xenil winding through it in silver links, and feeding innumerable rills, which, conducted through ancient Moorish channels, maintain the landscape in perpetual verdure.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—*The Alhambra*. Macmillan.

For a wonderful description of the Sierra Nevada at sunset, see GAUTIER, *Travels in Spain*, translated by Professor de Sumichrast, p. 233. The whole chapter on Granada is worth reading.

### The Alhambra

Wonderfully small and surprisingly beautiful it was! I did not find the grandeur and vastness which I had pictured to myself; however, as I wandered through these arches, these courts, these halls, it seemed as if they extended themselves. It was as if I were walking through a petrified, fanciful lace-bazaar, where the water leaped

clear and sparkling, where it rippled in cut channels through the marble basins, in which gold fish were swimming. The lower part of the walls, the breastwork, consists of variegated porcelain tiles; the walls themselves are covered with an unpolished, yellowish-white porcelain resembling marble, and so artistically perforated that it seems like a lace veil spread out over a red, green, and golden ground. Scrolls and inscriptions are entwined in the arabesque style. The eye is perplexed with these ins and outs, yet, on more narrow examination, they arrange themselves into precise, regular forms. The walls unfold verses in honour of God and the prophet Mahomet. The walls loudly speak of the noble achievements of the Moorish kings, of chivalrous valour, and of the power of beauty. The Alhambra is like an old legend book, full of fantastic entwined hieroglyphics of gold and many colours; each room, each court, is another page; the same poem, the same language, and yet always a new chapter.

The Hall of the Ambassadors, in which the Moorish kings received foreign ambassadors, still retains almost its ancient splendour. But how is this to be described in words? What avails it to tell that the breastwork is of green porcelain flags; that the walls, to their very utmost height, appear to be covered with a veil, thrown over gold brocade and purple; and that this veil is a mass of perforated stone, a filigree work into which the horseshoe-formed window arches, with graceful columns, admit light? Over the window frames, openings in the shape of rosettes permit more day to enter, so that the beautifully carved wooden ceiling comes well forth. Fully to comprehend the beauty of the whole, one must step to the open window, gaze down the narrow, wild, romantic valley through which the Darro flows; then, turning, glance round the open ante-chambers, at the light airy arches, whose decorations seem to be petrified creeping plants, encircling scattered inscriptions.

The Lion Court displayed great magnificence. Brussels lace, woven of porcelain; tulle-embroidery of stone,

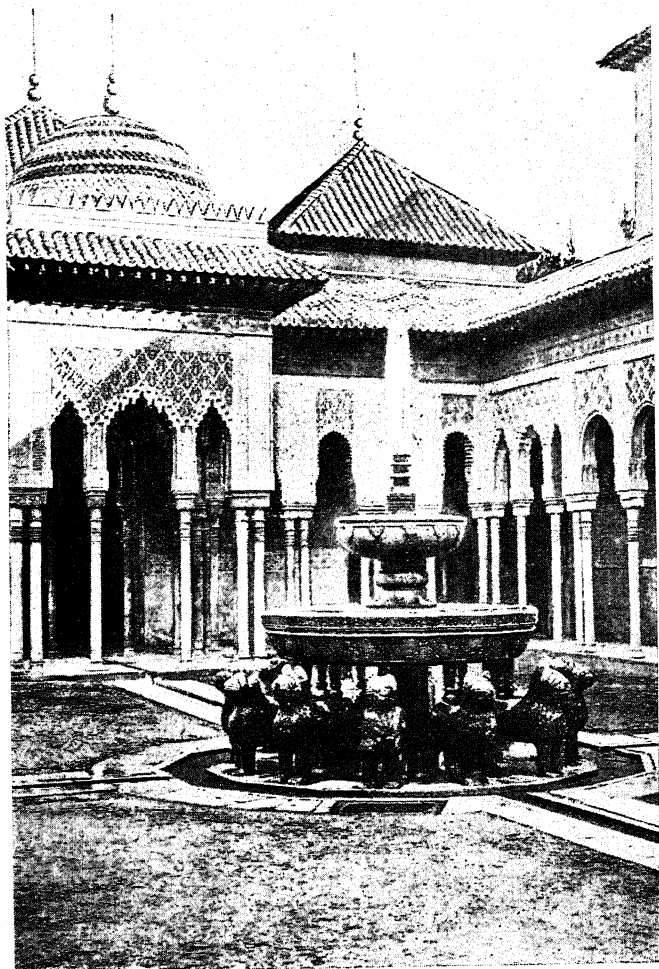
supported by slender marble columns, here formed partition-walls, arches, kiosks, and alcoves. The lions, on the contrary, are badly executed; clumsy and ponderous they lie in the middle of the court round the fountain. Here, to the left, looking out upon the Darro, one enters the Two Sisters Hall. The ceiling still displays its rich gold and carved work. It was as if one were gazing into the calyx of a marvellously formed flower. Exactly opposite, on the other side of the Lion Court, one enters the Hall of the Abencerrages, remaining in its original beauty.

We wandered through quite a labyrinth of galleries, kiosks, and chambers; we descended into small courts, into charming bathrooms. The light falls subdued through the star-formed openings, immense marble basins invite to the bath; one still sees in the walls the iron pipes which conducted the cold and warm water. On ascending a few steps one traverses gallery after gallery, supported by slender marble pillars. Glancing down on the way into little flower-gardens and courts filled with beautiful statuary, one reaches a sort of pavilion, El Mirador del Lindaraja, the loveliest, the most elegant, and the most tasteful thing one could possibly see. El Mirador is a suspended balcony, a flower of marvellous beauty amidst this wonderful beauty of architecture. It hangs forward over the creeping verdure of the mountain cleft, out over poplars and cypresses, and from hence one commands a view of part of the city, and of the nearer vineyards and hills. Impressed and overcome by all I had seen, I returned to Granada.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—*In Spain.* Bentley.

Two other descriptions of the Alhambra should be read: that by WASHINGTON IRVING, who resided in the Alhambra for some time (new edition, Macmillan, with illustrations by Pennell, 1896), and that by THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, *Travels in Spain*, Professor Sumichrast's translation, Harrap, London.





COURT OF THE LIONS, THE ALHAMBRA

## Seville

There is not much in the appearance of the Guadalquivir to interest the traveller; the banks are low and destitute of trees, the adjacent country is flat, and only in the distance is seen a range of tall blue sierras. The water is turbid and muddy, and in colour closely resembling the contents of a duck pool; the average width of the stream is from 150 to 250 yards, but it is impossible to move along this river without remembering that it has borne the Roman, the Vandal, and the Arab, and has been the witness of deeds which have resounded through the world, and been the themes of immortal songs.

Seville is situated on the eastern bank of the Guadalquivir, about 18 leagues from its mouth. The most remarkable edifices are the cathedral and the Alcazar, or palace of the Moorish kings. The tower of the former, La Giralda, belongs to the period of the Moors, and formed part of the grand mosque of Seville. It is about 300 feet in height, and is ascended, not by stairs or ladders, but by a vaulted pathway, in the manner of an inclined plane. This path is by no means steep, so that a cavalier might ride up to the top, a feat which Ferdinand VII. is said to have accomplished. The view from the summit is very extensive.

The cathedral itself is a noble Gothic structure, reputed the finest of the kind in Spain. In the chapels allotted to the various saints are some of the most magnificent paintings which Spanish art has produced.

On the right side of the river is a large suburb called Triana, inhabited by the dregs of the populace, and abounding with gipsies. About a league and a half to the north stands the village of Santo Ponce; and on the side of some elevated ground higher up are the vestiges of ruined walls and edifices which once formed part of Italica, the birthplace of the Emperor Trajan. The amphitheatre is by far the most considerable relic of ancient Italica; it is oval in its form, with two gateways fronting the east

and west. On all sides are to be seen the time-worn granite benches, from whence myriads of human beings once gazed down on the arena below, where the gladiator shouted and the lion and the leopard yelled. All around, beneath these flights of benches, are vaulted excavations, from whence the combatants, part human, part bestial, darted forth by their several doors. I spent many hours in this singular place, forcing my way through the wild fennel and brushwood into the caverns, now the haunts of adders and other reptiles, whose hissings I heard.

Oh! how pleasant it is, especially in springtide, to stray along the shores of the Guadalquivir! Not far from the city, down river, lies a grove called Las Delicias, or the Delights. This grove is the favourite promenade of the Sevillians, and there one sees assembled whatever the town possesses of beauty or gallantry. There wander the black-eyed Andalusian dames and damsels, clad in their graceful mantillas; and there gallops the Andalusian cavalier on his long-tailed, thick-maned steed of Moorish ancestry. As the sun is descending, it is enchanting to glance back from this place in the direction of the city; the prospect is inexpressibly beautiful. Yonder in the distance, high and enormous, stands the Golden Tower, the principal bulwark of the city in the time of the Moors. It stands on the shore of the river, like a giant keeping watch, and is the first edifice which attracts the eye of the voyager as he moves up stream. On the other side, opposite the tower, stands the noble Augustine convent, the ornament of the faubourg of Triana, while between the two rolls the broad Guadalquivir. Cold, cold must be the heart which remains insensible to the beauties of this magic scene. Often have I shed tears of rapture whilst I beheld it, and listened to the thrush and nightingale piping forth their melodious songs in the woods, and inhaled the breeze laden with the perfume of the thousand orange gardens of Seville. The interior of Seville scarcely corresponds with the exterior. The streets are

narrow and badly paved. The houses are for the most part built in the Moorish fashion, with a quadrangular *patio*, or court in the centre, where there stands a marble fountain constantly distilling limpid water. These courts during summer time are covered with a canvas awning, and beneath this the family sit during the greater part of the day. In many, especially those belonging to the houses of the wealthy, are to be found shrubs, orange-trees, and all kinds of flowers, and perhaps a small aviary, so that no situation can be conceived more delicious than to lie here in the shade, hearkening to the song of the birds and the voice of the fountain.

The cathedral of Seville is perhaps the most magnificent in all Spain, and though not so regular in its architecture as those of Toledo and Burgos, is far more worthy of admiration when considered as a whole. It is impossible to wander through the long aisles, and to raise one's eyes to the richly-inlaid roof, supported by colossal pillars, without experiencing sensations of sacred awe and deep astonishment. It is true that the interior, like those of the generality of the Spanish cathedrals, is somewhat dark; yet it loses nothing by this gloom, which, on the contrary, rather increases the solemnity of the effect.

GEORGE BORROW.—*The Bible in Spain*. Ward and Lock.

Théophile Gautier's account of Seville supplies some picturesque touches. His description of the view from the Giralda, once a Moorish minaret, and now serving as the campanile of the cathedral, to whose conspicuous beauty Borrow hardly does justice, is brief enough for quotation. "Seville lies at one's feet, sparkling white, with its steeples and towers, which in vain try to rise as high as the rose-brick girdle of the Giralda. Farther off stretches the plain, through which gleams the Guadalquivir. In the farthest distance shows the chain of the Sierra Morena, with its outline clear cut in spite of the distance, so great is the transparency of atmosphere in this wonderful country. On the other side rise the Sierras de Gíbalbin, Zara, and Moron, coloured with the richest tints of lapis lazuli, and amethyst. A marvellous prospect, filled with light, flooded with sunshine, and of dazzling splendour." Of the Alcazar, or old palace of the Moorish kings, he writes: "Though very beautiful and deserving of its reputation, it has nothing striking when one has already seen the Alhambra. It has the same slender columns of white marble with gilded and painted capitals, the horseshoe arches, the panels

filled with arabesques interlaced with verses of the Koran, doors of cedar and larch, cupolas hung with stalactites, fountains embroidered with carvings of which no description can express the infinite detail and minute delicacy."

## Gibraltar

At Tarifa, a town whose chalky walls rise on a scarped hill behind an island of the same name, Europe and Africa draw near to each other, as if to exchange a loving kiss. The strait is so contracted that both continents are seen at once. The scene was one of marvellous beauty. To the left, Europe, to the right, Africa, with their rocky coasts, clothed by distance in tints of pale lilac and rose, like shot silk; a boundless and ever-widening horizon in front, a turquoise sky above, and below a sea of sapphire of wonderful transparency. The shores were tinged with fantastic colour; folds, ravines, and scarps caught the light in a manner which produced the most marvellous and unexpected effects, and presented a scene of ever-changing beauty.

About 4 P.M. we came in sight of Gibraltar. The sight surpasses imagination. You forget where you are and what it is you see. Picture an immense rock, or rather mountain, 1500 feet high, rising sudden and sheer from out of the sea, upon a shore so low and flat as hardly to be noticed. There is nothing to lead up to it, nothing to account for it. It is linked to no other chain; it is a monstrous monolith. What adds still more to the effect of this extraordinary rock is its shape. It looks like an enormous granite sphinx, the work of some Titan sculptor. The outstretched parts form what is called Europa Point; the flattened head is turned towards Africa; the shoulders and hind quarters stretch towards Spain in fine curved lines, like those of a lion couchant. The town lies at the base, almost imperceptible, a mere detail lost in the mass. The three-deckers at anchor in the bay look like toys made in Germany—little imitation models of boats. Even the fortifications are not perceived. Yet the mountain is

hollowed and mined and excavated in every direction; its recesses are full of cannon and shell and mortars; yet all that the eye discerns is a few imperceptible lines, mingling with the strata of the rock, and a few holes, through which the great guns thrust their furtive muzzles.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.—*Voyage en Espagne.* Charpentier.

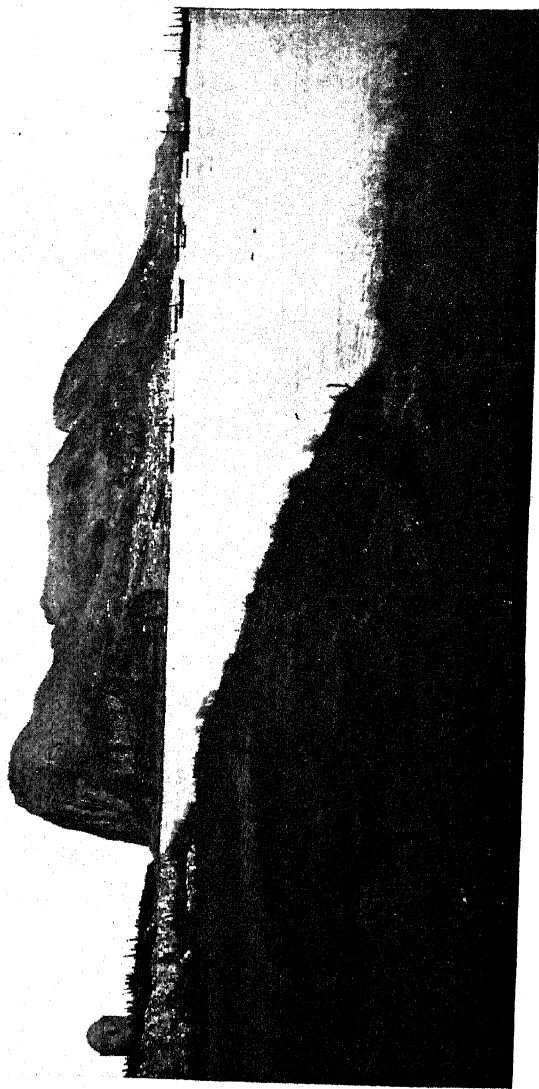
Gibraltar has frequently been compared in shape to a lion. "The north and east sides of this huge gray mass are almost vertical, while to the south and west it descends in step-like terraces. The slopes are overgrown with cactus, and harbour a troop of about forty Barbary apes, the only wild monkeys in Europe. The rock is united to Spain by a flat, sandy isthmus,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, and only half a mile wide. The central portion of this is maintained as a neutral zone. The North Town, or town proper of Gibraltar, covers the northern third of the western slope of the rock, while the other two-thirds are occupied by the grounds of the Alameda, the suburb of South Town, and the light-house at Europa Point. The houses of the town, of the same neutral gray as the rock itself, ascend in terraces to a height of about 260 feet above the sea. The streets are dark and narrow."—BAEDEKER.

### The Date Palm in Murcia

If I were anxious to impress any one with a favourable idea of Spanish scenery, I would carry him from Murcia to Alicant, by Orihuela, for the beauty and novelty of the views upon this route absolutely beggar description. It is here, particularly, that we learn to understand the singular charm of palm-tree groves.

Orihuela is famous for the extreme beauty of its situation and the unrivalled fertility of its *huerta*. I thought the greenness of the vale of Murcia could not be exceeded, but I was mistaken. I found the *huerta* of Orihuela greener still, and the greater variety in the trees give it another claim of preference. Mingled with the mulberry, the orange, and the fig are seen the cypress, the silver elm, and the pomegranate; and there, too, the palm, in place of lifting at wide intervals one solitary crown, seems to have found its element, and, rising in clusters, lends novelty as well as beauty to the enchanting scene.

From Orihuela I skirted the *huerta*, passing close under



GIBRALTAR FROM PUNTA MALA

the range of hills that bound it on the north. The country is extremely beautiful. We traverse a little succession of *huertas*, as fertile as irrigation and a delightful climate can make them, every one with its village surrounded by orangeries and palm groves. After passing this line of villages, the fig trees are so numerous as to seem almost a forest; and succeeding the fig trees a thick and extensive wood of olives stretches on all sides. The olive is here not the dwarfish tree we find it in the south of France, or



DATE PALMS

even in other parts of Spain, but a fine branching tree, which, but for the unlovely hue of its green, might vie with many of our forest trees.

And now we approach that most interesting spot on the route to Alicant, Elche, which has been called the City of Dates, and which, to all travellers who have never pitched their tents with the Arabs, must be striking alike from its beauty and novelty. It rises from the midst of a forest of palms which encircle it. There is scarcely a vacant spot within or about the city that is not covered by them. They crowd the gardens, they fringe the banks of the stream, and in every direction are seen overtopping



the houses. And beautiful is the palm tree at this season, its majestic stem rising to the height of 80 or 100 feet, surmounted by the clusters of bright golden dates, and its broad canopy of fan-like leaves falling around like a circular plume. From a tower I obtained a view over the city and the surrounding country. It was simply the view of a palm forest, which, from the great height of the trees, seemed unbounded, with the city embosomed in it. This is all that can be said by way of a description; but the mere novelty of a view embracing thousands and tens of thousands of these beautiful trees cannot fail to delight the spectator.

H. D. INGLIS.—*Spain in 1830.* Whittaker.

“The palms require careful cultivation. The male palm blossoms in May, and their pollen is sprinkled by the husbandmen over the female palms. The latter, about 35,000 in number, bear their fruit every other year, each tree producing three *arrobas* (75 lbs.) of dates. The dates ripen between November and the following spring, and are much inferior to those of the oases of the Sahara. The leaves of the male palms and of the barren female palms have also a market value, as they are cut at Easter, made up into bundles, blessed by the priest, and sold to the pious throughout Spain, who attach them to their houses as a safeguard against lightning. To prepare them for this use, the leaves are bleached on the tree by being tightly bound up. A tree can stand this operation once in four years, and the annual number so treated is about 5000. The husbandman climbs the branchless trees by means of a rope passed round his waist, while he presses his feet against the trunk.”—BAEDEKER.

## Valencia, the Garden Province of Spain

Spain has so far appeared to us like a vast uncared-for wilderness, in which Nature's bounteous gifts are unappreciated, but when one sees the Mediterranean provinces, these gardens of Murcia and Valencia, this fertile belt of land, which skirts the inland sea, one finds at last a redeeming spot in this unprogressive country. We leave behind us in sunny Andalusia thousands of acres, whose latent riches lack only energy and industry on the part of a careless and indolent people to gather. A chain of

barren sierras divide these wasted lands from one of the most productive and best cultivated tracts in Europe.

It being summer time, the beds of the rivers are quite dry; every streamlet and summer spring aids in supplying the irrigation canals. The force of the winter torrents is plainly evident from the terrible disturbance of their rocky beds; indeed, one of the most interesting features of these mountainous districts is the picturesque scenery of their river channels. In the valleys all is luxuriousness, thousands of acres of olive trees, under careful culture, displaying trees white with blossom side by side with others bright with abundance of golden fruit. In other parts of Spain, as in Cordova and Seville, we have seen oranges growing in profusion; but the traveller must visit eastern Spain to find the real orange-growing country. Immense farms produce nothing but oranges. Station after station along the railway marks the importance of the trade; trucks stand on sidings laden with boxes already packed, and carts disgorge their freight of ripe fruit. Hampers of delicious blossom await despatch to Barcelona and other places, for making the much sought after orange-flower water of the toilet. All these evidences denote unmistakably that we are now travelling through the chief orange-growing districts of Spain.

Next in interest to the orange plantations are the rice fields. The cultivation of rice is entirely dependent upon the valuable system of irrigation. All along the lines of canal there are well-laid-out and carefully-prepared lands, which are first levelled, and then banked up with puddled clay walls, over which the water is allowed to flow to a depth of a few inches. In these flooded fields we see teams of horses ploughing the saturated earth, the seed being scattered broadcast by labourers who toil ankle deep in water. Some crops are already growing, and the pretty bright green shoots of the rice plants are so thick as nearly to hide from view the water which still covers the roots.

The valuable results of irrigation works in Spain are sometimes wonderful. Spaniards owe this valuable prin-

ciple to those long-departed shrewd men, the ancient race of Moors. The very works in Valencia, which irrigate over 50,000 acres of land, were constructed by them more than one thousand years ago. Land in Spain thus irrigated increases twelve times in value. These rich lands will grow corn, rice, olives, vines, oranges, citrons, palms, pepper, prickly pears, and numberless other fruits, and the genial climate ripens two, three, and even four crops in a year. The value of water is, of course, very great, and many curious and interesting matters are worth noticing in connection therewith. So scarce is it in some districts that wine has not unfrequently been used for the most common purposes; such as, for instance, in mixing mortar for building. Laws are in force controlling the use of the stored water. The ancient custom is still retained in Valencia of the judges sitting in council in the open air once a week at the gate of the cathedral to decide summarily such irrigation disputes as are referred to them; they are seven in number, and elected by their fellow-yeomen or brother irrigators. In the cathedral tower hangs a great bell (*La Vela*), which, like the one on the famous tower of the Alhambra, gives warning of approaching irrigation periods. Throughout these districts, too, are to be seen those quaint and picturesque water-wheels, which, like the *sakiye* of the Nile, raise water from a well by means of jars attached to the wheels, which, descending into the water, are filled, and then empty themselves into a reservoir above.

J. B. STONE.—*A Tour through Spain*. Sampson Low.

By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low.

Other details of the agriculture of the *Huerta*, or Garden of Valencia, where the Moors placed their Paradise, will be found *ibid.* pp. 191-193. The section on Valencia in FORD'S *Handbook to Spain*, vol. i. (1st edition), gives many interesting supplementary details, and is worth consulting. The Water Tribunal, like the irrigation works, dates from Moorish times, and is still held on Thursday, the old Moorish market-day. For the city itself, which is very Moorish in type, see Murray or Baedeker's guides for details. "The streets are so narrow that the openings scarcely appear amid the irregular, close-packed roofs, of which many are flat, with cane cages for pigeons, of which

the Valencians are great fanciers. The spires rise thickly amid blue and white tiled domes. To the north are hills; the *Huerta* is studded with farmhouses and cottages, thatched like tents. The bright sky is a glimpse of the glory of heaven, an atmosphere of golden light which Murillo alone could paint."—FORD.

### In the Wine-growing District of Portugal

Leaving the Villa Real for the banks of the Douro, my road lay through a broad, fertile valley; but as soon as I ascended the ridge of mountains which separates the valley of Villa Real from the port-wine district, I should have lost my way had I not brought a guide. We gradually lost the signs of cultivation as we got to the mountain ridge; we then descended the shoulder of a great mountain, and finally, as we rounded its eastern slope, still very high up, I got the first view of the Douro, and of the country where port-wine is grown. On either side of the river Douro lies a district, about 27 miles in length, and 6 or 7 in breadth, of steep hills, with narrow, ravine-like valleys, the soil a naked, yellow-brown, slaty schist. Seen in the thin atmosphere of early morning, with every detail sharp and clear, with hill beyond hill extending confusedly below, the appearance was that of a wilderness of utterly bare and arid peak and valley. Not a tree and hardly a leaf was visible, for the vines, later here than in the lowlands, had as yet scarcely burst their buds. There are, indeed, plenty of olive and other trees in the wine district, but they are in the ravines and valleys, and make a scanty show in any landscape. In curious contrast to this seeming barrenness are such evidences of immense human labour as I suppose we should have to go to China and Japan to find anything to compare with. All over the side of each acclivity stone terraces have been built in lines running parallel with the horizon; and in the poor, schistose soil, thus kept from being washed away by the rains of winter, the vines which make port-wine are grown. The lines of terrace are in most places separated from each other by only a few yards, and the effect of these would

be shown on paper by representing the hills first, and then drawing over their surface innumerable faint horizontal lines with a pencil. A new and strange aspect is given, not to a single hill or valley, but to a whole wide range of mountains; and if Portugal were to lapse into an uninhabited wilderness to-morrow, this monument of man's accumulated handiwork would probably outlast every single work of Roman, Goth, Saracen, or Portuguese.

Soon we began to descend a very steep bridle-path, so steep, indeed, that it took in places the appearance of a stone staircase, and I was obliged to lead down my horse. We reached the Douro, and I found it a bold, rapid river, running in a narrow, rocky trough. The country, though so productive, is not by any means fertile-looking, nor in the least degree picturesque.

I was now in the centre of the region of port-wine production, generally spoken of as the Douro district. The flavour of the wine here produced depends upon the nature of the soil—certainly not upon its richness, for the surface of the vineyards looks like the rubbish thrown up from a great stone quarry—and it depends also upon the great heat of summer in a district shut off by lofty hills from the east and north-east. The cold of winter among these high-lying lands is, however, for Portugal, very considerable. Snow falls and lies even in the valleys, and frost often lasts for the whole twenty-four hours. This comparative cold arrests the winter growth of the vine, and gives it the rest which the plants of temperate climates require, and is probably one cause of the superiority of the produce of these vines, even over those grown in other parts of Portugal.

OSWALD CRAWFURD.—*Travels in Portugal.* Ward and Lock.

By permission of O. Crawford, Esq.

This volume contains many good descriptions of scenery and vegetation in the less frequented parts of Portugal.

## Lisbon

A noble river, truly, is the Tagus! What other capital is there that can boast of such an imposing approach as these 12 miles from St. Julian upwards? The northern shore looks like a continuous suburb, "a succession of villages tacked together," as an old writer puts it; and in the early morning no more enchanting prospect can be conceived than the endless succession of castles and palaces and lovely *quintas*, embowered in luxuriant gardens and orange groves, adorning the river-side. The appearance of this noble city, when it first bursts into view, has been described often. By far the best description that I know of is that touched-in by an officer *en route* to join the army under Wellington. "On awakening next morning, and looking round me, the scene appeared one of enchantment. The world was basking in a blaze of golden light, such as I had never before witnessed. Lisbon sat, queenlike, enthroned upon her hills, surveying her beauty in the Tagus, calm and majestic as if the earthquake which had hurled her to the dust, had never slept below, or would never wake again." I believe there is only one European capital that can compare with Lisbon in point of view of situation and splendour of appearance—Constantinople, and the resemblance seems to have struck other travellers beside myself. Certainly when the morning mists are clinging to the shores, partly screening their beauties, and lending to the scene the charm of mystery that Turner loved so dearly, while far above, glittering in bright sunshine, the towers and palaces of the city rear their proud forms against the sky, Lisbon does seem like an enchanted city.

Twenty-five years had rolled by since I last set foot in Lisbon, and many pleasant surprises awaited me. Then Lisbon was essentially a city of slums. There were no large open spaces of fashionable resort, no boulevards, and but few gardens worthy of the name. The river frontage was an abomination. What a change has come

over the place since those dark days! The city is now intersected by tramways. From the Rocio, and the Praca de Commercio, the nerve-centres of Lisbon, the lines radiate in all directions, wherever the ground is level enough for horse traction, far into the suburbs and for miles along the river-side. Some of the steepest ascents are climbed by lifts. For Lisbon is built on hills. "Never did I behold such cursed ups and downs, such shelving descents and sudden rises, as occur at every step one takes in Lisbon," wrote a visitor of last century.

"Lisbon is the place in the world best calculated to make one cry out, 'Hide me from day's garish eye,' but where to hide is not so easy," was the plaint of a visitor to this shadeless city in times past. Of late years much has been done to remove this reproach by tree-planting, which is going on in all parts of the city, and the foliage, besides affording shelter from "day's garish eye," relieves the otherwise monotonous aspect of the streets.

Hon. H. N. SHORE.—*Three Pleasant Springs in Portugal*. Sampson Low.

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"By poking about in the older parts of the city many interesting 'bits' may be discovered, which the earthquake overlooked, and some notion may thus be gained of what Lisbon was like before the demon of progress broke loose. By way of contrast to the sights and smells of old Lisbon, a visit to the new market may be recommended. The first-fruits of the earth are already in their prime in the early days of April; great piles of the delicious Setubal oranges, not to have tasted which is to be unacquainted with one of the purest joys of the world; heaps of plump and ruby-coloured cherries, baskets of red strawberries, and flowers of the brightest hue."—*Ibid.*

"A pleasant feature of the Lisbon streets is the large number of handsome fountains. For nearly two hundred years the capital has revelled in an abundant water-supply brought into the city by the famous Alcantara Aqueduct. A passing glance of this fine aqueduct is obtained from the river, just above Belem. But to realise its splendid proportions you must not only obtain permission to walk across it, or at any rate as far as the centre, but you must pass under the central arch. Every traveller has been impressed with this splendid structure."—*Ibid.*

For Oporto see *ibid.* pp. 160-179.

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This mentions several useful books on various European countries, with brief descriptive notes, some of which have not been already mentioned in this book.

*Peeps at Many Lands*. A series of volumes by various authors. A. and C. Black.

The following European countries are dealt with in this series:—Alsace-Lorraine, Belgium, Corsica, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Montenegro, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey. The descriptions in these books emphasise the humanistic aspect of geography and are written in a style to appeal to young readers. In a similar series entitled *Peeps at Many Cities* there are volumes on Berlin, Florence, Paris, and Rome.

*Life in Town and Country*. A series of books by various authors. Newnes.

There are volumes on the following European countries in this series:—Austria-Hungary, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, and Turkey. These books deal mainly with social conditions, but some point out the influence of geographical environment on life.

*The World of To-day*. Vol. VI. A. R. Hope Moncrieff. The Gresham Publishing Company.

This is written in an interesting descriptive manner, and contains some extracts from the writings of various travellers.



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